June 4, 1979

# THE NEW YORKER

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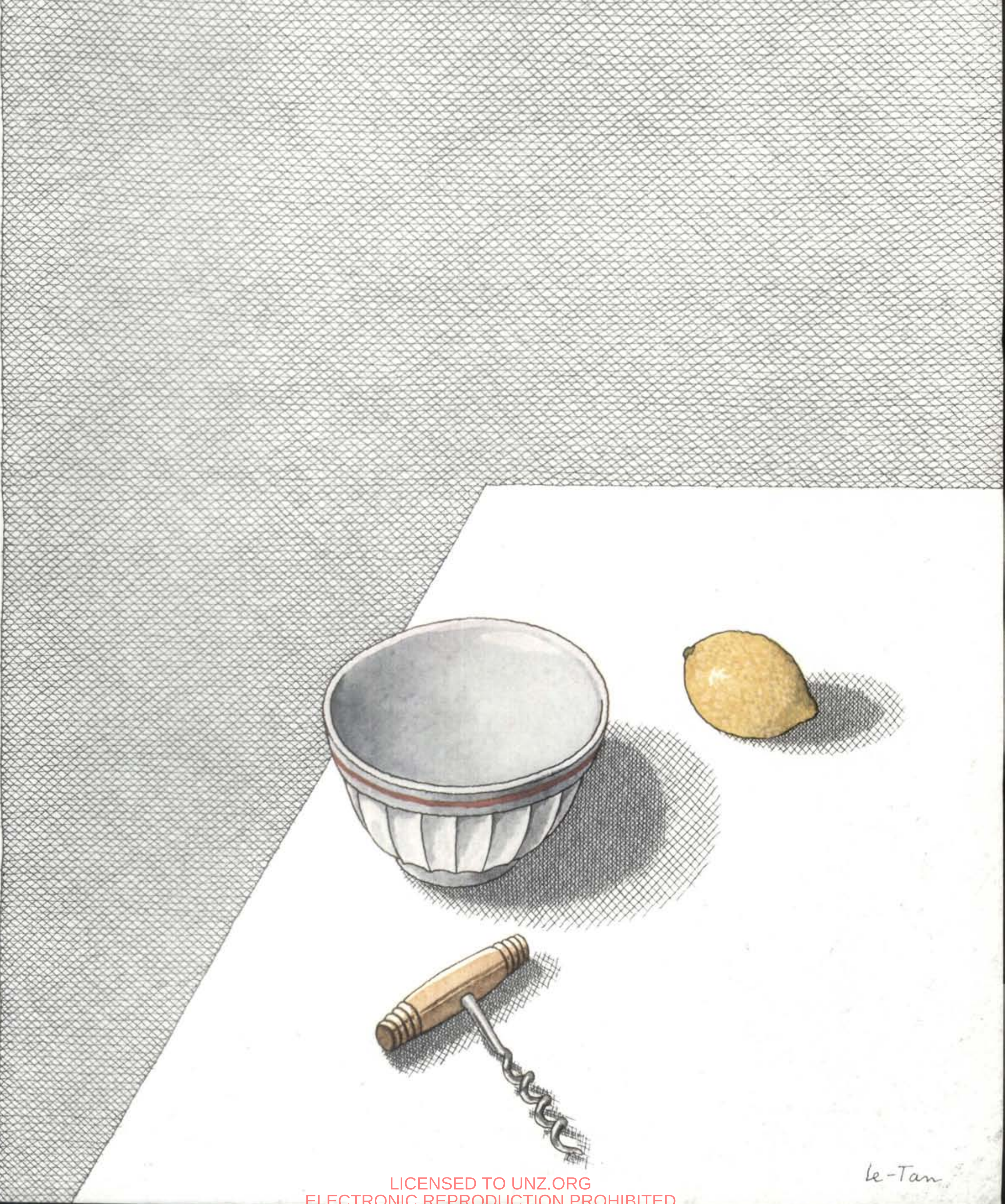

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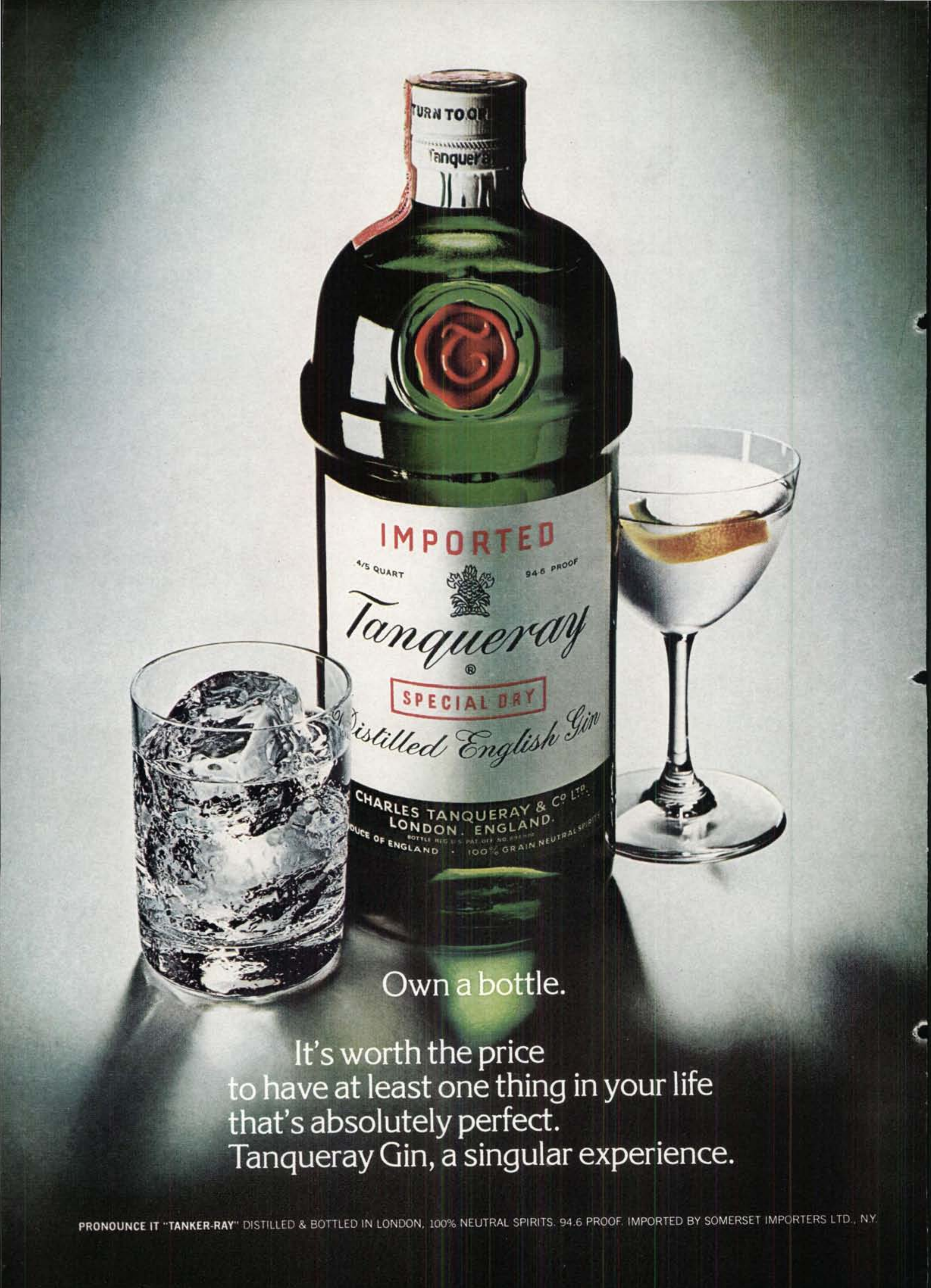
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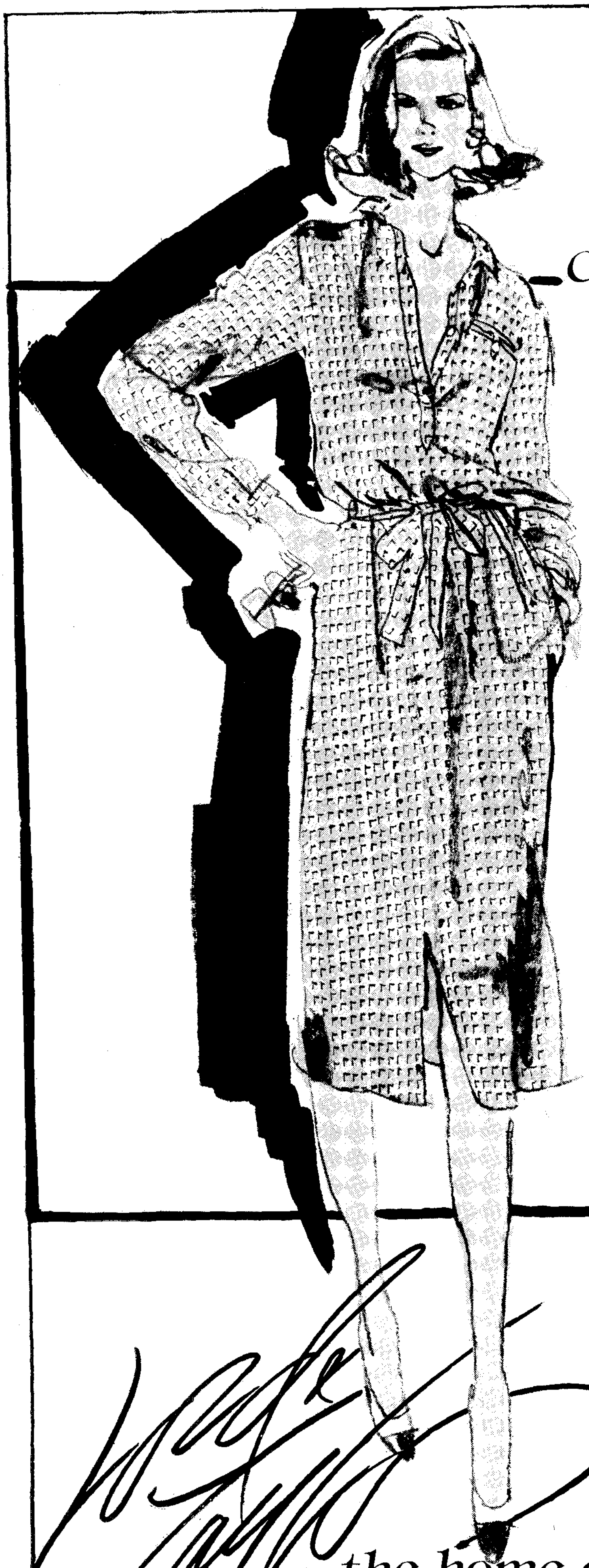

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Bedroom Farce**—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. Mildred Natwick now heads the English and American cast of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—A play by Lanford Wilson, TALLEY'S FOLLY, with Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins, is the fifth in this season's series. Mr. Wilson's play is part of a planned cycle that already includes "The 5th of July," presented here last year. (5/14/79) Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3. . . . ¶ The sixth late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is LIFE AND/OR DEATH, a triple bill by Herb Gardner. Final performances Wednesday through Friday, May 30-June 1. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Avenue S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

**Devour the Snow**—Jon De Vries gives a remarkably strong emotional performance as a slandered survivor of the Donner Party in this overblown courtroom melodrama by Abe Polsky. The production, under Terry Schreiber's direction, is very good. With Edward Seamon, Berkeley Harris, Berit Lagerwall, and Gloria Maddox, among others. (5/28/79) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

**Dispatches**—A misguided effort by Elizabeth Swados to base a musical on Michael Herr's volume of reports from Vietnam. (4/30/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

**The Elephant Man**—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Eubie!**—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Getting Out**—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

**I Remember Mama**—Liv Ullmann heads the cast of a musical (based on the 1944 Broadway comedy of the same name) by Richard Rodgers (music), Martin Charnin (lyrics), and Thomas Meehan (book). Directed by Cy Feuer. Previews Wednesday, May 30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 31. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Just a Little Bit Less Than Normal**—A play by Nigel Baldwin, imported from London. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

**Knockout**—A play by Louis La Russo II about some sad residents of Hoboken. Evil is everywhere, but virtue triumphs. Danny Aiello is the hero, and Edward O'Neill is the villain; both do well. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Last Days at the Dixie Girl Café**—A play by Robin Swicord. (5/28/79) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Letters Home**—A play by Rose Leiman Goldemberg. Opens Thursday, May 31, and will run through Sunday, June 10. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 10; on Thursdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Madwoman of Central Park West**—Phyllis Newman in a one-woman musical comedy written by herself and Arthur Laurents (who also directed), and including songs by Bernstein, Sondheim, Mary Rodgers, and Comden and Green. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, May 31-June 6. Opens officially on Thursday, June 7. (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, June 3, at 3.)

**On Golden Pond**—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Peter Allen—Up in One**—A songwriter and cabaret entertainer named Peter Allen in his first Broadway appearance. He looks less alarmed than one might have expected, and some of his songs are charming. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, June 9.)

**Saravá**—Tovah Feldshuh is the busy singing-

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DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, Henry Martin, Warren Miller, Barney Tobey, George Price, Stan Hunt, Lee Lorenz, William Steig, George Booth, Burt Silverman, James Stevenson, Charles Addams, Dana Fradon, Arnie Levin, Frank Modell, Robert Weber, Bernard Schoenbaum, Edward Frascino, Mischa Richter, Tom Funk, Roz Chast*

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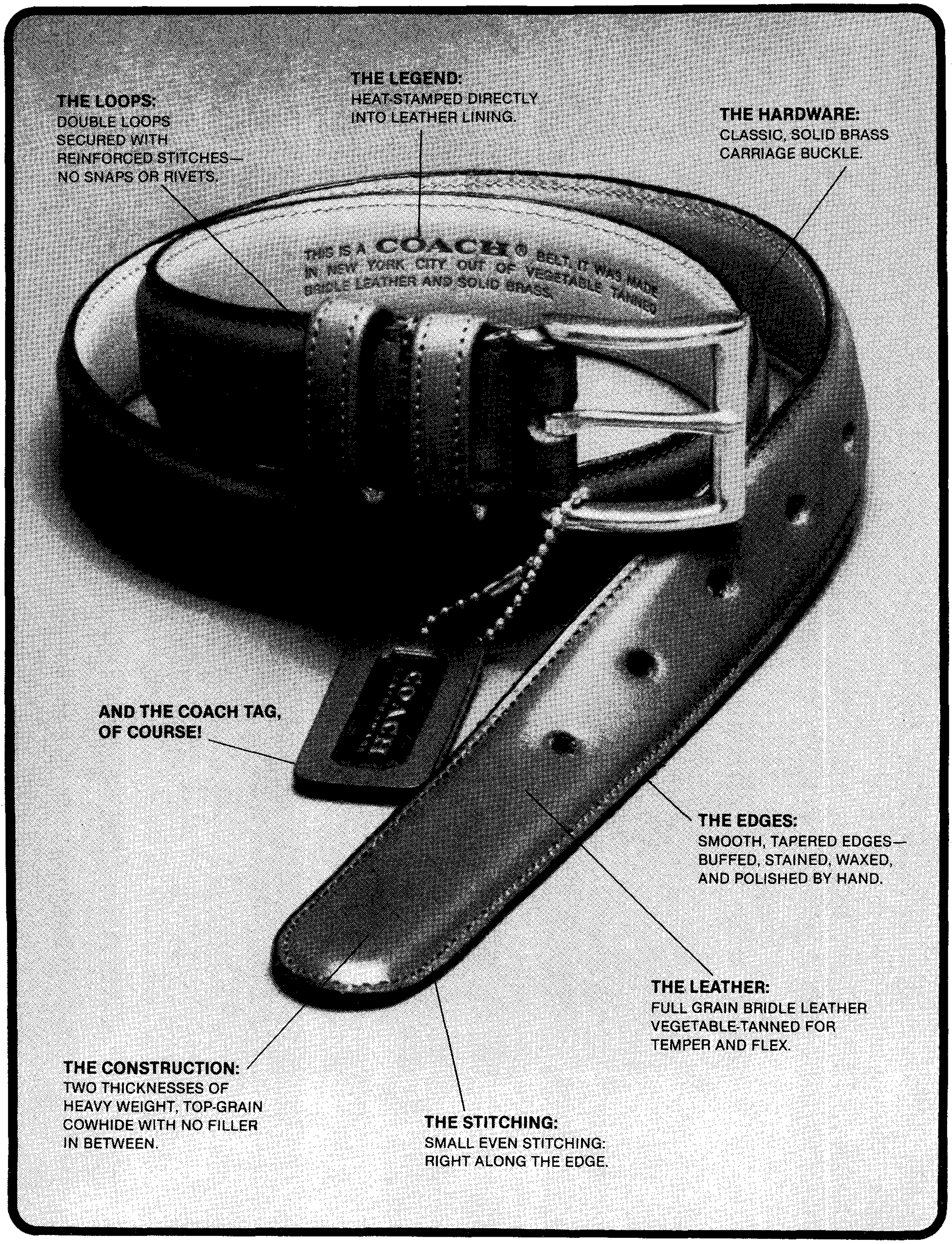
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and-dancing star of this overheated musical about a sexy Brazilian housewife and her two husbands—one dead, one alive, and both very active. The book and lyrics are by N. Richard Nash, and the music is by Mitch Leigh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Signs of Life**—A play by Joan Schenkar. Opens Friday, June 1, and will run through Sunday, *June 10. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St.* 247-0393. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; on Thursdays at 6:30.)

**Strider: The Story of a Horse**—Gerald Hiken in a play (with music) adapted by Mark Rozovsky from Tolstoy's 1886 tale. Previews Wednesday, May 30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 31, and will run through Sunday, *June 17.* (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Sweeney Todd**—A musical with book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**They're Playing Our Song**—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Wake Up, It's Time to Go to Bed**—Keith Carradine and Ellen Greene head the cast in this concert of contemporary music conceived, written, and directed by Carson Kievman. *(Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly,* except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Whoopee!**—Eddie Cantor starred in this preposterous *musical some fifty years ago.* Charles Repole plays the Cantor role, feverishly, and some of the old songs are still worth listening to. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Whose Life Is It Anyway?**—The question posed in the title is asked by a brilliant young man who, paralyzed from the neck down, is eager to be allowed to die. An extraordinary performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark that is much warmer-hearted and more high-spirited than you might suppose. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 30, and Saturdays at 2.)

**Long Runs**—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. *Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées

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Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,936 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. *Nightly,* except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; *Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.* Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays *through Saturdays at 8. Mat*inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, May 31, at 2.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, June 6, at 2.). . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 30, at 1 and 5:30; Friday, June 1, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, June 2, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and final performances Sunday, June 3, at 1 and 5:30.)

**Beatlemania**—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and *10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2,* and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, June 7, at 2.)

**Black Theatre Festival U.S.A./An Arts Revival at Lincoln Center**—Final performances of a month-long festival celebrating black theatre, dance, and music. **MITZI E. NEWHOUSE THEATRE.** Wednesday, May 30, at 2:30 and 8: The Dashiki Project Theatre, from New Orleans, presenting Ed Bullins' "The Fabulous Miss Marie.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 8: Philadanco, from Philadelphia, and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, June 3, at 8: The Inner City Repertory, from Los Angeles, presenting "Iago," by C. Bernard Jackson, with Beah Richards and Sab Shimono. . . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER.** Sunday, June 3, at 4:30: A concert by Cissy Houston and Noel Pointer. (For information about tickets, call 787-9310.)

**New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players**—Presenting "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, June 7-8, at 8; *Saturday, June 9, at 2 and 8;* Sunday, June 10, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 30: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 31: "Watermill" and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday evening, June 1: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 2: "Vienna Waltzes" and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 3: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 3: "Divertimento No. 15," "Sonatine," "Other Dances," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 5: "Divertimento No. 15," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 6: "Divertimento No. 15," "In the Night," and "Bournonville Divertissements.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 7: A benefit performance (for tickets, call 877-4700, Ext. 346), including *the preview of a new ballet by Jerome Rob*bins. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 9: "In the Night," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Bournonville Divertissements.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 9: "Donizetti Variations," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 1.)

**American Ballet Theatre**—Final performances of

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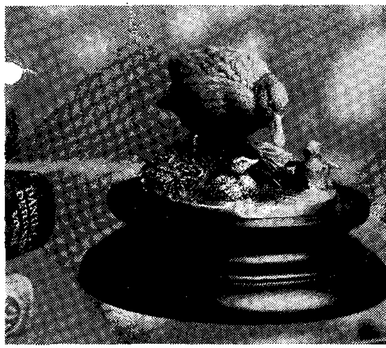

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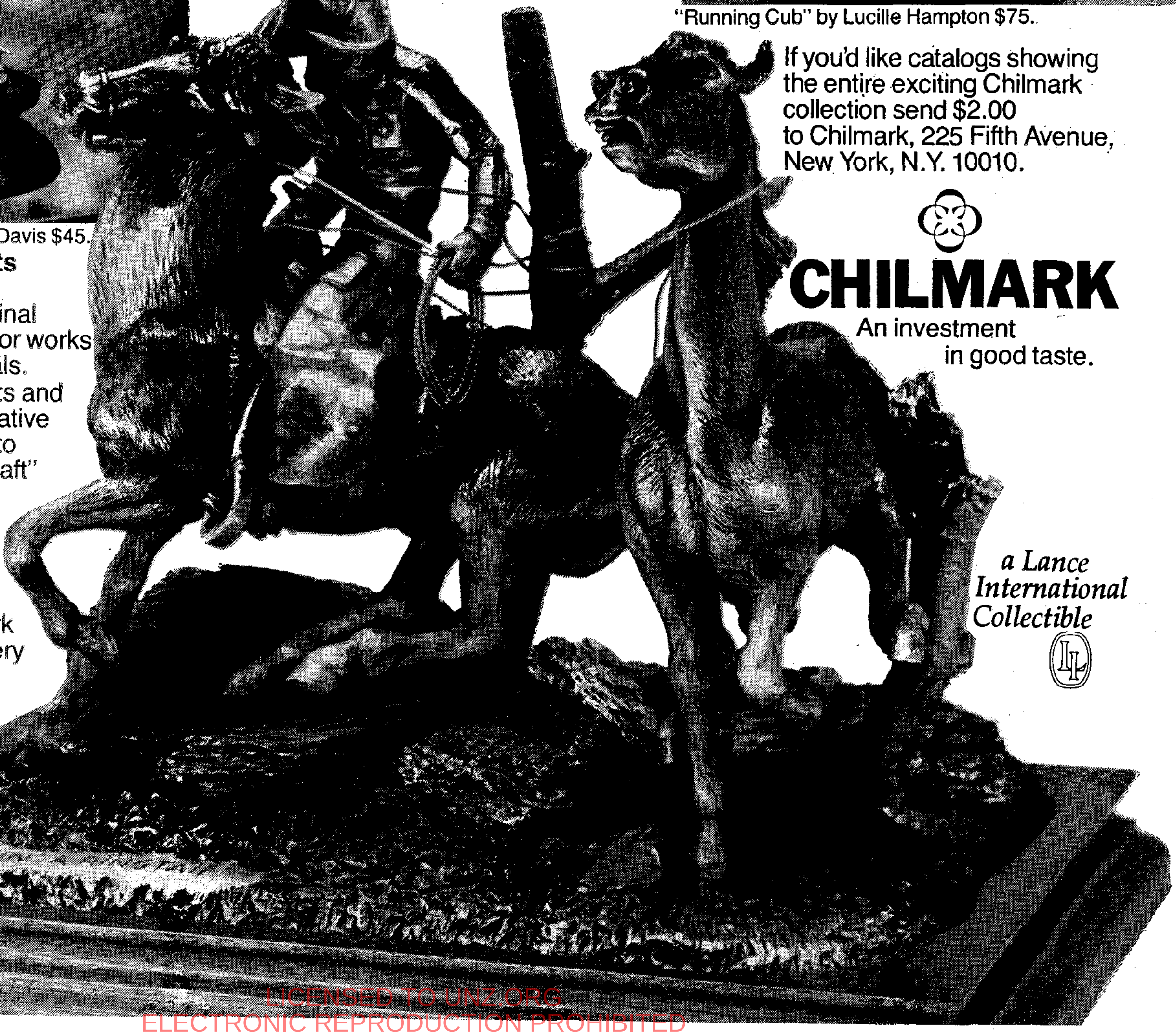

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the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 30-31: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, June 1: "Petrouchka," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux Holberg," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 2, and Monday through Wednesday evenings, June 4-6: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 7: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Désir," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes."... ¶ Friday evening, June 8: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Undertow," and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 9: "La Bayadère," "Pierrot Lunaire," and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 9: "The Tiller in the Fields," "Contredances," "Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**DanceAfrica '79**—Four performances of African-American dances—Saturday, June 2, at 8, and Sunday, June 10, at 2: Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; Charles Moore and Dances & Drums of Africa; Chuck Davis Dance Company; and International Afrikan American Ballet.... ¶ Sunday, June 3, at 2: Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers and Chuck Davis Dance Company.... ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 8: Charles Moore and Dances & Drums of Africa and International Afrikan American Ballet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion**—"Life's Force," "The Last Days of the Down Home Boogies," "Circles," "Union," "Piano Peace," "Long Gones," "Reins," and "As Is." (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, at 8, and Sunday, June 10, at 3.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Beefsteak Charlie's**, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark, large room in an enlightened branch of a steakhouse chain. (It's enlightened because the management lures in some of the best jazz players around New York.) Electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and his vocalist wife, **URZSULA DUDZIAK**, are performing here through Saturday, June 2, with their jazz-rock quintet. Sunday, June 3, will belong to French-horn soloist **JOHN CLARK**; on Thursday and Friday, June 7-8, pianist Richard Sussman will lead a quintet; and on Saturday, June 9, pianist Barry Miles will bring in his combo for a two-night visit. Sets begin Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Pianist **ALDO CICCOLINI** will perform an all-Satie program on Wednesday, May 30. Dancer Margaret Beals will also be on hand that night. On Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, Seawind, a Hawaii-based jazz-rock group, will be present; and Sunday through Wednesday, June 3-6, have been reserved for **LOU REED**, singer, guitarist, composer, and godfather to the current new wave of rock. (All his shows are already sold out.) Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's so crowded here that it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **ROLAND HANNA**, who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, collaborates with bassist **SAM JONES** through Saturday, June 2. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

**Cachaça**, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist, after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE.** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.... ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to one.

**Carnegie Tavern**, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and dignified, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Mr. Larkins may dress up, but his audiences don't have to—they are only requested to whisper during his sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. The bands: Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, the Fools; on Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, Suicide, Tragic Flaw, and the Bloodless Pharaohs; and on Sunday, June 3, Judy Nylon. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**Cookery**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer and composer **ALBERTA HUNTER** isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter and her trio go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, who perform from eight to one. Dining.

**Crawdaddy**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place. Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, light tone still intact (he's in his mid-seventies), performs here with pianist Chuck Folds and drummer Jackie Williams. They play Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**David K's**, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two.

**Downey's**, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—Singer and pianist **DARDANELLE**, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—one can catch the remnants of a full-blown Southern accent in her speaking voice—has taken over the back room of this restaurant. She's a confident, swinging pianist, but it's really her clear, effortless, diction-perfect singing that is so striking. She goes on Mondays through Saturdays from eight until midnight. Dining.

**Eddie Condon's**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights. On Sunday, June 3, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** will head up a quintet that will feature pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, beginning at eight-thirty. The music starts weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday's**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A new velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Hard-bop drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his quintet, the Hip Ensemble, perform through Saturday, June 2. Tuesday through Saturday, June 5-9, **DAVID AMRAM**, a French-horn soloist, composer, musical multinationalist, and beatnik, will lead his quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays; sets at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-fifteen. Dining.

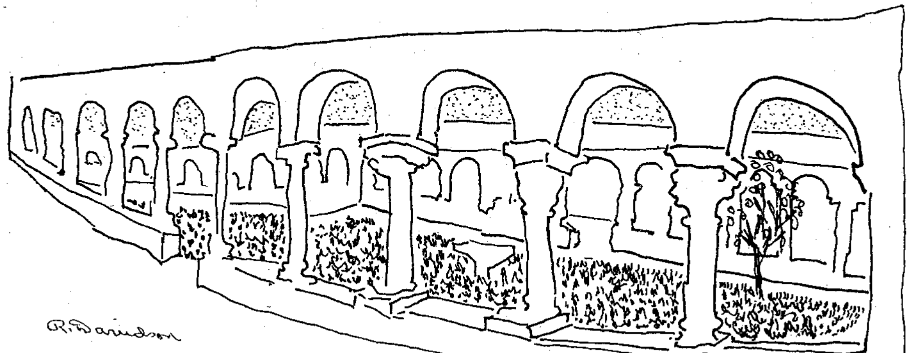
**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a neglected guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, and two other fine players, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVEY SWARTZ.** They play from ten to three. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten and from nine on Sundays. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

**Hors d'Oeuvrerie**, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Guitarist **AL GAFA** and his trio play for listening, dancing, and looking for tugboats from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Emme Kemp alternates with them after nine-thirty.

**Hurrah**, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—This second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in new-wave rock. It is also one of the best places to hear new-wave bands performing live. The new wave: the Feelies on Wednesday, May 30; Teenage Jesus and the Jerks on Thursday, May 31; Gary Valentine and the Know, plus B-Girls on Friday and Saturday, June 1-2; Love of Life Orchestra and Crash Course Science on Monday, June 4; and Dead Kennedys plus Chain Gang on Tuesday, June 5. Music nightly after eleven. Dancing. (Sneakers welcome.)

**Jazzmania Society**, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft. Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will bring in his sextet on Friday and Saturday, June 1-2; on Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, more Brazilian music will be presented, this time by Tiago deMello, a singer and composer from the Amazon jungle. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine; Sundays from eight-thirty. Snacks and soft drinks.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Ed-



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

die Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR**, a smooth, serene, and always-moving soloist, is working in this corner restaurant, which is his New York command post, with his bassist **VICTOR GASKIN**. They will depart after Saturday, June 2. On Tuesday, June 5, another fine piano-bass duo—**JIMMY ROWLES** and **BOB CRANSHAW**—will fill in for Taylor and Gaskin. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant that has done at least as much for blues music as it has for Texas chic. Here's part of the schedule: veteran folkie **RICHIE HAVENS** is here through Thursday, May 31; Sunday, June 3, is a Kinky Friedman night of stand-up black-humor-inspired folk music; and steel guitarist Buddy Emmons and his band, the Redneck Jazz Explosion, will perform on Tuesday, June 5. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

**MARTY'S**, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. Vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** collaborate on this bandstand through Saturday, June 2; on Monday, June 4, singer **ANITA O'DAY** will come in. Sets begin after nine nightly, except Sundays. Dining.

**MAX'S KANSAS CITY**, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The groups: on Wednesday, May 30, Von Lmo, Coma-teens, and Xenex (three bands); on Thursday, May 31, the Victims and Crayola; on Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, the Heartbreakers; on Sunday, June 3, the Necessaries with the Paper Men; on Monday, June 4, U. S. Ape with the Roués and Melt-Down; and on Tuesday, June 5, the Wild Ones and Vengeance. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

**MICHAEL'S PUB**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOYA SHERRILL**, who sang with the Duke Ellington orchestra when she was in high school (some thirty-five years ago), is now using her direct, bright singing style in a tribute to composer Harold Arlen. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his trio give Miss Sherrill rhythmic, sympathetic support. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where singer and songwriter **OSCAR BROWN, JR.**, will be present Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2. Music from ten until two. Dining.

**ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

**OTHER END**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. Cajun fiddler **DOUG KERSHAW**, who has an enthusiastic local following, performs here on Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31; Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3, will be claimed by comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN**; and Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9, folkie Jim Dawson will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

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**RENO SWEENEY**, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Singer and pianist **BLOSSOM DEARIE**, fragile-voiced and witty, sounds like nobody else, and her repertory is as rare as her vocal style. She'll be singing here through Saturday, June 2. On Tuesday, June 5, the rising young comedy team **MONTEITH AND RAND** will arrive. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Mondays, beginning at nine, are usually showcase nights. Closed Sundays. Dining.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club owned by jazz-rock stars and studio players Mike and Randy Brecker. Vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** will get together with drummer **STEVE GADD**, pianist **DON GROLNICK**, and saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE BRECKER** Thursday through Sunday, May 31-June 3; and beginning Thursday, June 7, trumpeter-proprietor **RANDY BRECKER** will head up a quintet for four nights. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**SHERATON CENTRE** (formerly the Americana Hotel), Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the deep-red turn-of-the-century-flavored French Quarter lounge, guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and his trio are performing Mondays through Saturdays at nine and eleven.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Alto saxophonist Arnie Lawrence and his group are here through Saturday, June 2; Sunday and Monday, June 3-4, will be turned over to pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS'** quartet; and on Tuesday, June 5, saxophonist Lou Donaldson will arrive with a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

**TIN PALACE**, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians (and listeners). Drummer **HORACEE ARNOLD** and a quartet that will feature saxophonist **RON BRIDGEWATER** are the musical attractions on Thursday, May 31; on Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, saxophonist George Adams is scheduled to lead a quartet; and on Friday, June 8, drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** will bring in *his* quartet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

**TRAX**, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**MC COY TYNER** plays piano solos that are mostly made up of percussive, repetitive, crashing, rumbling, sustained chords, which have a numbing, mystical, synthesizer-like effect on his listeners. He and his sextet perform in the large downstairs room on Fridays and Saturdays. Shows at ten and midnight. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON**, who is playing as fervently as ever, leads his quartet through Sunday, June 3; on Tuesday, June 5, altoist **SONNY FORTUNE** will bring in his quintet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

LASZLO
BAYVILLE
SEA
FOOD

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who can coast like a cocktail pianist, noodle like Keith Jarrett, or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Armen Donelian, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

**WEST END**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Some of the musicians: trumpeter **HOWARD MC GHEE** and his Bebop 5, through Thursday, May 31; pianist **JOE ALBANY** Friday through Tuesday, June 1-5; and the **COUNTSMEN**, with **DICKY WELLS** and **EARLE WARREN**, beginning Wednesday, June 6. Music every night from nine.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**MARTHA SCHLAMME**—In "A Woman Without a Man Is . . . ," an evening of song and poetry. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**TAMMY WYNETTE, JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ**, and **MICHAEL MURPHEY**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 30, at 8.

**DIONNE WARWICK**—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 31, at 8.

**SUPERTRAMP**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, May 31, at 8.

**PATTI LABELLE**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at 8.

**JOE JACKSON**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**HOMAGE TO MINGUS**—At Carnegie Hall, two benefit concerts of his music. Friday, June 1, at 8: A seventeen-piece band, including Randy Brecker, Howard Johnson, Lew Soloff, Jon Faddis, Grady Tate, and Roland Hanna, plus the Mingus Dynasty Band (Mingus alumni), including Joe Farrell, Ted Curson, John Handy, Don Pullen, Charlie Haden, and Dannie Richmond. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 8: Dexter Gordon and Woody Shaw with the Shaw band, and the Mingus Fusion, including Randy Brecker, Hiram Bullock, Larry Coryell, Barry Miles, Elvin Jones, and Mike Richmond.

**ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (DOLLAR BRAND) ORCHESTRA AND DANCERS**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at 11.

**TOM ROBINSON BAND** and **THE SHIRTS**—Palladium. Saturday, June 2, at 8.

**BILL EVANS TRIO**—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, June 3, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 866-9000.

**MELANIE**—Carnegie Hall. Monday, June 4, at 8.

**ROD STEWART**—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, June 5, and Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9, at 8.

**JOURNEY** and **SWEET**—Palladium. Friday, June 8, at 8.

**U.F.O.** and **AC/DC**—Palladium. Saturday, June 9, at 8.

**MILT JACKSON FORTIETH-ANNIVERSARY CONCERT**—Mr. Jackson, along with his quintet, an eighteen-piece orchestra (led by Ernie Wilkins), and Dizzy Gillespie. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 9, at 8.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**ELISE ASHER**—Paintings in oil on Plexiglas depicting a strange countryside populated by birds, whose conversation is set down in an

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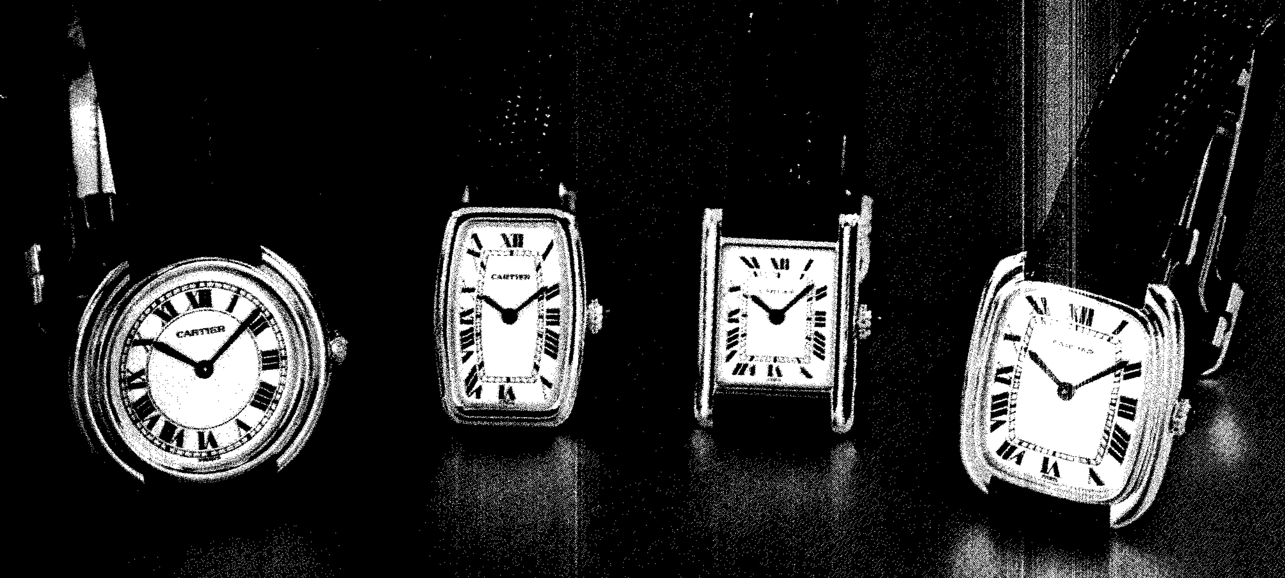

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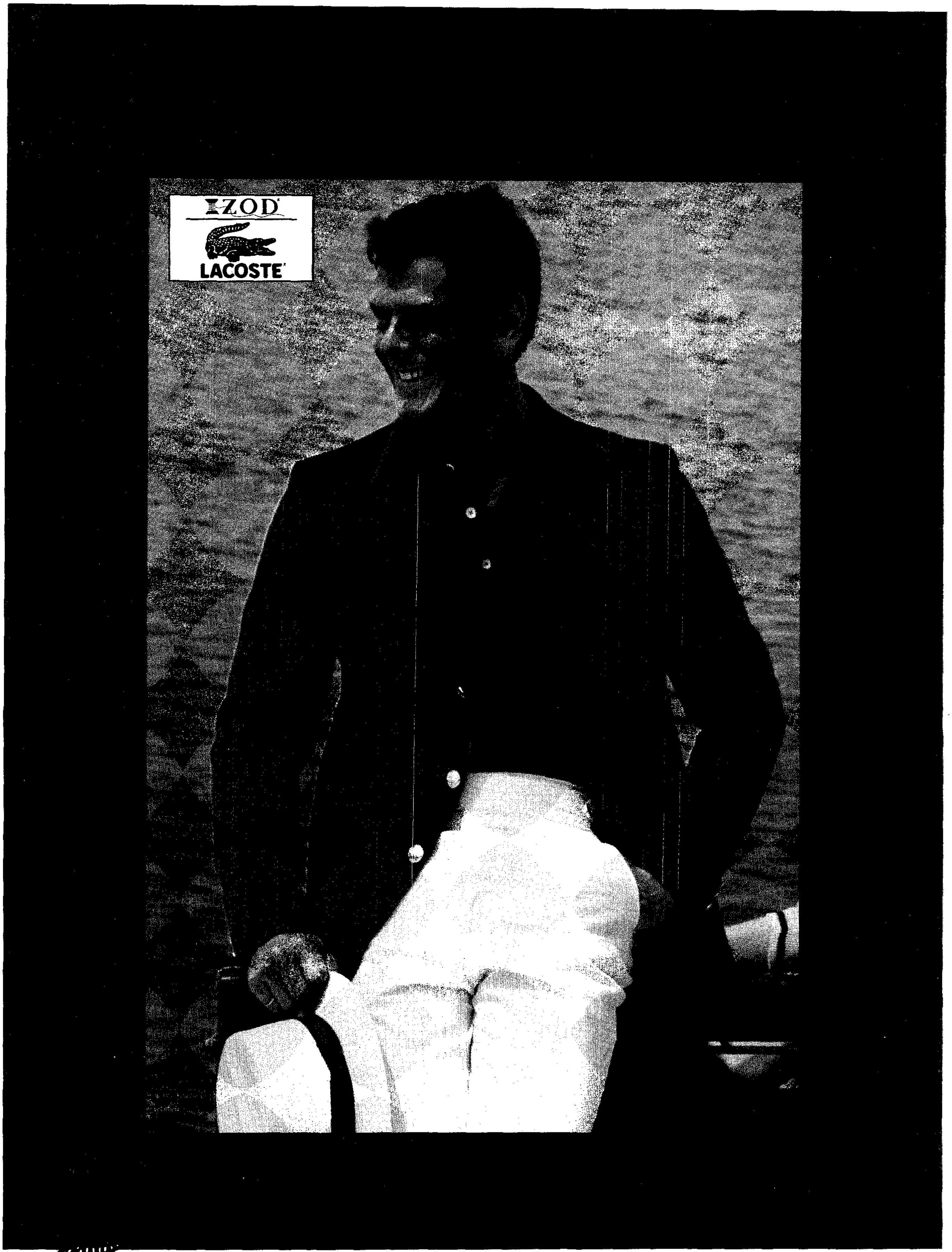

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

alphabet of the artist's invention. Through Wednesday, June 6. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**RAOUL DUFY** (1877-1953)—Pencil drawings, with occasional touches of color, reflecting the good life—in Paris, Nice, New York, at the races, in grand salons, fine restaurants. Through Saturday, June 9. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

**LYONEL FEININGER** (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through July 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

**GREGORY GILLESPIE**—Recent paintings by this realist craftsman include a large still-life incorporating portraits of the artist and his wife. Through Friday, June 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**HARRY McCORMICK**—Realist paintings, drawings, and prints of diners in restaurants. Through June 16. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**HOWARD NEWMAN**—Sculptured creatures from a strange, sleek middle world, half mechanical and half flesh and blood. plus related drawings. Through Saturday, June 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**GABOR PETERDI**—Paintings. Through June 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**MARK RENDLEMAN**—Photo-Realist studies of rock formations exposed in cliffsides or in stream beds. Through June 15. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St. Closes at 4.)

**SHALOM OF SAFED**—Paintings and lithographs illustrating Old Testament scenes, by a self-taught artist who is also showing works at the Jewish Museum. Through June 15. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**RUFINO TAMAYO**—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. A larger retrospective is currently on view at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**WILLIAM TUCKER**—Two exhibits of large-scale steel sculptures and the drawings for them: a single work at the Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through Friday, June 8), and five pieces in SoHo, at 98 Prince St. (through Saturday, June 9).

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Outsize paintings, in acrylics on rice paper, of Chinese girls in gaily colored costumes, by Walasse Ting, dominate this group show of gallery regulars, among them Alechinsky, Antes, and Segui. Through June 29. . . . **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Fifteen works in clay (by such artists as Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and Kenneth Noland) produced at Syracuse University's Clay Institute. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Prize paintings from the twenties are on view, including works by Picasso, Léger, Rouault, and Soutine, plus a recently acquired small Calder mobile. Through June 16. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Victor Elmaleh, Erik Koch, György Kepes, and André Masson. Through June 23. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.). . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: English paintings and drawings, 1830-1930. Through June 16. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Sculptures by Robert Lobe, and paintings by Jeffrey Lew, Joan Thorne, and Michael Tetherow. Through June 21. (Closed Saturdays.)

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**ROBERT ARNESON**—This California portraitist has divided his more-than-life-size ceramic busts into two categories: heroes and clowns. In the first category he includes Elvis Presley, "Vince" van Gogh, and "Mother" Dürer. In the second, the artist includes only himself. Through Friday, June 8. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**ANNE ARNOLD**—Stoneware dogs (some glazed) of several breeds, all of them dog-size. Through Wednesday, June 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**LEONID BERMAN** (1896-1975)—This romantic artist travelled the world, keeping to the water's edge, sketching the ports, studying fishing methods, and observing rice planters. Through June 15. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

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**ANN CHERNOW**—Two women seated at a soda-fountain counter—eleven times over. Also other drawings and prints. Through June 16. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

**ALAN EAKER**—Wall pieces composed of six or eight interconnected rectangular empty black frames. Through Saturday, June 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

**TED FAIERS AND FRANK STROHL**—Shaped canvases by two artists from Memphis. The first paints comic figures with three-dimensional faces, and the second does full-size doorways, some of them invitingly ajar. Through Saturday, June 2. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

**SAM FRANCIS**—Two exhibits: Large-scale oils based on a heavy-duty grid riddled with splotches of cheerful colors (these works were first shown at the Beaubourg in Paris), plus smaller paintings and works on paper. Through June 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.). . . ¶ Lyrical abstractions, streaked with dribbled color, make up a showing of works on paper done by the artist between 1948 and 1959. Through Tuesday, June 5. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

**MARY FRANK**—A new group of her characteristic fragmented reclining-figure sculptures, plus a new series of works in porcelain, which look like glorified fossils, and some new drawings on ceramic tablets. Through Friday, June 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**HELEN FRANKENTHALER**—Relatively small acrylic works on paper—exercises in chromatic harmony, really. Through June 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**SONIA GECHTOFF**—This artist paints a window-like frame on paper and fills it in with subdivisions of solid color (acrylic), which she then works over with a 9-H pencil, the hardest made. The result is a mysterious, pulsating surface. Through Saturday, June 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**MICHAEL GRAVES**—Architectural artwork, ranging from formal oil paintings to doodles, and including a rendering of a combination bridge and cultural center. Through June 16. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

**BARBARA HEPWORTH** (1903-75)—Thirty-five pieces of sculpture done by this English artist during the last fifteen years of her life—bronzes and carvings in marble and wood. Through June 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**BRUCE KURLAND**—Tiny, meticulously finished paintings of berries and fiddleback ferns and birds, plus a few somewhat larger works of gulls and bird skeletons. Through Saturday, June 2. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**ETHEL MAGAFAN**—Preparatory works for a Civil War mural that the artist has designed for the National Military Park, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Through Friday, June 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**MARCIA MARCUS**—Oil paintings—self-portraits, for the most part. Through Friday, June 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**TONY SMITH**—There are two works in this show, one consisting of ten freestanding geometric forms, about five feet high and painted black. It is titled "Ten Elements." The other, called "Throwback," which looks as if it might have been made up of the elements all hitched together (but wasn't), is the sort of thing he was doing some time ago. Through Saturday, June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**SYD SOLOMON**—Abstract paintings, high-pitched in color and explosive in design that reflect the artist's residence on the west coast of Florida. Through Saturday, June 9. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

**J. C. SUARÉZ**—Fifty original drawings, nearly all of them for his current book "The Devil's Dictionary." Through Friday, June 1. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St.)

**PETER VOGEL / WILLIAM P. GOTTLIEB**—Delicate wire constructions strung with electronic components that sound off musically when a viewer draws near enough to cast a shadow on them. Some are wall pieces and others are mounted on pedestals. / Photographs of most of the leading figures in the golden age of jazz—Armstrong, Ellington, Calloway, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, and so on. Through June 30. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

**TOM WESSELMANN**—Enormously blown-up studies of women's faces and breasts, and a couple of additions to his Great American Nudes. Through Friday, June 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

**SIET ZUYDERLAND**—The artist was so captivated by a red wall he saw while he was riding on a Chicago subway (above ground) that he has re-created the wall in a large painting and built a staircase leading up to it. Through Saturday, June 2. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**WORKS ON PAPER**—Fernand Léger and Jean Arp are represented by colorful drawings and collages (Arp has a marble carving, too), and Henri Laurens by some unusual Cubist drawings and later life-studies. Through June 23. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **GLADSTONE-VILLANI**, 38 E. 57th St.: Watercolor still-lifes by Sondra Freckelton, Jon Carsman, and ten other artists. Through June 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **MARKEL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Vivid floral still-lifes in watercolor by Marie Brumund, Marcia Carner, and Melanie Greene. Through Saturday, June 2. . . . **ODYSSIA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Fourteen artists (Jack Beal, Ellen Lanyon, Lucas Samaras among them) showing pastels. Through June 15. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: Small works on paper by gallery artists Charmion von Wiegand, Lawrence Fane, Clinton Hill, and others. Through Saturday, June 9. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by nine artists relatively unfamiliar in this city: canvases by Faiya Fredman on which the edge of a tide has left its mark, reinforced by the artist with a bit of sand and graphite; allover patterns made up of sewn letters and numbers by Russell Forester; posterlike portraits of women in nineteenth-century dress by Barbara Sandler; and others. Through June 23. (Open Mondays.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**WALTER DE MARIA**—"The Broken Kilometer" is the title of a work composed of five hundred solid cylindrical brass rods. Through Saturday, June 2. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Open daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

**EUNICE GOLDEN**—Portraits of family and friends. Through June 13. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

**GORDON HART**—New works by this abstract artist include a group of eight canvases done in black and white and a touch of gold, and an impressive diptych in which gold leaf is laid on by the age-old method that Giotto used.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Saturday, June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Peter Hutchinson**—In these color photographs, the months of the year are spelled out letter by letter, written on the snow or on the sides of flourishing trees, for instance, or picked out of commercial signs. Through June 16. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

**Steven Kobrosky / Annette Weintraub**—A shower of variously colored small rectangles seen against a dark background. / Drawings of crumpled gift-wrap paper. Through Saturday, June 2. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

**Joseph Kosuth**—Conceptual art, to wit: Two billboards, side by side on a wall at the southeast corner of Broadway and Houston Street, consist of a hundred and twenty-eight words each, and conclude as follows: "To read this text / sign is to erase that erasure which this must become in order to say more than is said here." Identical signs are hung on facing walls at the Castelli Gallery, 420 West Broadway. Through June 15.

**Keith Sonnier**—Neon and argon works. Through June 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Kes Zapkus**—Wall-size paintings made up of individual postage-stamp-size abstractions crammed together across the canvas, forming a surface that fairly teems with color. Through Saturday, June 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Group Shows**—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A refreshing new group of seventy-six works chosen from among the hundreds screened by this facility. Among the prizes are a small, ornate cardboard temple by Andrew Glass, in which details of famous paintings are seen through various apertures; a set of amusing monotypes entitled "Twenty Questions" by Karen Loftus; and two huge urban-landscape drawings in chalk and charcoal by Graham Nickson. Through July 21. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ENO**, 101 Wooster St.: Works by six women artists include Suellen Glashausser's assemblage of sticks caught together at the top like a tepee; Diane Fitzgerald's set of twenty-four small paintings of waves; and Molly Moskowitz's merciless photographic studies of herself making up her face. Through Thursday, June 7. (Opens at noon.) . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Seventeen artists are participating in an all-drawing show. Through Saturday, June 9. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Randy Dudley, Arie Galles, and Martin Hoffman, and sculptures by Raymon Elozua. Through June 16.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Carl Andre**—Two installations: one a solid square made up of a hundred and twenty-one Douglas fir timbers a foot square and three feet tall, and the other two widely separated rows of thirty similar timbers each. They are juxtaposed on different levels of the Hammarskjöld Plaza, at Second Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. Through July 28.

**Doris Cross**—Columns of printed matter in which this artist has picked out "found" poetry word by word, smudging everything else, and drawing decorations in the margins. Through Saturday, June 9. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**John Ferren** (1905-70)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through June 22. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Joan Thorne / Steve Seaberg**—Large, colorful abstract paintings in which ribbons of a single color weave their way around a canvas crowded with similar ribbons. / Rough, raw tableaux made up of found objects. Through Saturday, June 9. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Lynn Umlauf / Bernar Venet**—Shaped canvases, most of them in the form of a fan and pieced together from sections of pastel-tinted paper. / Arcs, some drawn on paper with graphite and others constructed of wood. The magnitude of each arc is carefully noted in degrees and minutes. Through Saturday, June 9. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

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**Sustained Visions**—Works by three individualistic artists: Gaylen Hansen, who paints characters from his own mythology; Claire Moore, who writes on her canvases as much as she draws on them; and Salvatore Scarpitta, who makes things out of wood (full-scale racing cars, sleds, and abstract collages). Through June 23. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**Folk Art**—A two-part show: patriotic quilts that were made between 1866 and 1945, generally with a flag motif; and nautical collage paintings that were done by R. Johnson, who is thought to have worked from the thirties through the fifties. Through June 24. (Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Group Shows**—At the **CLAYWORKS STUDIO WORKSHOP**, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St.: Benny Andrews, Buffy Johnson, Sherman Drexler, and Patsy Norvell are among the seventy artists who have a work apiece in a show of paintings, drawings, prints, and ceramics. Through June 15. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 4.) . . . **HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT**, 466 Grand St.: Nancy Graves, Sol LeWitt, Howardena Pindell, and Joan Snyder are exhibiting their works alongside those of other artists, selected by them; the selectees, in their turn, each chose another artist. In all, there are works by twelve artists. Through Friday, June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Alvin Langdon Coburn** (1882-1966)—Nearly a hundred photographs. Half of them were made during his association with the Photo-Secessionists, and the other half in the nineteen-fifties (the latter are semi-abstractions). Through Saturday, June 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9.)

**Mark Feldstein**—Black-and-white triptychs that narrate, but only subtly, a bizarre narrative. Through June 16. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Robert and Frances Flaherty**—Photogravures of the native actors in Flaherty's "Nanook of the North," of 1922, and original photographs of the people in the Aran Islands by Mrs. Flaherty. Through June 23. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

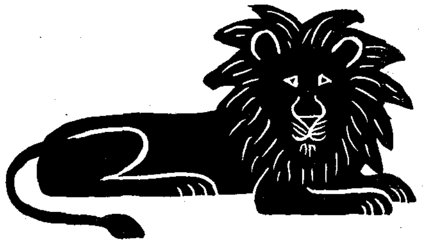
**Scott Hyde / Betty Hahn**—Impressionistic color prints. / Photographs of flowers that have been altered by applications of paint, pastels, and chalk. Through June 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Gertrude Käsebier** (1852-1934)—A hundred prints, most of them platinum portraits, by the renowned Pictorialist are on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Eva Rubinstein / J. Seeley**—Portraits, interiors, and landscapes. / Abstractions. Through June 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Max Yavno**—Photographs, most of them made in New York and California in the forties. Through June 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A survey of two hundred photographs of New York City which ranges from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A show of Ellsworth Kelly's recent works, including eight monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, a series of black-and-white paintings, and wall and floor sculptures. Through June 24. . . . ¶ Drawings: sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection (through June 17); and fifty seventeenth-century Italian drawings from the museum's collection (through July 8.) . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the Bible. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ On Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at 8:30: performance artist Sylvia Palacios Whitman. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective show of Cy Twombly, containing forty-five abstractionist paintings and forty drawings dated 1954 to 1977. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Downtown Museum**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Dada and New York," a show of works that reflect the spirit of Dada, by artists who were not necessarily associated with the movement. The paintings, drawings, photographs, sculptures, and publications (dated 1915 to 1930) are by Stuart Davis, Arthur G. Dove, Beatrice Wood, Man Ray, and others. Starts Thursday, May 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the nineteenth-century artist Elihu Vedder. Through July 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works by Gertrude Käsebier. Through July 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. Through July 31. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

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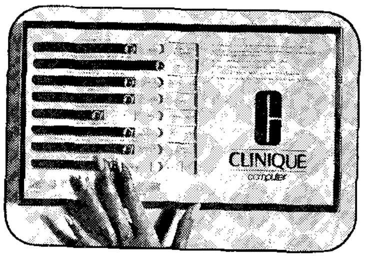

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**Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, Arlene Croce, Isaac Bashevis Singer, John Hollander, Joseph Brodsky, Kay Boyle, James McConkey, Philip Schultz, Dave Smith, John N. Morris, and Ned Rorem. Also paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Larry Rivers, Willem de Kooning, Tony Smith, John M. Johansen, and others. Through June 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**American Craft Museum,** 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture," an exhibit of more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects, made from a variety of woods. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia House,** 112 E. 64th St.—A show of seventy-three Indian miniature paintings, dating from 1600 to 1660, whose subjects are birds and flowers, landscapes, historical events, and figures. Through June 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Frick Collection,** 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of sixty-three drawings by Fragonard, together with the Frick's own series of Fragonard's oils, "The Progress of Love." Through Sunday, June 3. (Open Wednesday through Saturday, 10 to 6; Sunday, 1 to 6.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and a stained-glass triptych by Shalom of Safed. A complementary show is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of paintings and frakturs that date from 1773 to 1894. Through June 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of eighty eighteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of Hale Woodruff's paintings, ranging from early landscapes of Paris to recent abstract works. . . . ¶ Abstract drawings, paintings, constructions, and prints by, among others, Howardena Pindell, Al Loving, and William T. Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through June 24.

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

**Artists Space,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Installations by William Leavitt and Ken Wade, through Saturday, June 9.

**The Kitchen,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—New-wave rock groups on videotape, Saturday, June 2, at 8:30; Ron Clark (videotape), through Saturday, June 2. . . . ¶ A program of new music by American composers will be given on nine successive evenings, from Friday, June 8, through Saturday, June 16. On opening night, at 6 and 9:30, the composers (and performers) will be Robert Ashley, Philip Glass, Meredith Monk, Pauline Oliveros, and the Steve Reich Ensemble. Thereafter, six different composers will perform their work on eight evenings at 8.

**Project Studios One,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition called the "Altered Photograph," which features works related to photography, and a large number of individual exhibits are on view through June 10.

**U.S. Custom House,** Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.—Joining the Reginald Marsh murals and the Daniel Chester French statues are sixteen new works (generally conceptual in nature) also created expressly for this building space. Plus dance, music, and other business—performance art—Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:30 and Sundays at 3. Through June 17.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final "Music in May" concerts. A program of Russian music Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2, at 8 (with John Browning, piano, and Gianna Rolandi, soprano); and a benefit repeat performance of an Italian-Viennese program on Sunday, June 3, at 8 (with Maralin Niska, soprano, and Jon Garrison, tenor; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting two special concerts on Wednesday, June 6, and Saturday, June 9, both at 8 (no soloists).

**Brooklyn College Symphony Orchestra**—Darrold Hunt conducting, with Karl Kraber, flute; Charles Kuskin, oboe; and Raymond Mase, trumpet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, May 30, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**Downeast Chamber Orchestra**—Burton Kaplan conducting, with the Ballet Repertory Company. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, June 3, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Laurien Laufman**—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 30, at 8.)

**Margaret Kalil**—Soprano. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Wednesday, May 30, at 8:30.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—The final concert of the season. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, June 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

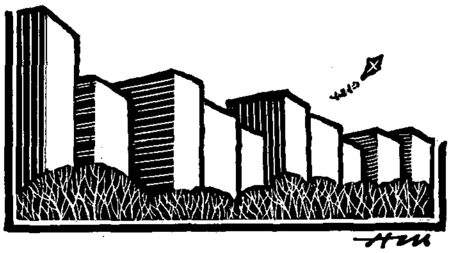
**Thruston Johnson**—Violin, in a program of Spanish music (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 2, at 8:30.)

**Beethoven Society**—Beveridge Webster, with assisting artists, in an all-Beethoven program for piano and winds. The final concert of the season. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, June 3, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**Music Project**—The final concert of the season. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, June 3, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

**Catharine Crozier**—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, June 4, at 7:30.)

**Western Wind**—A vocal sextet in a program of a-cappella music by New York composers. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Wednesday, June 6, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)



**Elizabeth Rich**—Piano, playing a program of music by Robert and Clara Schumann. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, June 8, at 8.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, June 3, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Monday and Tuesday, June 4-5, at 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Wednesday, June 6, at 8, and Thursday, June 7, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Friday, June 8, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 9, at 2:05.

**Crew**—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 9, starting at 5:15; varsity race at 6:45.)

**Racing**—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Edgemere Handicap, Saturday, June 2; The Hempstead Handicap, Sunday, June 3; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N. J.: Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 15. The Longport Handicap, Saturday, June 2. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

**Running**—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to six thousand women participating, will start at eleven on Saturday, June 2, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

**Soccer**—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Toronto, Sunday, June 3, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. the Argentinian national team, Wednesday, June 6, at 9. (For information about tickets for both matches, call 265-8600.)

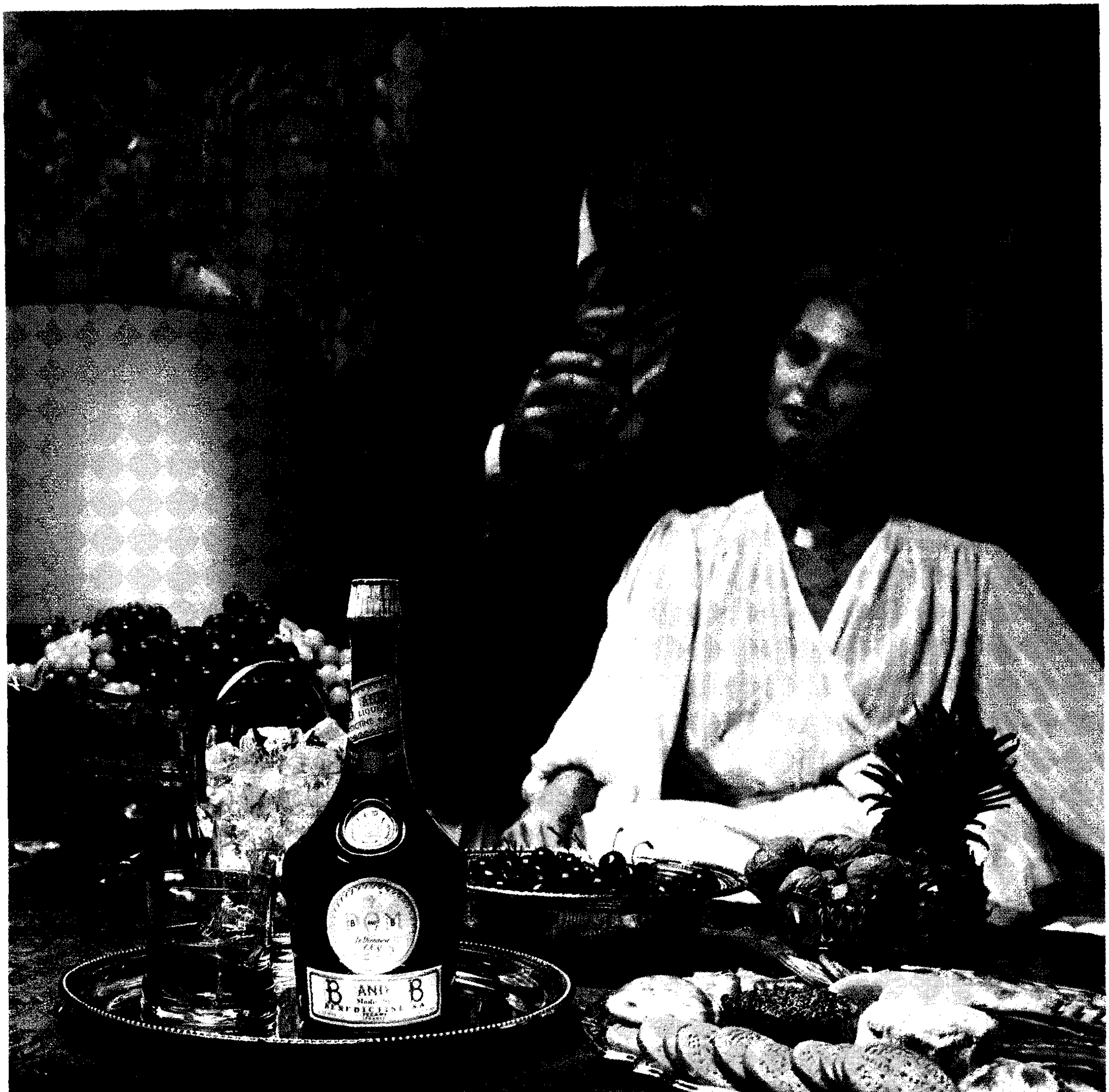
**Trotting**—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, June 2. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, June 4, through Saturday, July 14. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

**The Great Outdoors**—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3, and Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ Two concerts on the Central Park Mall—On Saturday, June 2, at 5, Imre Pallo conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Joy Simpson, soprano; and on Tuesday, June 5, at 5:30 (rain date, Wednesday, June 6), Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes and the Heath Brothers. . . . ¶ To mark the twentieth anniversary of Lincoln Center's groundbreaking, there is a *son-et-lumière* spectacle every clear evening at 9. Five screens, covering the five high windows of the Metropolitan Opera façade, are unfurled, making a single huge unit on which all sorts of film clips and stills are projected. Following the film, there is a significant display of lights. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and that purple-suited man on a bicycle daily (including Wednesday, May 30) except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

**Auctions**—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 10:15 and 2: Silver, portrait miniatures, and *objets de vertu;*



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from many sources. . . . ¶ Nine sales of articles from the estate of Benjamin Sonnenberg. Tuesday, June 5, at 2: Old Master paintings and drawings. . . . Wednesday, June 6, at 10:15: Porcelains, Italian majolica, portrait medallions, English portrait sculptures. . . . Wednesday, June 6, at 2: Silver, Sheffield and other plate, *objets de vertu*, and pewter. . . . Thursday, June 7, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings and drawings. . . . Thursday, June 7, at 2: Brass, including candelabra and other lighting devices, and hearth equipment. . . . Friday, June 8, at 10:15: Antiquities, pottery, rugs, Oriental works of art, autographs, and manuscripts. . . . Friday, June 8, at 2, and Saturday, June 9, at 2: Furniture, clocks, and other decorative objects. . . . Saturday, June 9, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, June 1. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, May 31, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master paintings; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, June 1, at 10:30 and 2, and Saturday, June 2, at 10:30: Chinese works of art, including ceramics, bronzes, and jades; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 7, at 2:30: English and American silver, Russian works of art, and *objets de vertu;* from the collection of Mrs. John W. Christner. Exhibition starts Friday, June 1.

## COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

**AUTOMOBILE RACING**—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa., June 24.

**BASEBALL**—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, June 10 (day). Cincinnati, June 11-13 (night). Atlanta, June 15-16 (n) and June 17 (d). Pittsburgh, June 25-26 (n). San Diego, July 6 (n), July 7 (d), and July 8 (day doubleheader). Los Angeles, July 10 (n). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, June 19 (night), June 20 (twi-night doubleheader), and June 21 (day). Cleveland, June 22-23 (n) and June 24 (d). Boston, June 29 (n), June 30-July 1 (d), and July 2 (n). Minnesota, July 3-4 (n) and July 5 (d).

**CREW**—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 5-8.)

**RACING**—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 19-22. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 30. . . . BOWIE, Md.: July 2-Aug. 11.

**SOCCER**—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos games on June 10, 24, and 27, and July 1 and 4.

**TENNIS**—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 25-July 7.) . . . ¶ W.C.T. Invitational at Forest Hills. (West Side Tennis Club. July 9-15.)

**YACHTING**—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 16.

**MUSIC**—Musica Sacra "Basically Bach," at Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), June 11, 13, 15, 18, 20, and 22. . . . ¶ The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 12 ("Aida") and June 19 ("La Traviata"). . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 16-Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Outdoor Concerts by the Goldman Band, in Damrosch Park, June 20-Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival (Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Radio City Music Hall, Roseland Ballroom, a Staten Island Ferry, Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J., and about eighty-eight other places), June 22-July 1. . . . ¶ Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass., June 28-Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, July 3-Aug. 25.

**DANCE**—Stuttgart Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 12-July 7. . . . ¶ Soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet, at the City Center, June 19-July 1. . . . ¶ National Ballet of Canada and Rudolf Nureyev, at the New York State Theatre, July 3-15.

**OTHER DATES**—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is Thursday, June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Wednesday.

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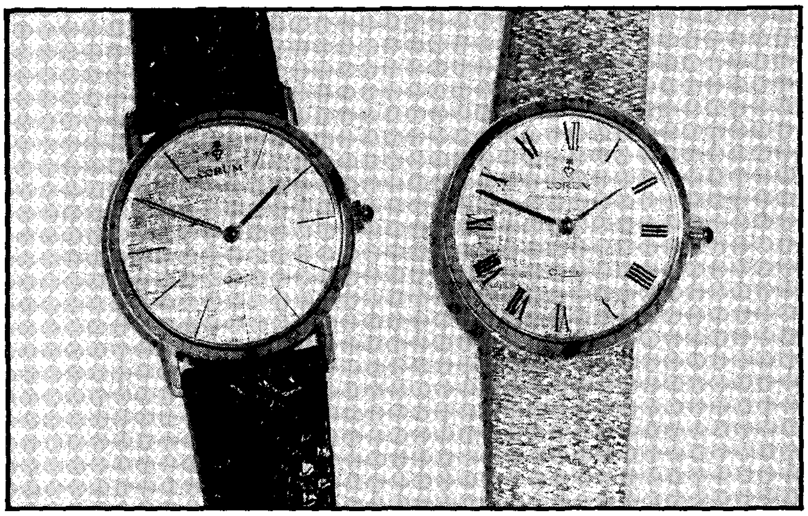

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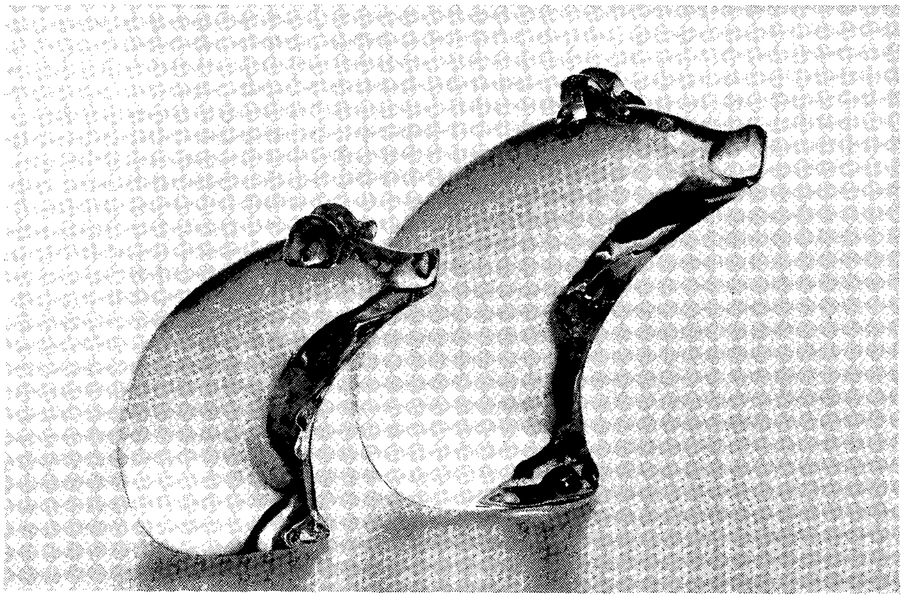

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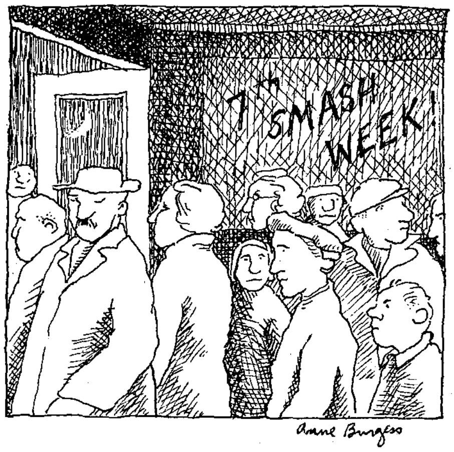
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES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| | | | 30 | 31 | 1 | 2 |
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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre**, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 3: "Delmiro Gouveia (Colonel of the Sertao)."
June 4: Theatre closed.
From June 5: "The Searchers."

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 31: "Love at First Bite" and "King Kong."
June 1-7: "Love at First Bite" and "Eyes of Laura Mars."
From June 8: To be announced.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The China Syndrome."

**Bay Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Battlestar Galactica."

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Manhattan."

**Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Innocent."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Little Romance."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Malicious."

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Hair."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 7: "Manhattan."
From June 8: "Players."

**D. W. Griffith**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 31: "California Suite" and "Midnight Express."
From June 1: To be announced.

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Saint Jack."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Newsfront."

**Gemini 1**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Teresa the Thief."

**Gemini 2**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

**Loews New York 1**, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Love at First Bite."

**Loews New York 2**, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Alien."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

**Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Winter Kills."

**72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 7: "The China Syndrome."
From June 8: "Superman."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Deer Hunter."

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dawn of the Dead."

**Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Alien."

**Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Grease."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hair."

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Battlestar Galactica."
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure." From June 8: "Escape to Athens."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hair."

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 31: "Winter Kills."
From June 1: To be announced.

**Quad Cinema**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Innocent."
Theatre 2: "The China Syndrome."
Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through May 31: "Picnic at Hanging Rock." From June 1: "Fedora."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Love at First Bite."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Prisoner of Zenda."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Deer Hunter."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Toy."

**Cinema 3**, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 31: "The Innocent."
From June 1: "Fedora."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Hair."

**Cinema Studio 1**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 31: "Fedora."
From June 1: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

**Cinema Studio 2**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Death of a Bureaucrat."

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

**Loews 83rd Quad**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Hair."
Theatre 2: "The Champ."
Theatre 3: "The China Syndrome."
Theatre 4: "The Innocent."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Deer Hunter."

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 31: "Love at First Bite" and "Convoy."
June 1-7 (tentative): "Murder by Decree" and "Rabbit Test."
From June 8: "Norma Rae" and another feature, to be announced.

### TIMES SQUARE

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

**Embassy 1**, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Dawn of the Dead." (†)

**Embassy**, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Last Embrace." (†)
Theatre 3: "The China Syndrome." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home."

**Forum**, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Love at First Bite." (†)

**Loews Astor Plaza**, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Champ." (†)

**Loews State 1**, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through June 7: "Grease." (†)
From June 8: "Players."

**Loews State 2**, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through May 31: "Hanover Street." (†)
From June 1: To be announced.

**National**, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Winter Kills." (†)

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Battlestar Galactica." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 1**, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Beyond the Poseidon Adventure." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 2**, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Deer Hunter." (†)

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Beyond the Door, Part 2."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 30: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo; and "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas.
May 31: "The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain" (1978), directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen; and "Bloodbrothers" (1978), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, and Richard Gere.
June 1-2: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "THX 1138" (1971), directed by George Lucas, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.
June 3-4: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Key Largo" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, and Claire Trevor.
June 5: "Ohayo" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; and "The Bride of the Andes." (†)
June 6: "Small Change" (†); and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
June 7: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "From Here to Eternity" (1953), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr.
June 8-9: "The Serpent's Egg" (1978), directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and David Carradine; and "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 30: "The Manxman" (1929), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anna Ondra, Carl Brisson, and Malcolm Keen; and "Jamaica Inn" (1939), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Charles Laughton, Emlyn Williams, Maureen O'Hara, and Leslie Banks.
May 31: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas; and "The Round Up" (1965), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó.
June 1: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg.
June 2: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.
June 3: "The Magic Flute." (†)
June 4: "The Baker's Wife" (1938), in French, directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Raimu; and "Bizarre, Bizarre." (†)
June 5: "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962), in French, directed by Serge Bourguignon, with Hardy Krüger and Nicole Courcel; and "Adoption" (1976), in Hungarian, di-

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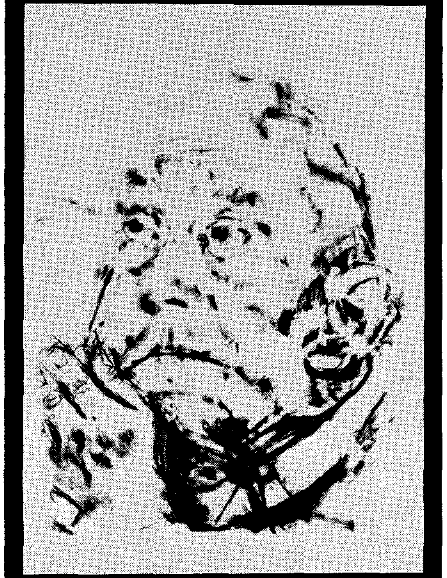

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June 6: "The Farmer's Wife" (1928), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Lillian Hall-Davies and Jameson Thomas; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

June 7: "Masculine Feminine" (†) and "La Chinoise." (†)

June 8: "It's a Gift" (†) and "You're Telling Me." (†)

June 9: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "A Drama of Jealousy." (†)

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 31: "Swept Away" (1975) and "Seven Beauties" (1976), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

June 1-2: "The Groove Tube" (1974), directed by Ken Shapiro; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste, with Jason Williams.

June 3-4: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone." (†)

June 5: "King of the Gypsies" (1978), directed by Frank Pierson, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, Eric Roberts, and Annie Potts; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976), directed by Elia Kazan, with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.

June 6-7: "Max Havelaar" (1976), in Dutch, directed by Fons Rademakers.

June 8-9: "An Unmarried Woman" (1978), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, and Lisa Lucas; and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late *afternoon.*)

May 30: "For Me and My Gal" (1942), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy, and Marta Eggerth; and "Babes on Broadway" (1941), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald.

May 31-June 2: "Strike Up the Band" (1940), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, June Preisser, and Ann Shoemaker; and "In the Good Old Summer Time" (1949), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland and Van Johnson.

June 3-4: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland, James Mason, and Charles Bickford.

June 5-6: "I Could Go On Singing" (1963), directed by Ronald Neame, with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, and Jack Klugman; and "Judgment at Nuremberg." (†)

From June 7: To be announced.

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 30: "Forever Amber" (1947), directed by Otto Preminger, with Cornel Wilde, Linda Darnell, Richard Greene, and George Sanders; and "House of Rothschild" (1934), directed by Alfred L. Werker, with George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Loretta Young, and Robert Young.

May 31-June 2: "Lifeboat" (1944), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, and Canada Lee; and "A Royal Scandal" (1945), directed by Otto Preminger, with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, and William Eythe.

June 3-4: "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda; and "Coney Island" (1943), directed by Walter Lang, with Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero, and Charles Winninger.

June 5-6: "Man Hunt" (†) and "Kiss of Death." (†)

June 7-9: "Blood and Sand" (†); and "The Black Swan" (1942), directed by Henry King, with Maureen O'Hara, Tyrone Power, Laird Cregar, Thomas Mitchell, and George Sanders.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 30: A program of silent French short films, by Lumière, Méliès, and others.

May 31: "Jungle Book" (1942), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.

June 1-2: "Variety Lights" (1949), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada, with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio; and "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Leopoldo Trieste.

June 3: "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street" (1936), directed by George King, with Tod Slaughter, Bruce Seton, and Eve Lister; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck.

June 4: "Back Street" (1941), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer; and "Intermezzo" (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, Edna Best, and John Halliday.

June 5: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943), and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), three films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

June 6: "César" (†), "Fanny" (†), and "Marius." (†)

June 7: "The Birthday Party" (1968), directed by William Friedkin, with Robert Shaw, Sydney Tafler, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols; and "The Pumpkin Eater" (1964), directed by Jack Clayton, with Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith.

June 8-9: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 30: "Jungle Book" (1942), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "Cobra Woman" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu.

May 31: "The Goddess" (1958), directed by John Cromwell, with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and Steve Hill; and "Jeanne Eagels" (1957), directed by George Sidney, with Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler, Agnes Moorehead, and Charles Drake.

June 1-2: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

June 3: "The Visit" (1964), directed by Bernhard Wicki, with Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn, and Irina Demick; and "Gaslight" (1944), directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

June 4: "The Gilded Lily" (1935), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, and C. Aubrey Smith; and "Three-Cornered Moon." (†)

June 5: "Smilin' Through" (1941), directed by Frank Borzage, with Jeanette MacDonald and Brian Aherne; and "Sweethearts" (1938), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Ray Bolger, and Misha Auer.

June 6: "Broadway Melody of 1936" (1935), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Eleanor Powell, Jack Benny, Robert Taylor, and Frances Langford; and "Broadway Melody of 1938" (1937), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen.

June 7: "Gentleman Jim" (†) and "The Adventures of Don Juan." (†)

June 8: "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972), directed by Sidney J. Furie, with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor; and "Leadbelly" (1976), directed by Gordon Parks, with Roger E. Mosley.

From June 9: "Charlie Chan in Paris" (1935), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Warner Oland as the detective; and "Murder Over New York" (1940), directed by Harry Lackman, a Charlie Chan mystery, with Sidney Toler as the detective.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 31 at 2:30: "The Woman on the Beach" (1947), directed by Jean Renoir, with Joan Bennett, Robert Ryan, and Charles Bickford. . . . ¶ May 31 at 7: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), directed by William Wyler, with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, and Virginia Mayo. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30: "Kitty Foyle" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, and James Craig. . . . ¶ June 1 at 6: "Big Time" (1929), directed by Kenneth Hawks, with Lee Tracy and Mae Clark. . . . ¶ June 2 at noon: "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945), directed by Leo McCarey, with Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ June 2 at 2:30: "The Set-up" (1942), directed by Robert Wise, with Robert Ryan and Audrey Totter. . . . ¶ June 2 at 5: "Crossfire" (1947), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Robert Young, Robert Ryan, Robert Mitchum, and Gloria Grahame. . . . ¶ June 3 at noon: "The Bells of St. Mary's." . . . ¶ June 3 at 2:30: "The North Star" (1943), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, Walter Brennan, Farley Granger, and Ann Harding. . . . ¶ June 3 at 5: "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, Lucille Ball, and Eve Arden. . . . ¶ June 4 at noon: "Masters of Modern Sculpture III: The New World" (1978), directed by Michael Blackwood. . . . ¶ June 4 at 2:30: "The Lost Patrol" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, and Reginald Denny. . . . ¶ June 4 at 6: "The Informer" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen, Heather Angel, and Preston Foster. . . . ¶ June 5 at noon: "Christo's Running Fence" (1976), directed by David and Albert Maysles and Charlotte Zwerin. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: A program of films by Jules Schwerin. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ June 7 at 2:30: "The Set-up." . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: "The Lost Patrol." . . . ¶ June 7 at 8:30: "Holiday" (1930), directed by Edward H. Griffith, with Ann Harding, Mary Astor, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "Crossfire." . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: A program of films by Jules Schwerin. . . . ¶ June 9 at noon: "A Damsel in Distress" (1937), directed by George Stevens, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, George Burns, and Gracie Allen. . . . ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Dick Powell, Claire Trevor, and Anne Shirley. . . . ¶ June 9 at 5: "Rancho Notorious" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, and Mel Ferrer. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 3: "Three Mountains" (1978), video sculptures by Shigeko Kubota. . . . ¶ Starting June 5: "I-You-He/She" (1978), a video installation by Taka Iimura. Continuous showings Tuesdays through Fridays from 1 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from noon to 5:45. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Film Forum,** 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of five short films by Richard Serra. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Adventures of Don Juan** (1948)—By the late forties, Errol Flynn's offscreen life had colored the public's view of him, and this wry, semi-satirical swashbuckler movie was designed to exploit his reputation for debauchery. William Faulkner and Frederick Faust (Max Brand) were among the writers whom the producer, Jerry Wald, brought in to work on various drafts of the screenplay, which was finally credited to George Oppenheimer and Harry Kurnitz. Flynn looks far from his best, and the whole lavish production has a somewhat depressed tone. The story has Juan saving Queen Margaret of Spain (Viveca Lindfors) from a traitor's skulduggery. With Romney Brent, Ann Rutherford, Alan Hale, Robert Warwick, Robert Douglas, Helen Westcott, Raymond Burr, Una O'Connor, Fortunio Bonanova, and Monte Blue. Those with keen eyes may spot bits of footage lifted from "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Vincent Sherman directed, no better than adequately. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 7.)

**Alien**—With Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; directed by Ridley Scott. (Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum, and Criterion.)

**Battlestar Galactica**—With Richard Hatch, Dirk Benedict, and Lorne Greene. Directed by Richard A. Colla. (Bay Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

**Beyond the Poseidon Adventure**—With Michael Caine, Sally Field, Telly Savalas, Peter Boyle, and Jack Warden; directed by Irwin Allen. (Murray Hill, Beekman, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through June 7.)

**Bizarre, Bizarre** (1937)—Dadaist frivolity, with some choice sequences that one giggles over for years. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4.)

**Blood and Sand** (1941)—In 1922, Valentino had starred as Juan, the poor Spanish boy who rises to fame in the bullring; in this later version, Tyrone Power played the part, but color was the real star of the film. Rouben Mamoulian, who had directed the spectacularly bright "Becky Sharp," the first feature made in the three-color Technicolor process, planned this new film to resemble the works of the great Spanish painters, using dark, ominous tones and splashy, symbolic reds. As the bullfight critic, the huge Laird Cregar pirouettes, whirling Juan's red cape; as a rich, lusciously decadent vampire who represents "death in the evening," Rita Hayworth wears deliberately jarring crimsons. Unfortunately, the script doesn't have the energy of the color design; Tyrone Power looks weary and lacks romantic charge; the pace is draggy, and the presentiments of doom make one groan. In the role of Juan's saintly wife, Linda Darnell is beautiful but ludicrously American, and although, as Juan's mother, Nazimova manages to bring some emotion into her few scenes, it's embarrassing to see this legendary actress as a cliché peasant, on her knees scrubbing floors. Jo Swerling did the adaptation of the Ibañez novel; Hermes Pan and Budd Boetticher did the dances and choreographed the crowds. With John Carradine, Anthony Quinn, J. Carrol Naish, Vicente Gomez, Lynn Bari, Pedro de Cordoba, Victor Kilian, and Fortunio Bonanova. (Regency; June 7-9.)

**The Bride of the Andes** (1966)—For a change, a Japanese film with an enticing title of the old American type. It stars not Yma Sumac but Sachiko Hidari, the perennially young wife of the talented director Susumu Hani, who made this film—using *cinéma-vérité* techniques—in Bolivia and Peru. The story is about the heroine's development of the strength to endure; the movie, fortunately, does not test the viewer's endurance. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 5.)

**La Cage aux Folles**—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/28/79.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**California Suite**—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (D. W. Griffith; through May 31.)

**César** (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy (after "Marius" and "Fanny") is named for the pivotal character, played by Raimu. César, the proprietor of a waterfront bar—and the soul of the trilogy—is the father of Marius (Pierre Fresnay), who runs off to sea, leaving his fiancée, Fanny (Orane Démazis), pregnant. She marries the middle-aged, kind sailmaker, Panisse (Charpin). In this concluding film—the only one of the three actually directed by Pagnol—Marius and Fanny are, at last, reunited. Pagnol wrote the story for the stage in the twenties, and, despite the Marseilles setting, the films are very literal-minded and constricted. But the actors redeem much of the pedestrian filmmaking. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestley wrote, "We can magically command him to return out of those flat tins of film, and show us again his rich humanity and massive, deliberate art. . . . The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." (There was a 1938 American version, "Port of Seven Seas," with Wallace Beery at his most offensively "human" as César, and a Broadway-musical version, "Fanny," was filmed in 1961, retaining the score only as background music, with a miscast Charles Boyer as César.) In French. (Thalia, June 6; "Fanny" and "Marius" will also be shown on that day.)

**The Champ**—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**The China Syndrome**—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Gramercy, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 7.)

**La Chinoise** (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

**Convoy**—With Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw, and Ernest Borgnine; directed by Sam Peckinpah. (9/25/78) (Olympia; through May 31.)

**Dawn of the Dead**—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (U. A. East, and Embassy 1.)

**Death of a Bureaucrat** (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (5/28/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

**The Deer Hunter**—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring

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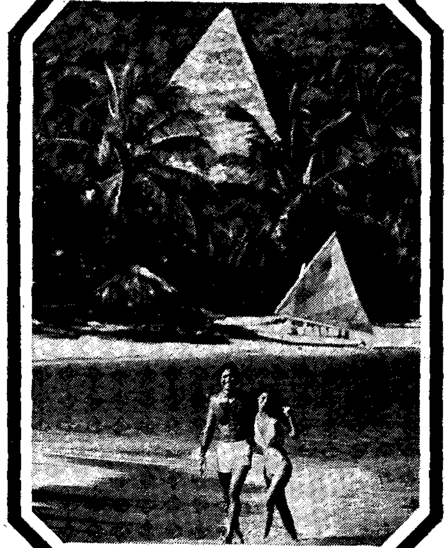

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

**Delmiro Gouveia (Colonel of the Sertao)**—A Brazilian film, directed by Geraldo Sarno. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 3.)

**A Drama of Jealousy** (1970; "The Pizza Triangle")—A genial mutt of a movie—an extroverted romantic satire with sight gags, along with jokes about the pollution in Rome and modern sex mores. As Oreste, a moon-faced, bushy-haired Communist bricklayer who doesn't always smell good, Marcello Mastroianni holds it all together. Married to a battle-axe, a fat hag with a topknot, Oreste falls in love with a young flower-seller, whom Monica Vitti plays with a soulful silliness that is a parody of generations of comic waifs and neorealist heroines. When she betrays him with his best friend, a Tuscan pizza cook (Giancarlo Giannini), he becomes obsessed with the idea that there's a class basis for the betrayal, and the movie turns into a slapstick tragedy. Oreste, the great *stupido*, whose face reflects a mind that has been emptied of everything but fluky ideas, commits a crime of passion and becomes a comic-strip parody of an operatic figure—the crazed lover. (This is one of Mastroianni's least-known great performances.) The color is warm and bright, the music is light and nostalgic, and the cutting has a quick rhythm. There's an original comic temperament here. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't seem to be anxious; the picture is spotty, but nothing is forced, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

**Eyes of Laura Mars**—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (St. Marks Cinema; June 1-7.)

**Fanny** (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret (and Pierre Prévert), with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, his pregnant fiancée, Fanny (Orane Démazis), marries the sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. César's dominating, expansive character is the central force of the film. When Marius returns, he finds that his leaving was an irremediable mistake—that the sailmaker is acknowledged as the father of his son and that there is no place for him (until the concluding film, "César"). You need a lot of tolerance for warm comic invention; it drags fearfully. In French. (Thalia, June 6; "César" and "Marius" will also be shown on that day.)

**Fedora**—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Cinema Studio 1; through May 31. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3; starting June 1.)

**Gentleman Jim** (1942)—As the boxing champ James J. Corbett, Errol Flynn looks as though he might conceivably be able to lick somebody, but the picture loses credibility by turning his opponent, Sullivan, into an incompetent. The film straightens out Corbett's life (his marriages have been divided by three) and, with no drama but that of the well-staged fights, relies too heavily on period furniture, costumes, and hairstyles. Directed by Raoul Walsh, this overlong bio is good-natured enough, but it lacks flavor. Alexis Smith provides wifely décor; with William Frawley, Jack Carson, John Loder, Alan Hale, Ward Bond, Rhys Williams, Madeleine LeBeau, and Lon McAllister. Horace McCoy was one of the scriptwriters. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 7.)

**Get Out Your Handkerchiefs**—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Art, Gemini 2, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**Grease**—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through June 7.)

**Hair**—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Plaza, 86th St. East, Waverly, Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

**Hanover Street**—With Harrison Ford, Lesley-Anne Down, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Peter Hyams. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews State 2; through May 31.)

**The Innocent**—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through May 31.)

**It's a Gift** (1934)—In which W. C. Fields is harassed by a blind man and has a fine irritable scene in a grocery store on the subject of kumquats. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)

**Judgment at Nuremberg** (1961)—Stanley Kramer's version of the meaning of the Nuremberg trials, from a script by Abby Mann. Gavin Lambert summed it up: "An all-star concentration-camp drama, with special guest-victim appearances." Spencer Tracy is the simple, humane superjudge, a Yankee version of Tolstoy's clean old peasant, and the cast includes Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, and Marlene Dietrich. With Judy Garland and Montgomery Clift as the guests. (8th St. Playhouse; June 5-6.)

**King Kong** (1976)—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.,'s script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 31.)

**Kiss of Death** (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location, in such places as a Harlem night club, a house in Queens, the Criminal Courts Building, the Tombs, Sing Sing. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice, and when he grins his white teeth are more alarming than fangs. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With the talented, refreshingly unactressy Coleen Gray as the hero's new wife, and Brian Donlevy, Taylor Holmes, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, and Robert Keith. In the nightclub sequence, it's Jo Jones on drums. (Remade in 1958 as "The Fiend Who Walked the West.") (Regency; June 5-6.)

**Last Embrace**—A wholly preposterous thriller, directed by Jonathan Demme and well acted by Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin. It is like a bucket of cold water thrown in your face again and again; oddly enough, this comes to seem enjoyable. (5/28/79) (Embassy.)

**A Little Romance**—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Sutton.)

**Love at First Bite**—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Loews New York 1, Guild, and Forum. . . . ¶ Olympia; through May 31. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through June 7.)

**The Magic Flute** (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. It's blissful. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 3.)

**Malicious** (1973; "Malizia")—A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

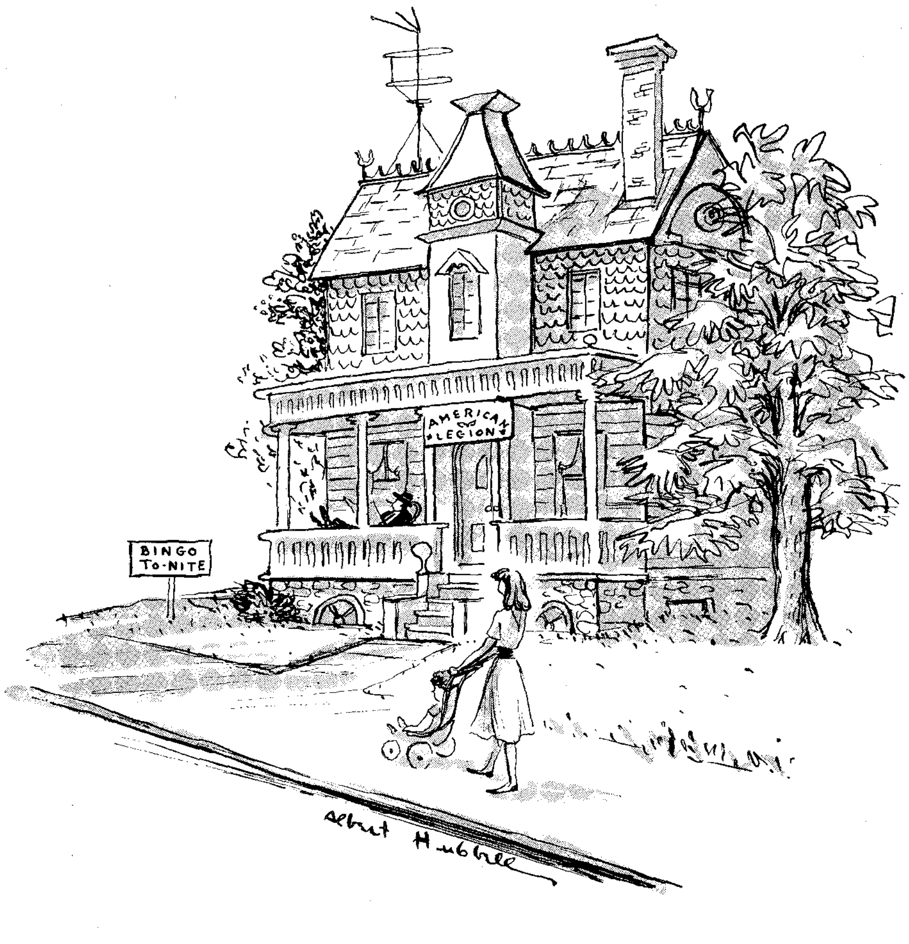
**Manhattan**—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; through June 7.)

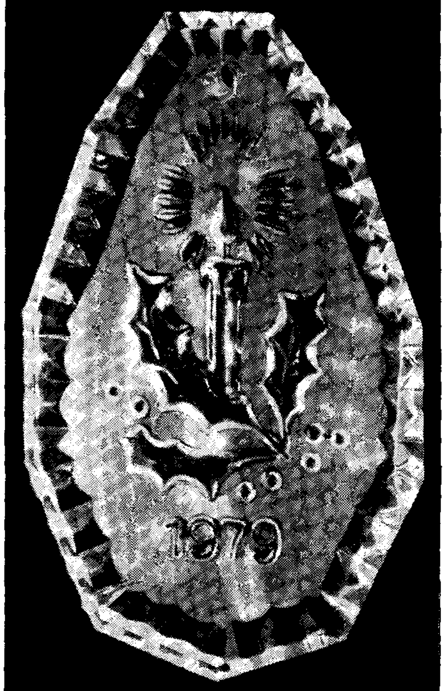
**Man Hunt** (1941)—Fritz Lang directed the Dudley Nichols adaptation of Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male"—an anti-Nazi thriller about a broad-shouldered British big-game hunter (Walter Pidgeon) stalking Hitler at Berchtesgaden. It's ingenious, all right, but the direction is too insistent and the plot too tangled for a first-rate entertainment. Joan Bennett plays the streetwalker heroine, whom the studio turned into a "seamstress" to get past the Hays office. With George Sanders, John Carradine, and Roddy McDowall. (Regency; June 5-6.)

**Marius** (1931)—The first film of the celebrated Marcel Pagnol trilogy. Static and visually unimaginative (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity that Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseilles café owner. In the film, the life along the harbor centers on this café. The story involves César's son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), who longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Démazis). Produced and written by Pagnol. In French. (Thalia, June 6; "César" and "Fanny" will also be shown on that day.)

**Masculine Feminine** (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

**Midnight Express**—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screen-





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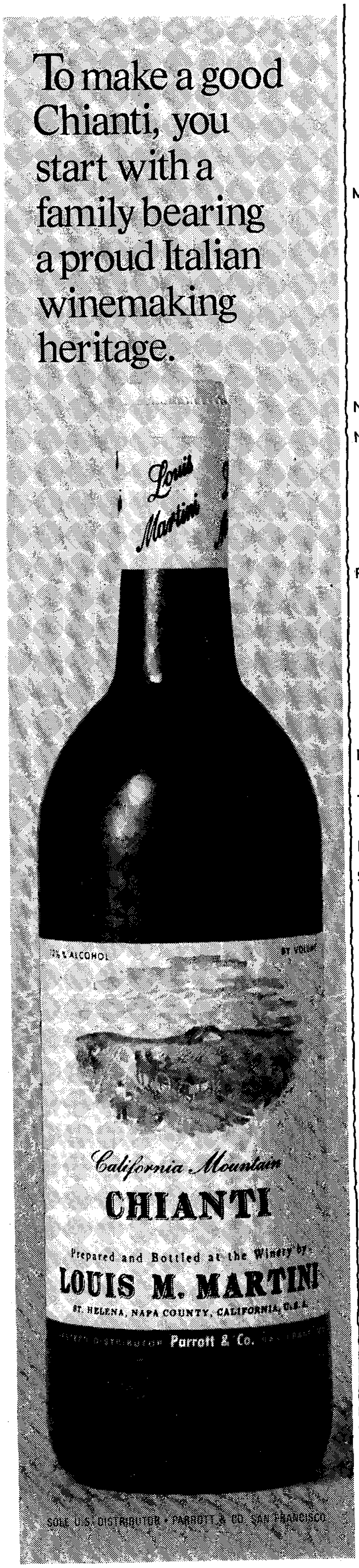
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

writer, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (D. W. Griffith; through May 31.)

**Murder by Decree**—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but unconvincing. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. (Olympia; June 1-7, tentative.)

**Newsfront**—A film from Australia, directed by Phillip Noyce. (Cinema II.)

**Norma Rae**—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 8.)

**Picnic at Hanging Rock**—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (4/23/79) (Quad Cinema; through May 31.)

**Players**—With Ali MacGraw and Dean-Paul Martin, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Coronet, and Loews State 1; starting June 8.)

**The Prisoner of Zenda**—With Peter Sellers, directed by Richard Quine. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

**Rabbit Test**—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (Olympia; June 1-7, tentative.)

**Saint Jack**—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (Cinema I.)

**The Searchers** (1956)—A little girl is kidnapped by Comanches; by the time her uncle, John Wayne, finds her, years have passed and she has turned into Natalie Wood. John Ford directed this leisurely, large-scale Western; the motives of the bitter, taciturn uncle are obscure throughout, and Ford's attempt at comic relief—male knockabout humor—is a fizzle. The cast includes Jeffrey Hunter, as Wayne's partner in the long search, and Vera Miles, Ward Bond, Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Jordan, John Qualen, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 5.)

**Small Change** (1976)—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 6.)

**Something for Everyone** (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Cinema Village; June 3-4.)

**Superman**—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (72nd Street East; starting June 8.)

**Teresa the Thief**—With Monica Vitti, directed by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian and English. (Gemini 1.)

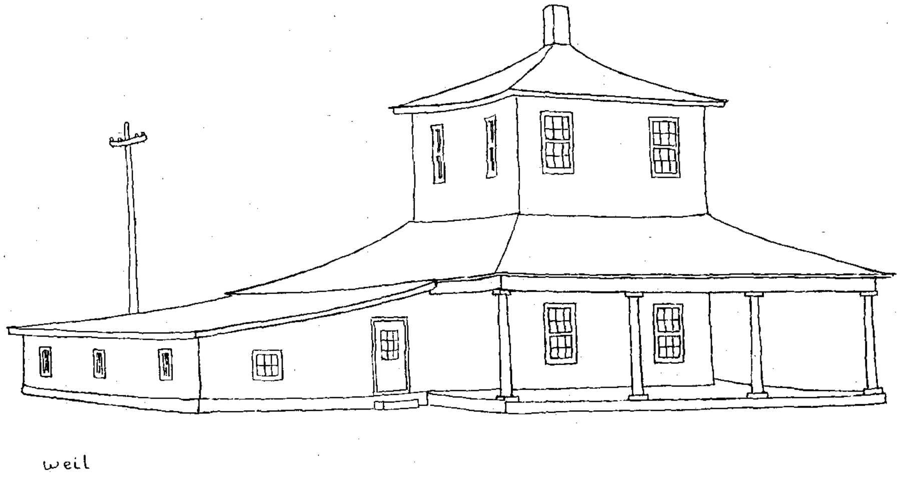
**Three-Cornered Moon** (1953)—This Paramount Pictures comedy about a prosperous, easy-going Brooklyn family (Mary Boland is the vague, likable mother) and what happens when the stock-market crash wipes them out begins promisingly. It has a good cast, including Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Lyda Roberti, and Wallace Ford, and with a little more intelligence and discretion it might have gone well. Instead, we get the younger generation whimpering about "what'll we do now?" Elliott Nugent directed, from a Broadway play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4.)

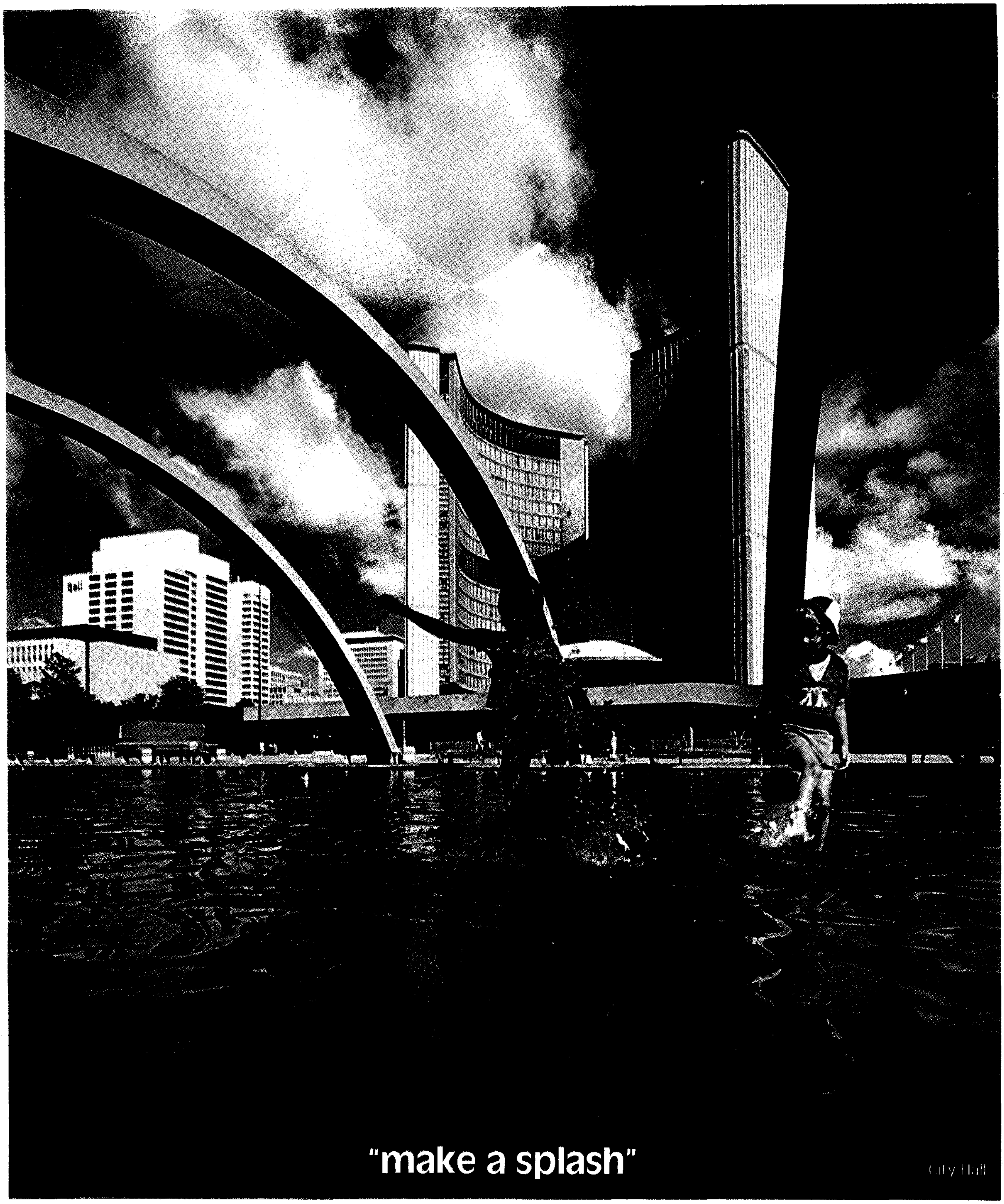
**The Toy**—With Pierre Richard, directed by Francis Veber. In French. (Paris.)

**The Tree of Wooden Clogs**—Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Cinema Studio 1; starting June 1.)

**Winter Kills**—With Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins; directed by William Richert. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and National. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through May 31.)

**You're Telling Me** (1934)—W. C. Fields as a small-town inventor who's also the town's souse and scandal. In the funniest scene, he returns home in despair and plans suicide on the train. With Buster Crabbe, Adrienne Ames, and Joan Marsh. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)





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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IT'S been a serious, gloomy spring, overshadowed by fallout, labor strikes, the fuel shortage, and Skylab, so our spirits were momentarily lifted by the news that at least one man, whom we hadn't suspected of harboring vernal sentiment, has been out there enjoying it—ex-President Richard Nixon. The information comes from an unusual source—the Pacific Telephone employees' newsletter, *Update*. As this publication tells it, two of the employees, Outside Plant Technicians Charles Huettl and Fred Limburg, who were outside laying cable somewhere in the Southern California boondocks one rainy day this April, had just started back in their truck when they were flagged down by a man with a gun, who turned out to be a Secret Service agent. He informed the startled pair that Mr. Nixon's car (a four-ton Cadillac) was stuck in the mud in the middle of a cow pasture, and asked them—well, to come to the aid of the party. When they reached the site of the mishap, Huettl told *Update*, "this guy got out of the car and I recognized him immediately . . . it was Nixon, all right; he even had on his traditional blue suit." As it happened, the Messrs. Huettl and Limburg were carrying along "a winch and 5000 feet of wire rope," and they were able to extricate the ex-President's gas-guzzler with no trouble. Nixon shook their muddy hands and, a few days later, presented them with autographed copies of his latest book. There is something striking in the thought of the ex-President, in a business suit, accompanied by a driver and three bodyguards, standing in the rain in the middle of nowhere while a couple of phone men tackle his ignominiously swamped vehicle. However, what caught us was Huettl's explanation of *why* Mr. Nixon had been sitting in his car on a lonely country lane sixty-five miles from San Clemente: "Nixon told us he wanted to see the wild flowers in bloom." Things never did go quite right for President Nixon, but what an understandable longing! The best way to see the wild flowers in bloom is in old clothes, alone, and on foot—and sometimes on your knees—in the rich woods where trillium, hepatica, bloodroot, spring beauty, and the dappled dogtooth violet hide out, where trailing arbutus laces the leafy soil and, if you are truly fortunate, the lady's-slipper orchid hangs its gorgeous pink lanterns. Such woods get rarer and harder to find, of course. This spring, we missed the brief blossoming entirely; we stayed in the city. We looked out our office window at the rain and wondered what poison it was laden with. We didn't buy enough gas to get away from it all. (There is no place to get far enough away from Skylab, which, NASA says comfortably, has only one chance in a hundred and fifty of hitting a human being.) A sense of the fragility of life seems all about us. We can almost hear a familiar rumbling voice urging us on: "My fellow-Americans, come out and see the wild flowers! Come out and look before it is too late!"

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## *Birthday Party*

WHEN Lincoln Center celebrated its twentieth birthday last week with a super block party for eighteen hundred invited guests, we were there.

The festivities included a reception on the enormous Vivian Beaumont Theatre stage, which had been lined with silver Mylar for the occasion ("I feel like a lamb chop going under the broiler," said a friend, reaching for a drink); a thirty-minute *son-et-lumière* review of the center's artistic activities; a double dinner dance in Avery Fisher Hall and the New York State Theatre; and, for hardy souls who stayed late, omelettes, strawberries, and cabaret in the marble entrance hall of the Juilliard School of Music and frenetic disco (flashing lights, thunderous rock music) back in the Vivian Beaumont grill. Fringe benefits included eighteen scarlet-coated pipers from the Fire Department's Emerald Society, piping "Give My Regards to Broadway" as they marched across the plaza; a large birthday cake decorated with multicolored icing in the shape of the Center's three main buildings and displayed in the Vivian Beaumont's lobby ("It's the cardboard model Larry Rivers made for our anniversary poster," a Center official told us. "We plan to keep it sealed under glass until the icing—which is real—falls apart"); big "20"s molded in ice and trays of freshly opened clams and oysters and cold poached mussels, all spread out on large tables on the Vivian Beaumont's stage; about a dozen stuffed human mockups seated in the auditorium of the Beaumont watching the guests on the stage; and the weather, which coöperated. Perhaps the nicest thing about the evening was the absence of speeches. Celebratory rhetoric was confined to prepared statements that were passed out to the press in advance. President Carter said, "Lincoln Center is a magnet for artists and lovers of the arts everywhere." Governor Carey said, "Lincoln Center is a jewel in New York's cultural crown." Mayor Koch said, "Lincoln Center is not a museum. It's an institution that people love and enjoy, and I'm proud, as the hundred-and-fifth mayor of the City of New York, that it's there."

Wending our way through a solid mass of affluent citizens, we spotted some familiar people: Alice Tully, in green lamé; Risë Stevens, in blue flowered chiffon; Cynthia Gregory, in slinky black-and-pink-and-white striped jersey; Kitty Carlisle Hart, in a peach-colored matching dress and coat; Wanda Horowitz, in a bottle-green chiffon print; and Judith Jamison, looking particularly sumptuous in a long black pants outfit and a broad beaten-gold collar. We also saw Governor Carey, Mayor Koch, Robert Wagner, Felix Rohatyn, and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, all of whom were wearing dinner jackets. The Mayor, who looked sunburned and cheerful, arrived with his pretty press secretary, Maureen Connelly. The Governor arrived alone. The pièce de résistance of the evening—the *son-et-lumière* film of past Center events, projected onto five giant outdoor screens that unrolled like large window shades from the top of the Metropolitan Opera House—almost didn't come off, because of a last-minute accident. Around 4 P.M., a gust of wind ripped the southernmost screen from its moorings and sent it flapping down onto the plaza like a gigantic, uncontrollable spinnaker. Stagehands from the Met repaired a tear in the screen and retaped it back into its box on the roof shortly before the first guests arrived.

Between the bœuf bourguignonne and the gâteaux aux fruits massepain, which were served at tables in the State Theatre and in Avery Fisher, we collected a couple of unprepared statements from John Mazzola, the Center's large, ebullient president, and Amyas Ames, the Center's tall, distinguished chairman of the board.

Mr. Mazzola said, "There just isn't anything comparable to the Center, because there aren't as many performing companies in one place anywhere else in the world. We own the buildings—except for the State Theatre, which we lease from the city—but what makes the Center really work is the fact that each of our eight companies goes its own financial and artistic way. As everybody knows, life hasn't always been peaceful. Many duels have been fought across the fountain. In the early days, they were serious; now there's a certain spirit of jollity about them."

Mr. Ames said that he was proud of the Center's ability to relate to the community. "Years ago, we started the summer Mozart concerts, so that people could hear really good music at low prices," he said. "Right now, there's a Black Theatre Festival going on here. The Street Theatre Festival we presented five years ago made it possible for many of the struggling companies that participated in it to get financial backing and put themselves on a professional basis. Leonard de Paur, our director of community relations, sees the plaza as an outdoor living room where a whole series of exciting activities can take place."

We asked the two gentlemen to list the Center's main problems, past and present.

"Money," said Mr. Mazzola.

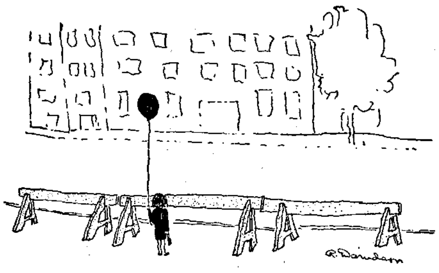
Mr. Ames said, "When I got here, in '68, the center was three million dollars in the hole. John D. Rockefeller 3rd and Larry Wien put up the money that saved us, and since then we've lived within our budget. At the moment, we're thinking about the physical condition of the buildings. When we replaced the roof of Avery Fisher Hall recently, the fact that it had started to leak taught us that we will have to watch over almost a billion dollars' worth of property more carefully in the future. The buildings will last for a hundred years, but the roofs won't, the elevators won't, the fabric on the seats won't, and the travertine on the floor of the plaza won't. So we're finding our way with an endowment drive to raise twenty million dollars, seven million of which will go toward basic repair work."

Mr. Mazzola told us that the Center had just negotiated a special contract with the theatrical unions which would reduce the Vivian Beaumont costs by twenty per cent.

Mr. Ames added that the theatre would probably reopen in January. "There's no classical repertoire in New York, and we hope to fill this gap," he said. "At first, we'll bring in individual directors to put on plays, but I think that a continuing repertory group will eventually develop."

Mr. Mazzola said that the basic costs of maintaining the Center were going up as a result of the energy crisis.

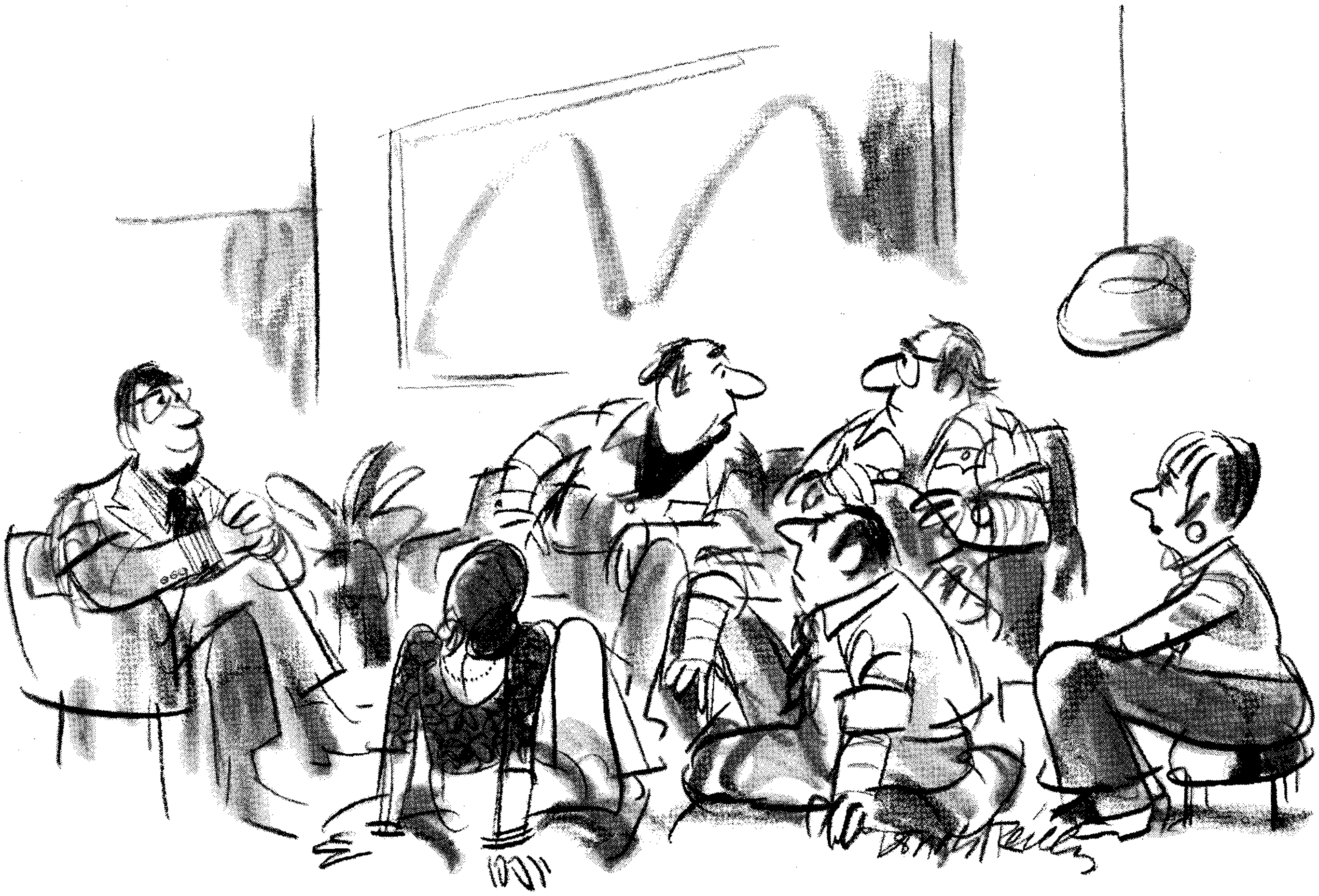
Mr. Ames said that Lincoln Center had joined with seven other cultural centers around the country to push for a performing-arts equivalent of the Museum Services Act. "That's a piece of federal legislation that gives museums across the country some financial help for basic costs," he said. "We think the same help should be available to cover basic costs in the performing arts."



## *Animal Master*

EACH spring, inexorably, for a hundred and nine years now, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus has come to town. It is a vast spectacle. It is not for the fainthearted. The present Madison Square Garden, where it gives a hundred and thirty-one performances in ten weeks, can seat seventeen thousand six hundred people. There are, of course, three rings, and the producer of the circus, Irvin Feld, threatens to "fill the air above the rings." Music blares and colors glare. After a while, you decide you never want to see sequins again. The tigers, the leopards, and the pumas live in constricting cages, which they seem to escape only to perform. This show ("The Greatest Show on Earth") is not for the purist who can accept his wild animals only in the Serengeti National Park. And everything is so much bigger than life. If a firecracker explodes, the noise is such that you *literally* jump in your seat. Mercifully, this year nobody gets shot out of a cannon, but, dressed as Superman, nineteen-year-old Marco Canestrelli, whose six full twists foot-to-foot on the trampoline are officially recognized in the Guinness Book of World Records, leaps over the backs of four elephants. Most happenings in a circus are unlikely. A miniature Doberman hangs by its teeth, and a young lady hangs by her hair (and juggles three flaming torches besides), and all the girls in the chorus know how to hang from a rope by an ankle. A man on stilts eerily walks at a height that looks like three floors above the ground. Performing poodles are dyed salmon pink. Chimps are dressed in lurid satin. Eleven performing bears walk to their ring on their hind legs, looking like illustrations from a Russian child's book of folk tales. (They have a soft, sashaying walk.) There is so much going on at all times that one cannot help nostalgically recalling those itinerant circuses of Southern Europe which consisted of a horse and a trailer, a mother, a father, a pale son, and a jittery smooth-haired fox terrier—and Mother was always a contortionist.

But think of all those brave people in



*"Gee, don't you think he seems a bit young to know what it all really means?"*

• •

the big circus. All those brave people, doing brave things, taking risks every day so that our hair can stand on end. All those people who have turned away from the ordinary. Carl Wong, swaying on his sway pole. The Carrillo Brothers, on their high wire after climbing wires inclined at a forty-five-degree angle to reach the pedestal. ("It's hard going to the top, because the cable always quivers so much," says Pedro.) And there is gaiety to the big circus. There are many clowns, and they are good. The circus even has a Clown College. Lou Jacobs (Senior Clown) has had his head on a postage stamp. He is seventy-six years old, with a distinctive shuffling walk. He is marking his fifty-seventh season as a professional clown. He does a famous number just before performances begin. Dressed as a clown-huntsman, he aims at and shoots down his little dog, who, with long, floppy ears fastened on, is masquerading as a jackrabbit. Lou Jacobs also appears as a fireman, a policeman, and a crazed mother-or-nanny—all positions of authority. His daughter Dolly does a lyrical turn on the Roman rings. There is a lady clown named Peggy Williams, who always seems to be on, always in a different costume. There is a funny fire, an airport limo with the stream of clowns coming out, and a cigar-smoking baby in a self-propelled baby carriage. Thank goodness, there is a net under the Flying Farfans and the Flying Segreras—aerialists. In fact, there is a net under almost everything. (A 1952 New York State law.) The Malevolti Troupe, the Otto Troupe, and the Kisfaludi Troupe are all somersaulters who can jump and spin from springboards to five-man-high pyramids. Circus children perform: ten-year-old Tato Farfan on the trapeze, and seven-year-old Alessio Canestrelli on the trampoline. But without the "animal master" the circus would not be the circus. Unquestionably, Gunther Gebel-Williams, the current master, runs away with the Greatest Show on Earth.

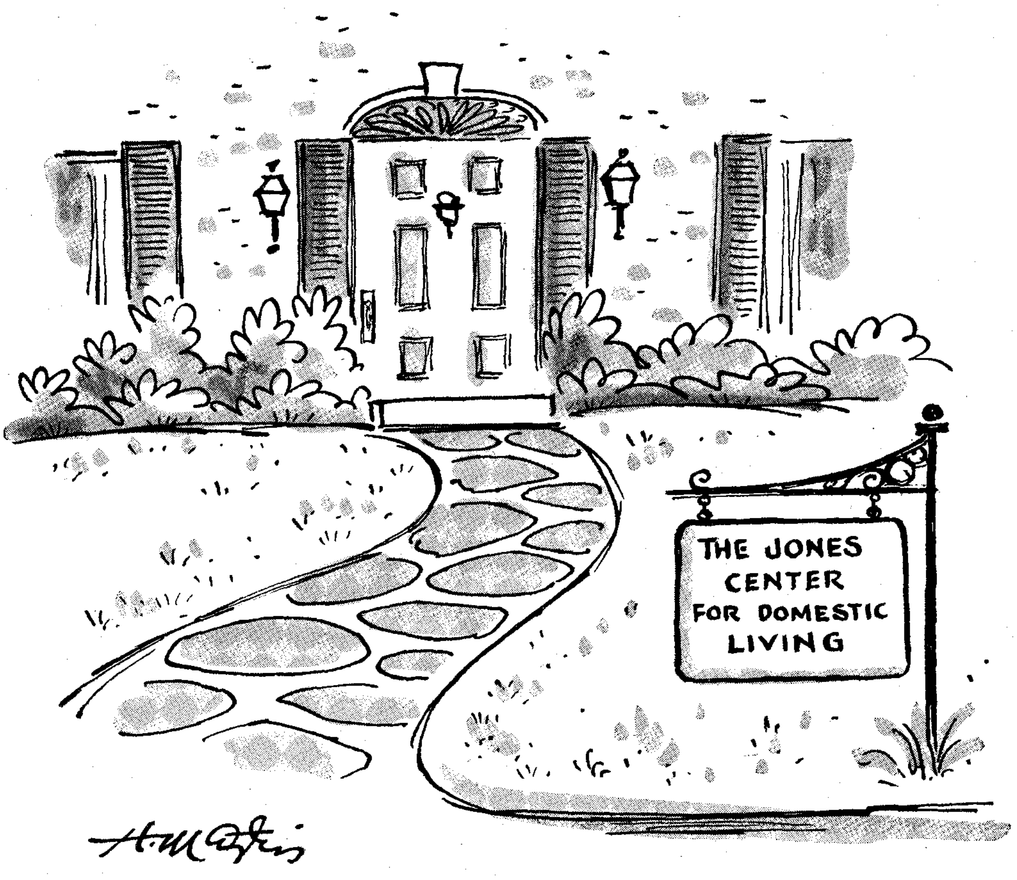
From the moment Gebel-Williams enters the arena, standing on the back of a galloping horse and holding an Olympian torch, we know we are in the presence of an extraordinarily sophisticated performer, who has a thorough awareness of his own indelible image, and who understands, the way Marilyn Monroe did, the value of a platinum-blond head under strong lights. He enters the cage rigged up in the central ring, and opens the door that connects the individual animal cages with the big cage. Slowly, seventeen Bengal tigers file in. They look huge and ferocious, with enormous white whiskers. They snarl a lot. But they are soon behaving like so many house cats. They sit up, jump over each other, or jump up and down the width of the cage on their hind legs. Two of them settle down with their master into a swing, which is lifted off the ground slowly and illuminated as the rest of the big cage grows dim.

The animal master's job never looks easy, but it would if one did not *encompass* what is going on. Gebel-Williams, a forty-four-year-old German, uses none of the histrionics of his predecessors. (They were mostly German, too, for German animal trainers belong to a tradition almost as strong as that of dancers in Russia.) Those earlier trainers would confront the animals with a chair in one hand and a pistol in the other. It was a noisy act—and seeing both a chair and a pistol aimed at an animal made one wonder about the methods used to train the animals backstage. But ever since the advent of B. F. Skinner, the "father" of programmed instruction and the inventor of the teaching machine, animals have not been beaten; it has been discovered that beating is unnecessary, and that animals will learn more quickly under the reward system alone. It does not matter that, in all probability, Gunther Gebel-Williams has never heard of B. F. Skinner; certain times have certain climates, and it is not in today's climate to beat an animal, just as it is a sin in today's climate to hunt one. With Gebel-Williams, what is most striking is the almost mythical rapport between man and beast—a rapport that goes back to some unknown time, then ricochets up to the present, with a loop along the way around a character named Tarzan.

From a distance, all cats of one species look alike, so it is difficult to imagine that to the trainer they all look different. Two of the tigers have been selected for the swing; different tigers do the jumps; and, finally, one tiger is taken for a ride with its master on the back of an elephant at the end of a "Circus in Toyland" number. If you see an individual cage being advanced from the wings, Gebel-Williams is sure to follow. Also, when he performs, the three-ring-circus becomes a one-ring—for which we're grateful. The same is true when he presents his liberty horses ("liberty" because they are unmounted). It is easy to relax when he is presenting horses, for, after the cats, they look so staid. But these horses are different. They have been taught to waltz, and then to take bows. In a "gypsy" number, he is "the King." He comes into the arena kneeling on the back of an elephant. He dismounts to direct seventeen Asian and African elephants and several horses simply by shouting directives at them. When the elephants run, he runs alongside them, because unless they are goaded they tend to slacken their pace. But they are remarkably agile. One elephant even does a prolonged headstand. During this number, Gebel-Williams' two children perform, like good circus children anywhere: sixteen-year-old Tina does a very elastic split while eight-year-old Oliver, nicknamed Buffy, flies in an airplane spin, each suspended by a rope from the head of an elephant. Then, watching Gebel-Williams climb to the back of an elephant makes for a singularly rewarding moment. He suspends himself from the elephant's ear, appears to tread upward on air for a second, and there he is, smack on the elephant's back, right behind the ears.

Perhaps it is with his leopards and pumas that Gebel-Williams' work is most surprising, because these cats give the strong impression that the last thing they want to do is do as they are told—and, in fact, they often stray and have to be brought back with a crack of the thin whip on the floor. Finally, though, they do go through their paces. They walk on ropes, they jump over each other while *on* the ropes, they jump through fire and onto their master's back. One leopard has learned to play dead, and to stay that way no matter how it is pulled around—even by its tail. Miraculously, it regains a normal posture at the exact moment of exit. Soon two leopards lie parallel on the ground. Gebel-Williams adjusts their position and then lies down across them, whereupon other leopards come to nestle until the man looks buried under spots; last of all, a black puma arrives, also to be fondled. It is at the end of this act that obstacles between man and beast really seem to topple. That happens when one leopard stands up on its hind legs and puts its front paws on the shoulders of its trainer; then one paw moves down slowly and comes around the man's waist. The man and the leopard stay there for a good moment in that tight embrace, until the man smiles and releases the animal. After that, the leopard follows its trainer onto a stand, from which it is lifted onto the man's shoulders, and the man exits wearing the leopard as if it were some extravagant, very heavy fur. This moment is what is pictured on the poster at the centerfold of the souvenir program, and also on the backs of Madison Avenue buses.

Backstage at the Garden, past the elephants, past the leopards and the pumas, past the liberty horses: between performances, Gunther Gebel-Williams can be found in his trailer. We found him sitting at a Formica table, finishing a lunch of sausage and potato salad, and drinking Coca-Cola from a bottle. The first thing we noticed was that he is slight. (He stands five feet seven but appears tall in the ring.) He was dressed in jeans, a cream-colored Western shirt, and a belt with an elaborate silver buckle. It was strange to see him without animals, and strange to see him so still. While he ate, he was checking his son's homework—English and math. Brown-and-white curtains hung on windows behind him. Everything was neat and cozy. Gunther Gebel-Williams had shed his ringside persona with his sequinned tights and abbreviated vest. The man in the trailer was direct, simple, almost subdued. He mimed a steering wheel in his hands and said, "Being an animal trainer is like being a racing driver. You must always be ahead, you must always think about what's going to happen next." He didn't make it sound easy, but then we already knew that it wasn't. He talked fast and volubly; there was a strong intimation of German in his speech. We immediately got him on the subject of methods he uses with his animals. He said patience—that came first. Then re-


THE JONES CENTER FOR DOMESTIC LIVING
H. Martin

wards. Then he spoke of patience again, so that finally the charade came out to spell *infinite* patience, and a lot of good red steak.

It is Gebel-Williams' eleventh year with the Ringling Brothers Circus, and he told us that after all this time, and knowing what he knows, he would never work with any other circus.

We asked him why he was now presenting seventeen Bengal tigers, when he had begun with eight upon his arrival from Germany.

He said that the why was almost impossible to explain. He simply couldn't stop. His menagerie was always growing. He had just bought five leopards. They could not, naturally, be trained along with the others. It had taken him two years to prepare his act with the twenty leopards and pumas, and during that time the animals travelled with the circus, although they were never seen by the audience. A leopard is a difficult animal to train. Gebel-Williams appeared to have difficulty just *talking* about it. A leopard can be treacherous; it is very proud and, out of pride, can hold off accepting a reward ten days running.

We asked Gebel-Williams if he'd ever been hurt.

"Many times, but never seriously," he said.

At that moment, Buffy appeared. Father and son quickly conferred in German, and then we asked Buffy what he would do when he grew up. Silly question. Buffy looked at us as if we were hardly worth the answer he so willingly gave us. He will do exactly what his father does. He is, of course, on his way. He is at home with a herd of elephants, and he often joins the opening parade by walking a llama. Buffy sat down next to his father and listened.

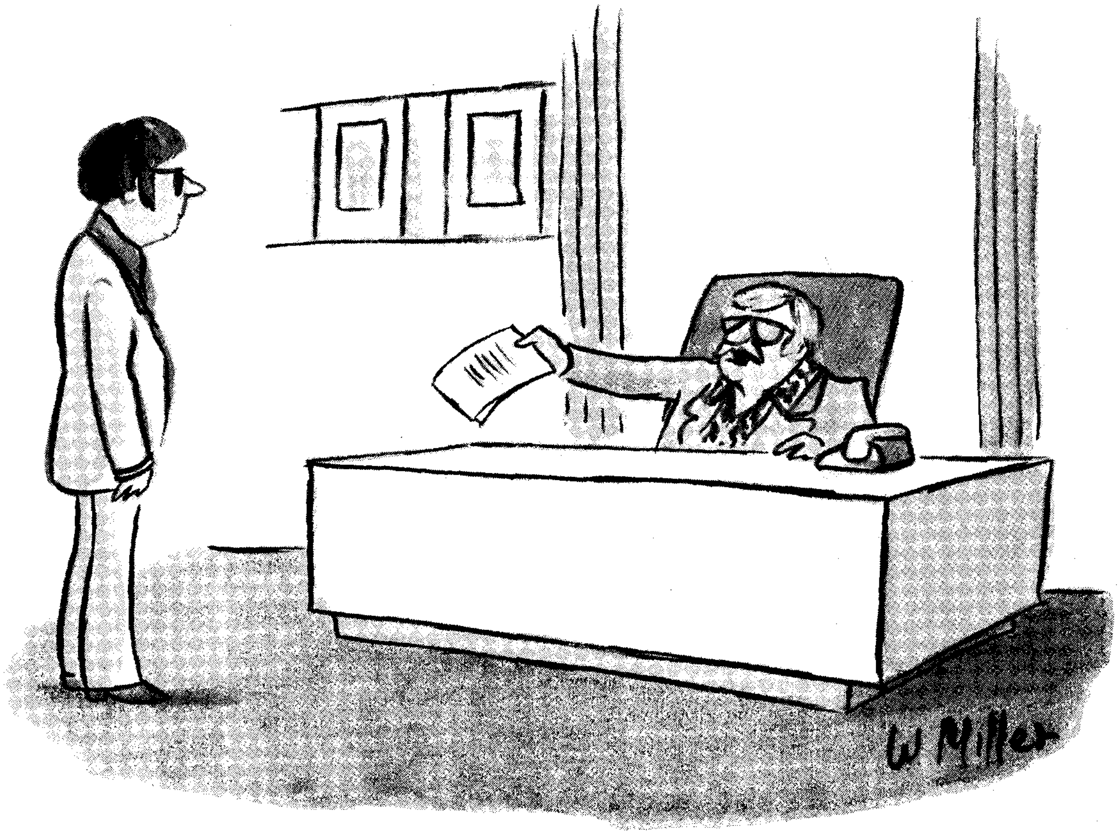
We asked Gebel-Williams if he came from a circus family.

He said he did not. He just happened on a circus in Cologne at the age of eleven—the Circus Williams, of Germany—and joined it with his mother, who was with him because he had seen a "Dressmaking Wanted" sign put up by the circus and had persuaded her to come along. She did not stay with the circus long, but he did, and was adopted by the Williams family, who took care of him and trained him as if he were a son. That was why he had taken the name Williams.

There were lots of other questions we wanted to ask about those early days, but time was pressing. There was a one-thirty performance coming up. The portrait that had emerged thus far was of a man of deep feeling. He cared about his families, human and animal (he spoke German with both), and he cared about the people who worked for him. Some had come with him from Germany in 1968, when Irvin Feld bought the whole Circus Williams, for two million dollars, to procure Gebel-Williams' services. One man, a dwarf with a strong face and a bald head, nicknamed Piccolo, looks particularly devoted. He is always to be found at the entrance to the cage when Gebel-Williams performs, handing him a bolero, receiving flaming torches to be extinguished, prodding a particularly stubborn cat through the gateway.

Gebel-Williams told us he had never in his life had a vacation—taking care of the animals was so consuming. It isn't an easy life. The circus travels for at least ten and a half months of the year. In November or December, it stops for between four and six weeks at its winter quarters, in Venice, Florida. The Gebel-Williamses—Gunther and his wife, Sigrid—own a house in Venice, but they are there, of course, only for those weeks. The rest of the time, they live on the circus train, where they have a whole car to themselves. Gebel-Williams performs twice on most days, and three times on Saturday. Right now, the Ringling Brothers' "superstar"—the term that the ringmaster, Kit Haskett, likes to use in announcing him—is planning his very first vacation: two weeks in Paris in December and then a trip down to Monaco for a few days at the Festival International du Cirque de Monte Carlo, under the auspices of Prince Rainier. Trusted staff members, many of them from the old Circus Williams, will look after the animals.

Tina, joyous and pretty and all painted up for the circus, joined us in the trailer. She offered us some coffee, chided her father for not having thought of that himself, and produced a cup on the spot. It was steaming but had to be drunk quickly—Gebel-Williams had to change. Tina, to give us another taste of the circus, handed us the spangled jacket her father wears to present his glorious and rare white tigress, Maharanee, who rides in on a black horse in the finale. We almost dropped it. It weighs a ton.



*"Take this, Ferguson, and hype it up threefold."*

• •

# BULLIES

"THAT was my frontier," the old man said, raising his hand, unfolding it, looking at it, then looking at it more closely, as if to note the absence of a proper tool. "That was my frontier. None of the grain or the hills or the wide-open space. It was the laying out of the streets. That was my frontier. I remember when the streets were laid out."

Mr. Sal Margineaux put his foot closer to his chair. He put his mind somewhere else. That was his gift. That was part of his gift. He put his foot on the floor and touched the heel of his foot to the plinth of his chair. He put his mind somewhere else. It was the ambition of Sal Margineaux (and very often his achievement) to be well grounded, to be well grounded secretly (touching both the ground, perhaps, and a chair, perhaps, in a way that wasn't observed)—to do this and then to put his mind somewhere else. The old man continued to talk, but it didn't mean a thing.

"I remember when they put through Arthur. Arthur Boulevard," the old man said. "We didn't know it would be so wide. For a while, that's all there was, just Arthur, very wide, and then they cut across, not disorderly but like they knew the pattern. Upland Hover, that was a nice street. And Frangen. Frangen ran in a line with Arthur, of course, but not so wide. Upland Hover and Frangen was a nice corner. Years ago, when they put it through—years ago, when they put it through but didn't build—years ago, you could stand at the corner of Upland Hover and Frangen and see five of the stations. Four were up. One was rising. You could see the Gerland Street Station rising."

For a while, the old man stood silently, which Sal Margineaux noticed but didn't mind, because he had put his mind somewhere else, and then the old man left and Sal Margineaux called out to a woman who worked for him, a woman who touched his hands just where he said to, who kept a certain kind of blouse on, a blouse like a man's shirt but not a man's shirt, a blouse just like a shirt of silk but not silk—he called out to this woman and said, "I don't want to see any more of these old men."

THE old man walked out from Mr. Sal Margineaux's office, past a series of works of art. Various shades of red, the old man thought. Then his mind returned to the things he did think about when nothing was drawn especially into it. He thought about his daughter and about his neatness of person, about his abstinence from liquor, and about the proper maintenance of his tools and equipment. He saw the woman who worked for Mr. Margineaux as she walked past, because she seemed like something in a film—not only because she was dressed in the vivid way he associated with people in films but because of the long, empty quality of her walking down the hall.

THE woman didn't notice him. Boop-boop-a-doop. Down the hall, swinging her hips, shaking them through the skirt. The skirt was pulled that tight. A man's belt cinched it in. Boop-boop-a-doop. She said to herself, "Don't mess with me. Mess with me. Please mess with me. Take your thumb and outline the nipple on my breast. Do it. Do it. Too tough to do it? Not tough enough. Show me a grin. Show me a smile. Take my place?" Later, she thought, I'm reading. I'm a girl who reads. In fact, she was a girl who liked to read. She was reading the story of Emma Ford, a big dark woman who broke the necks of men. A Negro woman who wore a hat. Didn't smile. Wore a hat and knew the judge. "Fine me, I got money" was Emma Ford's point of view. Later, the woman thought, I live in the city. I'm a girl who lives in town. She came from a small city. Where she grew up, there was a street with a big old theatre and a big old courthouse. And a store. More than one store, but one store that seemed right. It seemed to belong to the idea of the city. "Maregll Shops," it said, in a kind of script. It wasn't a branch store. It wasn't the little arm of something bigger. That would have been depressing to her. It was full-size, in its way. No other town had a bigger one. But there were others. That was nice. Other Maregll Shops in other places. Full-size. That was nice. The theatre and the courthouse and the Maregll Shops shop were full-size. "Everything else was just nothing," she said when she thought of it.

MR. SAL MARGINEAUX found that his attention had turned to the old man. He sat still and waited for this to change. "Margineaux Corporation Was Going Great Guns"—he kept his mind on that. His lips moved. "Margineaux Corporation Was Going Great Guns"—he moved his lips over that. "Then . . ." He stopped. "Then . . ." He stopped. "Margineaux Corporation Was Going Great Guns"—he kept his mind on that. He thought he might ask the girl to touch him on the hand. She might challenge him. That got his attention. She might try to slip under him or away from him or into a place he kept safe. That would be interesting. He hired her because she was interested in criminal women. He felt safe with a person like that.

MR. FRANK MARGINEAUX was another story. Mr. Sal Margineaux looked after the financial side—took the papers, kept the papers, laid the papers out, sifted the papers into sense, and shot the papers at people in a way that made them sit down. Small and thin, with a tiny nose, wearing glasses graded in color from dark to light and wearing shoes with trim in real brass and carrying a brown leather envelope, Sal Margineaux handled the rapid movements of the Margineaux Corporation, which were aggressive, often. Frank Margineaux was another story. Frank Margineaux had a weakness just under the skin. Sometimes he had to buy a car or join a health club or make a woman absorb his fear. His gift was that he knew how to make people embarrassed and alarmed, using his weakness. He kept to the company of people who preferred to be hit than to be embarrassed or alarmed. Thus he was protected, in a way. But he didn't believe in protection, not any that worked for more than a minute, so he was on edge a lot, and was unable to maintain anything, and had to have things that were new: new women, new clothes, and so forth. He was not able to trust anyone; least of all was he able to trust Sal Margineaux or to trust his own success. Frank Margineaux was in the construction side. He gave parties.

AT about the time that the displaced old men began to assemble in new places and to consult with lawyers and to request interviews with Mr. Sal Margineaux—at about that time, Mr. Frank Margineaux met a girl at one of his boat-club parties who looked him up and down and drew the weakness to the surface and kept it there and did not become embarrassed or alarmed. That may have been the beginning of the problem. This girl began to service Frank Margineaux. That may have been the beginning of the problem. She did anything he said, but when she got up she smoothed her dress as though she had just finished a minor errand in the kitchen and was thinking about going out to a movie, and when she looked at him she was unembarrassed and unalarmed, and he was unsmoothed and still wrinkled, and sometimes dirty and sometimes wet. That may have been the beginning of the problem.

*“Where’s my chair?”*

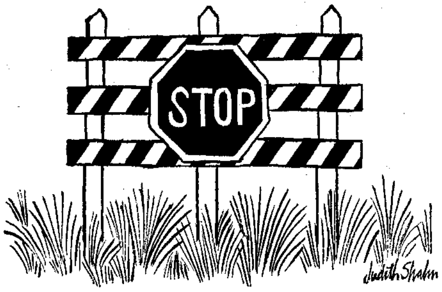
UNTIL the time when the old men began to assemble in unexpected places, until the time when Mr. Frank Margineaux began to undergo severe stress, spending days and days wrinkled and not clean, and then ripping things away from him, and then crying and crying and then buying in gluts, buying stores and warehouses and not keeping track of what he bought, and putting new things on and then ripping them off right away—until that time, Margineaux Corporation was going great guns. The business in outfitting special spaces—laying down the special mats impregnated with a special antiseptic but in a secret way so the antiseptic couldn’t eat through, corrode the surface, flake off into the air, and lodge in the lungs—that business was going great guns. The business in abandoned spaces—that business was going great guns. Frank Margineaux did the construction and Sal Margineaux had a certain way. He handled papers in a way that brought power to the surface of his desk. From where? From ancient pens, rotting now, from ancient pens where thirty thousand animals in a short time came and stayed and were slaughtered; from the system of chutes and the system of hooks on a chain and the deep cellars, where special use was found for entrails and blood and snouts and the lids of pigs’ eyes, where everything was efficient at first (this was long ago) and then old and then insecure. Power came to Sal Margineaux from every place where energy, abundant in the deepest ways, had ceased to rise to the surface. Sal Margineaux knew the value of a surface. He knew how to tease a surface and bring the energy up again, how to make it rise like something out of sleep, something rising up angry out of sleep. He was the first to understand abandoned spaces. He was the first to understand small cities, for instance, where there was just nothing—a courthouse, a theatre, a line of boarding houses full of dangerous people. He was the first to understand old buildings with great rooms where people wouldn't go. He understood concourses and rotundas, and he understood packinghouses and the districts around packinghouses, and warehouses and commercial developments and terminals, and the use of terminals in the context of loneliness, and the use of space in the context of fear, and he understood paper.

SCRATCH. Scratch. Scratch. The old man walked away from the offices of Margineaux Corporation. He stopped for a cup of tea. He sat at a counter, a nice marble counter kept clean. He looked at his shoes. Nicely polished. He drank his tea. He left. After he had walked for a long time, a friend fell in beside him. The friend talked and continued to talk. The old man didn't listen. At the end of what he was saying, the friend said, "Years ago."

"Years ago," the old man said.

They walked together, keeping clear of the mud. No mud got on their shoes. They came to Van Rayn Street, which was at the edge of the district where they used to stand. Van Rayn Street had been on the edge before. At first, it had been on the edge of how far in that direction a nice person would live, and then on the edge of how far in that direction a nice person would look for pleasure, and now on the edge in the sense that it continued to exist while just over the edge there was nothing—only streets heaving up, block after block reverting to rubble and then to land and then to something less than land, something eked out with a certain kind of special matting, sprayed with a certain kind of disinfectant, marked off by a certain kind of fence. The old man stood on Van Rayn Street with his friend. There were old men up and down Van Rayn Street. Some old men were neat. They wore cardigan sweaters over neat gray shirts with the top button buttoned. Some old men were very neat and had polished shoes. Some old men carried a tool or wore a holder for a tool. These men had worked for Shield Fresh Company and the Framod Packing Corporation and the Great Six Railroads and the Rapic Terminals and the Georgic Refrigerated Car Company and the Pale Rolling Stock Company and the Youreng Mechanical Farmer Corporation. They had known old Mr. Ponor, who had lived for so long, and old Mr. Framod and Mr. Jandon and the Rapic brothers. They stood on Van Rayn Street, but it was depressing just to stand and look at the old streets heaving up, so after a little while most of them went to stand in one of the theatres on Van Rayn Street—in the Brabant or the Luxor-Karnak or the Frame or the Rhinelander Photoplay.

The old man and his friend went to the Rhinelander Photoplay. They stood at the back. Many other old men stood at the back, watching the screen as though they were looking down a dark road. They could make out some things, but they didn't say a word. They stood close together, but they didn't say a word. They made their space into a pattern and stood at the corners. The films they watched, like other films shown on Van Rayn Street, were a combination of poor sex and interviewing. The men stood impassively, as if this was what they expected from a film. Some of the films seemed to take place in England but referred to the way things were done in America. Some of these films had plots that showed different people having the upper hand at different moments. A man would arrive in an expensive car, for instance, and it looked as if he would have the upper hand. Then he would be greeted by a pretty woman, who would kiss him and say "Umm" afterward, so it still looked as if he



## I SIT BY THE WINDOW

I said fate plays a game without a score,
And who needs fish if you've got caviar?
The triumph of the Gothic style would come to pass
And turn you on—no need for coke, or grass.
I sit by the window. Outside, an aspen.
When I loved, I loved deeply. It wasn't often.

I said the forest's only part of a tree.
Who needs the whole girl if you've got her knee?
Sick of the dust raised by the modern era,
The Russian eye would rest on an Estonian spire.
I sit by the window. The dishes are done.
I was happy here. But I won't be again.

I wrote: The bulb looks at the floor in fear,
And love, as an act, lacks a verb; the zer-
o Euclid thought the vanishing point became
Wasn't math—it was the nothingness of Time.
I sit by the window. And while I sit
My youth comes back. Sometimes I'd smile. Or spit.

I said that the leaf may destroy the bud;
What's fertile falls in fallow soil—a dud;
That on the flat field, the unshadowed plain
Nature spills the seeds of trees in vain.
I sit by the window. Hands lock my knees.
My heavy shadow's my squat company.

My song was out of tune, my voice was cracked,
But at least no chorus can ever sing it back.
That talk like this reaps no reward bewilders
No one—no one's legs rest on my shoulders.
I sit by the window in the dark. Like an express,
The waves behind the wavelike curtain crash.

A loyal subject of these second-rate years,
I proudly admit that my finest ideas
Are second-rate, and may the future take them
As trophies of my struggle against suffocation.
I sit in the dark. And it would be hard to figure out
Which is worse: The dark inside, or the darkness out.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Howard Moss.*)

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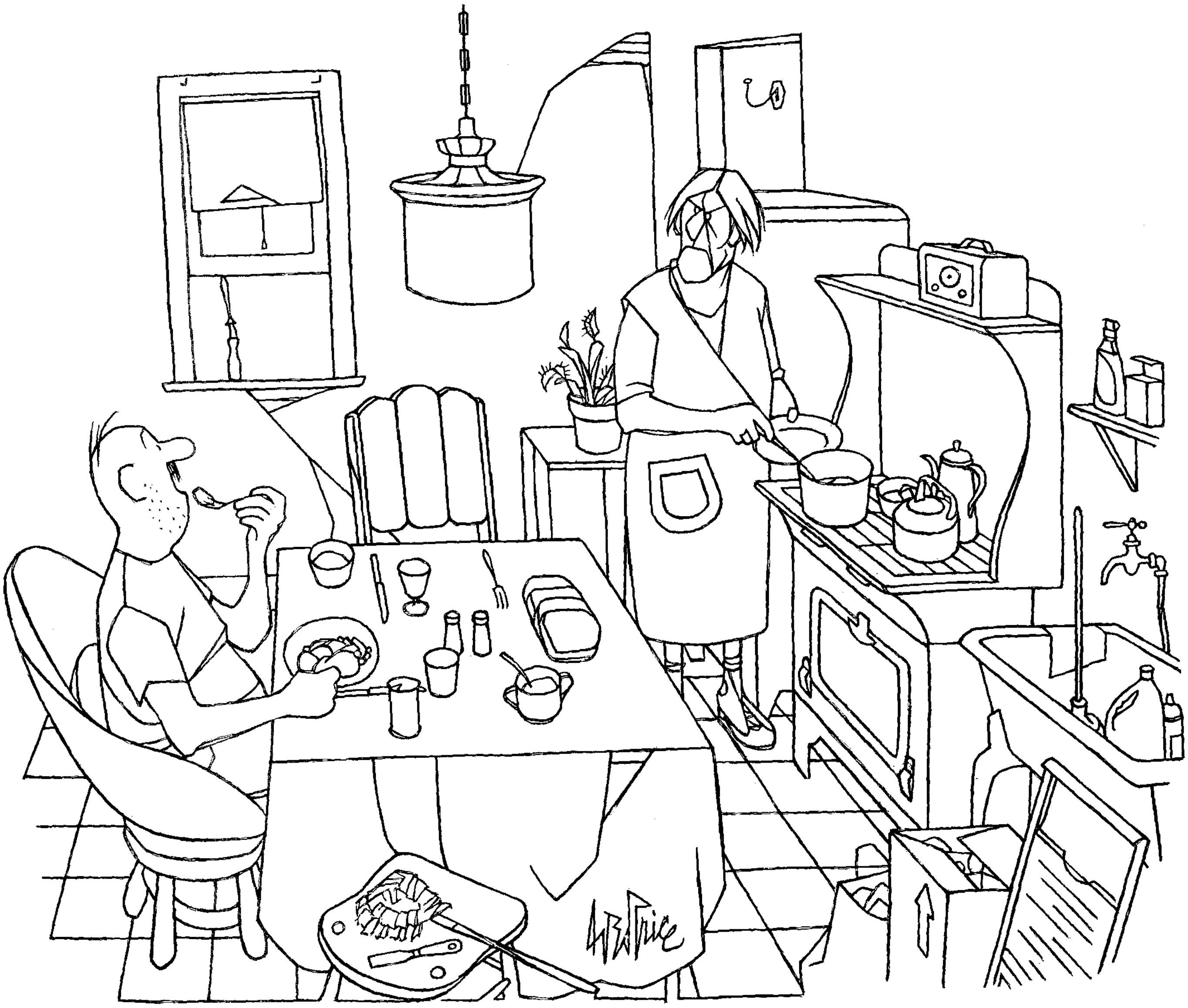

*“You were right, honey. It is too good for the likes of me.”*

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had the upper hand. But then she might lead him somewhere specific, so it was in doubt that he had the upper hand, and she might make him wear something specific or do something specific, so it was in doubt, and then she might say something like, “Ummmm, no, not this way. Let’s go to the greenhouse,” and then at the greenhouse there would be another man. It was very tentative sometimes. But it seemed to be just what the old men expected in a film. Sometimes it was boring, though, and the old men coughed a little. Sometimes the arrival scenes went on too long.

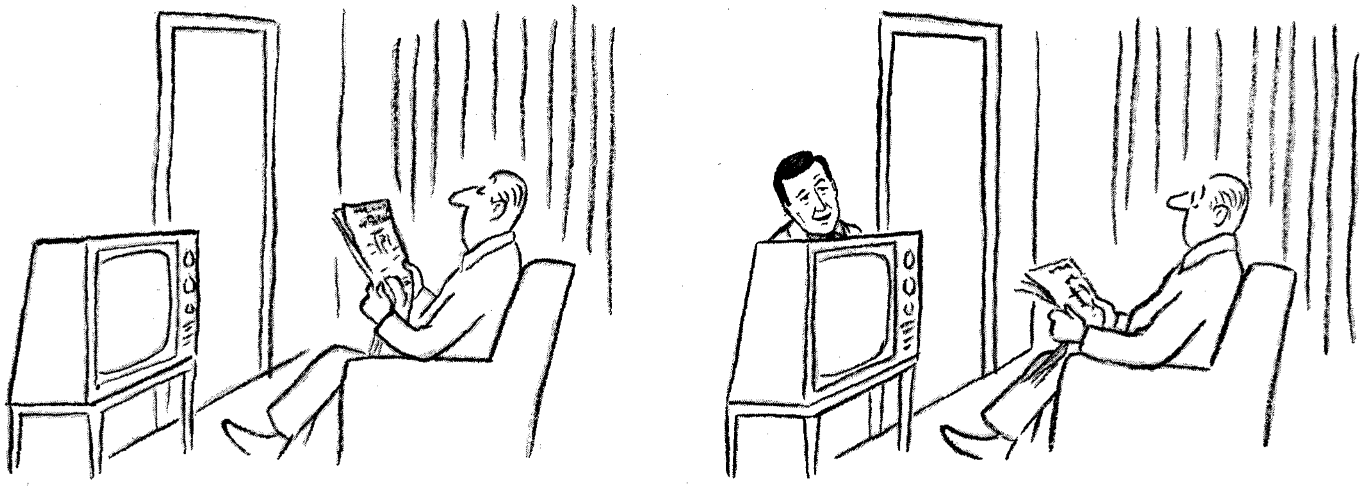
Woman: Hello. You’re a little late.
Man: This is quite a place you have here.
Woman: Here, I’ll show you where to take your things.

Sometimes when the arrival scenes went on too long or there were long shots of the house or there was too much awkward dancing—sometimes then the old men coughed and talked softly to one another.

Mr. Frank Margineaux and his girlfriend:

Girlfriend: Here, let me wipe you off.
Frank: I don’t need to wipe anything off.
Girlfriend: Why don’t you *tell* me to wipe you off?
Frank: Wipe it off!
Girlfriend: Mmmmm.
Frank: That’s it! Wipe it off!
Girlfriend: Mmmmmmmm.
Frank: Yeah. Yeah.
Girlfriend: You look so tired. I’ve never seen you so tired. Are you tired? Are you too tired? Do you want to sit down? I wonder why you get so tired. I wonder what’s on. There you are—so tired! Here you are—so wrinkled! What do you do to get so dirty? That’s what I wonder. What’s on, I wonder. I hope it isn’t just the news.

Mr. Sal Margineaux left his office and walked to the boat-club party given by Mr. Frank Margineaux. Frank Margineaux gave a boat-club party almost every night. Frank Margineaux had bought up the names and the artifacts of nine boat clubs. He left the piers rotting in the lake, fenced off the property, moved the boat clubs to different secure suites in office buildings, and gave parties at them almost every night. There were so many nice artifacts! Lacquered oars crossed on the wall, tied with black leather thongs, the blades curving nicely outward; silver urns, elaborate in their decoration—challenge cups and memorial trophies. There were smaller artifacts, too, in all of Frank Margineaux’s clubs. Small silver bowls from the club races, from the junior division—small bowls to encourage the pursuit of trophies in young people, gestures of affection from trophy-rich fathers to sons with new muscles and the old itch of aspiration. So many artifacts! And so many names! The names were all there on the bowls and the urns: Dolphin, Ponor, Framod, Pale, alone and



*"I'm Mike Wallace."*

in combination. At the top of the list, the great names, separate and distinct: Karl G. Ponor, Severus Dolphin, Peter D. Framod, Anthony D. Pale, the richest names of the city—not the oldest, but the richest. Farther down, they combined: Ponor Pale Dolphin, Framod Dolphin, Severus D. Pale. The names were not found equally at all the clubs, of course. The clubs had their distinctions. The clubs narrowed, like a vase. The Seven Nations and the Erie and the Griffin and the Hormin were clubs where there was acceptance but no power: there was no power in a gesture made at the Seven Nations or the Erie or the Griffin or the Hormin. A graceful way of bringing the oar into the catch or the graceful turn of a shoe on a floor had no force at these clubs and disappeared as soon as it was made. This was not true at the Pine Reeves Club and the Turtle Oars and the Augustinian. There were stories about gestures made at the Pine Reeves and the Turtle Oars and the Augustinian. These were stories about grace achieved, and they were pleasant stories, but they were built on an expectant quality. Members of the Pine Reeves and the Turtle Oars and the Augustinian watched themselves, and they watched each other, looking for grace. This was not true at the Lake and the Nile. Within the frame of these two clubs, grace was assumed; and stories (when it was necessary to tell a story) and gestures (when gesture could be demarked from the simple grace of going from one thing to another) had to do not with achievement but with lapses—with the pleasure of affected vulgarity and unexpected choice. The Lake and the Nile shared an eminence of no worry. They had small houses of polished wood and memberships of Dolphins and Ponors and Framods and Pales (no Rapics or Jandons belonged, but some unknown people were elected because they were pretty), and their members spoke to each other a special language that was like baby talk, in which the clubs themselves were called "Lakers" and "Nilers," while members were called "Lakes" and "Niles." The Lake and the Nile had a prestige and a power of myth unequalled in the history of the city. The Lake and the Nile were in existence for ninety-three years from the day of their founding until they were purchased, along with the lesser clubs, by Frank Margineaux.

THAT night's boat-club party was held at the Pine Reeves Club, which was in one of the most secure buildings controlled by the Margineaux brothers, and it was not a success. Mr. Frank Margineaux was there early—that could have been the start of the problem. He was drunk and his shoes were covered with mud and his shirt was out, and when his girlfriend called his attention to this he ripped his shirt off as though it were deadly to him. Some girls came and did a circus act, but everyone had seen it before and the animals looked bored. Then a group of people got stuck in an elevator and there wasn't anything to be done about it, so everyone had to listen to people banging and yelling all night. Suki Framod, who did publicity for Frank Margineaux, pulled circuit breakers until she found one that cut off the alarm bell so at least that couldn't go on ringing, but some of the special effects were on the same circuit, so she had to turn it back on.

"Things are really tacky a lot of times," a muscular boy in a satin rowing outfit said to Suki.

"Really," said Suki.

When Mr. Sal Margineaux arrived, Mr. Frank Margineaux had gone to stand in a corner. His shirt was off and he wouldn't put it back on, and he was holding a little silver bowl, holding it like a baby, and crying and crying. Suki took Sal Margineaux over to him. She looked at Frank. "He's just completely lost it," she said.

"Is that right?" Sal Margineaux asked quietly. "Have you completely lost it, Frank?"

Frank Margineaux nodded his head and hugged the bowl tighter and cried some more.

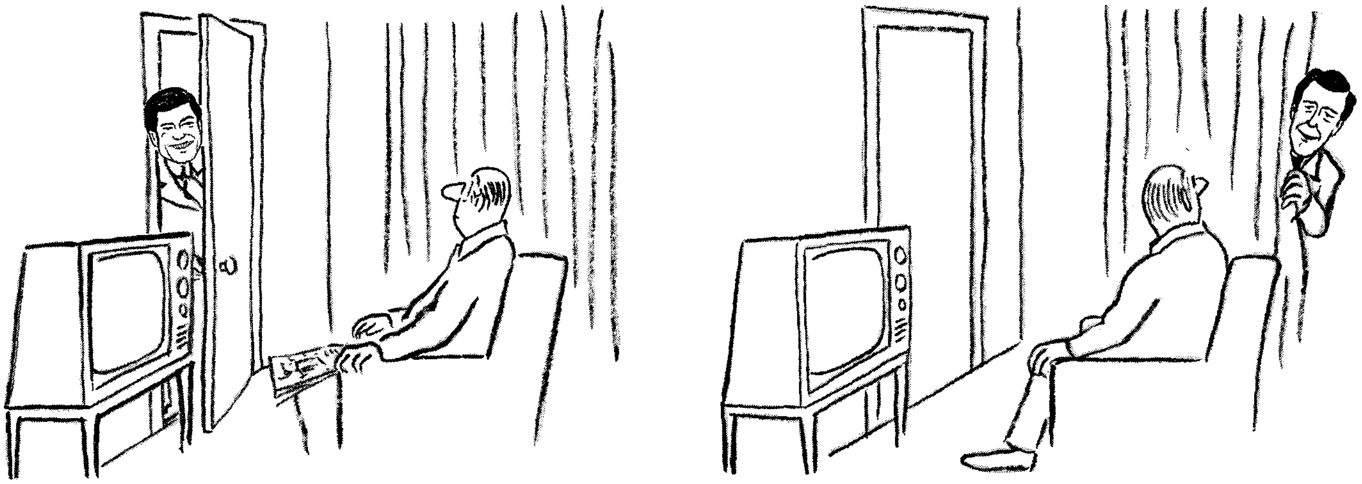
"We've tried a lot of things," Suki said. "We had a circus and then we had some new special effects and then we had some of the oar boys involved with the special effects. And I gave him a present. I had this bowl at home that belonged to my grandfather or something, and I had his name put on it, and the date. And I gave it to him. That's what he's holding, I think." Suki paused. "I've really made an effort," she said.

"I think he's been under a lot of stress," the boy in the satin rowing costume said.

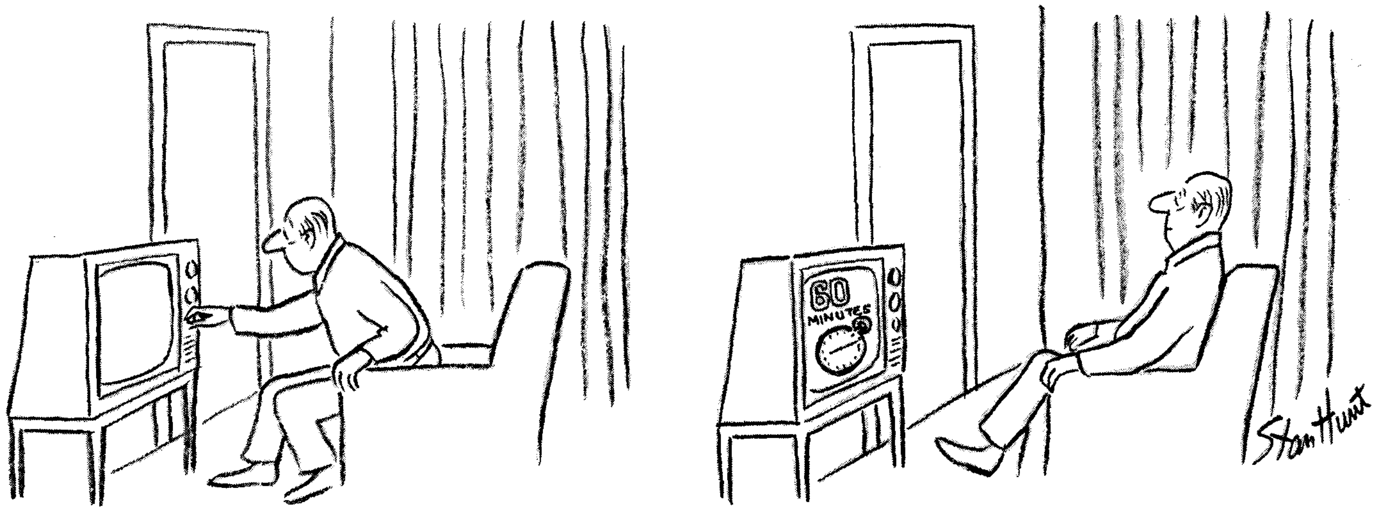
"Which is too bad, because I really dig Frank," Suki said.

Sal Margineaux went and sat at a polished wood table. He picked the table because there was only one chair at it. He stayed there a long time. "Margineaux Corporation Was Going Great Guns," he said finally.

Things went downhill at the party. It was discovered that the elevator that was stalled was the only elevator big enough to take down the animals that had been involved in the circus, so the animals just roamed around. And then there was a rumor that the people in the elevator had a really heavy scene going, and people tried to get into the elevator, and when that didn't work someone tried to get the people inside



“I’m Dan Rather.” “I’m Morley Safer.”



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the elevator to describe what they were doing in a graphic way, but then it turned out that they weren’t having a scene in the elevator after all and that it was just a matter of claustrophobia and panic in the elevator and didn’t have anything to do with getting it on, so people got depressed and wandered off and the party went downhill.

Suki Framod tried to cheer up Frank Margineaux by reading him the press release she had typed up for the party, but he just kept crying and crying and she had to give up. “It was one of the most unusual and vivid parties of the Little Season,” she read. “Really on the edge.” But he just kept crying and crying and she had to give up.

MR. SAL MARGINEAUX left the party. He left the building. He walked down the stairs—that could have been the beginning of the problem. He felt something rising in him, something like caution. He put one foot ahead of the other. At each step there was a little clink, one result of the brass decoration on his polished shoes. Sometimes the clink was a comfort, but sometimes it echoed on the steps and was alarming. After a time, there was a scream from where the elevator was stuck. Everything was silent for a moment then, because the scream had been very loud and not like a scream rising naturally from a heavy scene but more like a scream rising from panic and disappointed caution. Sal Margineaux felt something rising in him, and after a moment he was able to understand that it was caution. That could have been the beginning of the problem.

He went for a walk—that could have been the beginning of the problem. He walked to a part of the city that was owned by Margineaux Corporation but was not yet secure. The required construction, the required matting, the required rhythms of upheaval and fencing had not been arranged for. In some places there was fencing, but it stopped short. In some places there was matting, but it stopped short. In some places the streets had been taken up, but little patches of street broke through in places, like an orderly rash. Buildings remained. Signs remained. There was a smell, too—an old smell. It was the smell of the Framod Packing Corporation, the ancient slaughterhouse, a giant presence in the industry, one of the three largest provisioners to the Army during the Second World War but then a victim of huge insecure premises and bad marketing decisions.

Sal Margineaux walked on a patch of street, avoiding the cracks, jumping over the cracks, smiling slightly as he landed on a safe place. “Great guns,” he said to himself. “Great guns, great guns, great guns, great guns, great guns, great guns,” he said to himself. He used something like a singsong voice as he went along, avoiding the cracks. “Great guns, great guns, great guns,” he said. He tried to think of a rhyme for “guns” so he could make up a little song, but he had to give that up. He stopped. He looked up and saw the lights on in Van Rayn Street. It comforted him to think that theatres could be open so late, and he decided that he would go to a movie.

He had to walk a long way. At first, he walked directly toward the theatre with the most lights, which was the Luxor-Karnak, but when he came up to Van Rayn Street he saw that the fencing and the matting were in place all along Van Rayn Street and that to get to the theatre he would have to try to climb the fence, which was a fence built not to be climbed, or he would have to walk to a place where the fencing stopped short. He walked for a long while along the fence without finding the end of it. He could see Van Rayn Street, but the theatres were behind him. As he walked, he could see Van Rayn Street get more and more inconsequential until it was almost nothing. There were boarding houses, and then there were fewer boarding houses and more gaps; there were taverns with lighted signs—signs with little cocktail glasses, or little poodles, or little clefs and notes—and then the bars had unlighted signs and were marked as bars only by open doors and music coming out and men standing in front. Then the street signs changed, and instead of saying "Van Rayn Street," they said "Armed Memorial Boulevard." Sal Margineaux looked at one of these signs for a long time, because he was a man who studied street maps and the name was unknown to him. Soon after the signs changed to "Armed Memorial Boulevard," the fence stopped short, and Sal Margineaux crossed to the street and walked back toward the Luxor-Karnak.

The Luxor-Karnak was like a palace. The lobby was that big. There was a huge entrance hall, which led to another hall, which looked up two stories—but that was just part of it. There were two sets of stairs, which led to the balcony—but that was just part of it. Everything was in gold and there were gold statues of the Pharaoh Ramses—but that was just part of it. There was a special room for a display of jewels of the world, and the men's lounge had a smoking room with a decorative theme that made use of gold statues of the god Horus. The women's lounge was dedicated to Nefertiti. And that was just part of it. Everything was kept up well at the Luxor-Karnak. Ushers wore stiff white shirtfronts and stiff standing collars and maroon captain's jackets with "Luxor-Karnak" in gold script. The balcony was closed, though, and the special room for the display of jewels of the world was closed. People sat in the orchestra or stood in the back of the orchestra. Sal Margineaux went in and sat toward the front, at first, where there weren't many people. On the screen a woman with hair piled on top of her head was welcoming a girl to a party.

Woman: I'm so glad you could join our little group. Robert has told us so much about you.

Girl: Nothing bad, I hope!

Woman: Here, let me take your things.

Then the girl took a drink from a waiter and talked to a man called Dr. Helmsy and a man called Sven and a woman called Frieda.

Frieda: Is this your first time here?

Girl: Yes.

Frieda: Robert has such good taste.

Girl: You flatter me!

Frieda: Here, let me freshen your drink.

Watching this, Sal Margineaux began to shake and then to cry. He got up to leave, but it was hard to leave, because the back of the orchestra was very crowded. A crowd of old men stood there, making a kind of pattern. They coughed sometimes and talked quietly to themselves. They mentioned the names of streets. "I used to stand at Frangen and Upland Hover," one man said. "That was a nice corner."

"I stood at Arthur and Pulh."

"I stood at Arthur and Gorhn."

"Arthur and Josylyn."

"Arthur and Kenmur."

"Turly."

"James."

They mentioned other names. Parkway, Lones, Sury, Gorman, and Herts were some of the names they mentioned.

On the screen, the girl was surprised to see her escort tied up on a table.

Girl: Is that Robert?

Sven: Incredible, isn't it.

Frieda: Here, let me help you off with that.

The old men looked at the movie as though it was what they expected to see, and then they looked away from the movie. The movie went off after a while, and the men didn't change their stance. Then another movie went on. Sal Margineaux went through the crowd of old men, and they just gave way and he went right through. Sal Margineaux could hear them naming the streets that had heaved up, though, and that made him uneasy. He could see them forming a grid of corners, and that made him uneasy. "Great guns," he said. One old man looked up when he said that—looked right at Mr. Sal Margineaux, right at him—and then walked up to Mr. Margineaux, who didn't do a thing. "Margineaux Corporation Was Going Great Guns. Then It Suddenly Ran Aground," Sal Margineaux said.

COMIC
TRAGIC
UNDECIDED

THE next day, against the advice of his bankers, Mr. Sal Margineaux began to assemble papers designed to effect the acquisition by Margineaux Corporation of the vast, aged Shield Fresh Company, where pigs had been slaughtered for a hundred years, where cattle had been slaughtered for a hundred years, where generations of men had slaughtered pigs and ripped open their stomachs and sent their entrails down chute after chute to cellars, where use was made of them, where use was made of everything.

*Travellers Abroad*

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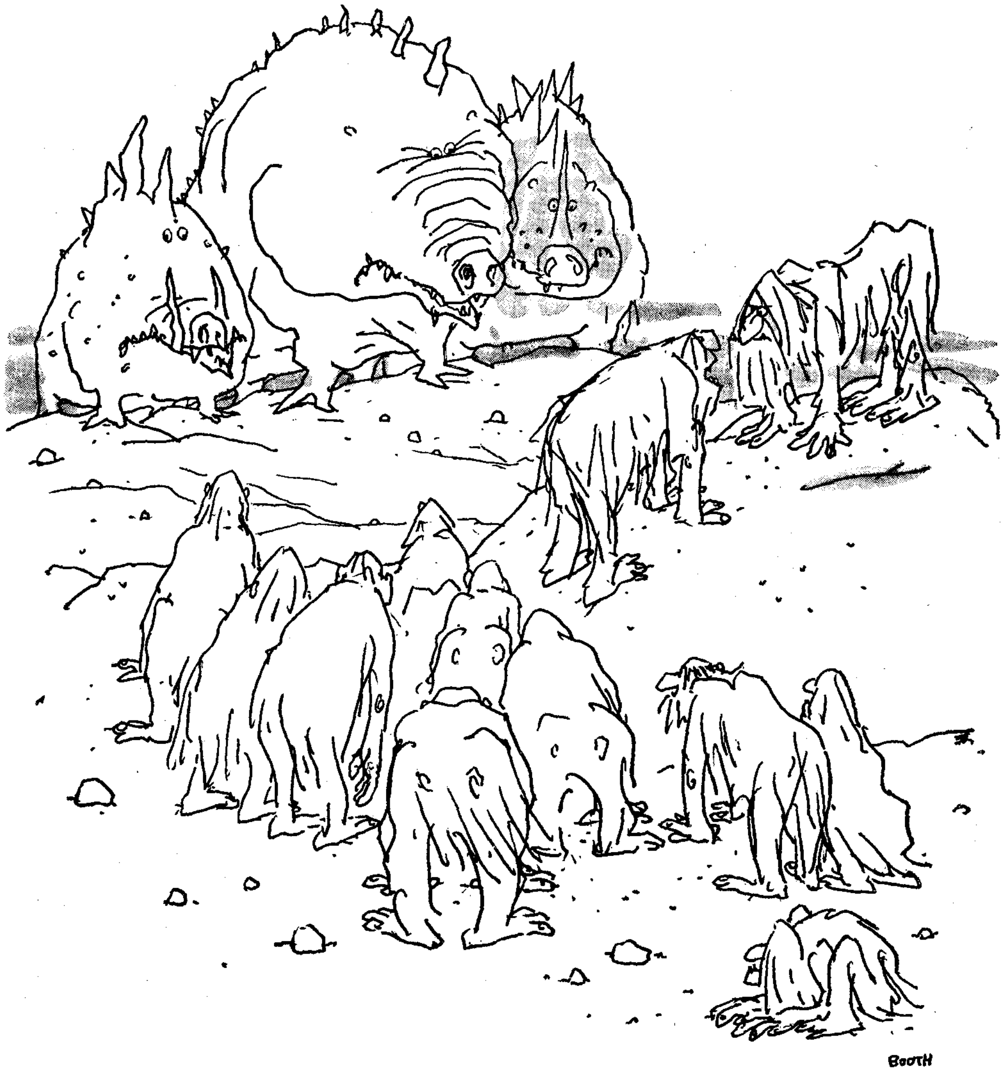
Two days after this, in the afternoon, Sal Margineaux arrived on West Cottage Avenue. He came on foot. He walked carefully and tried to avoid the mud. In some places the grade had been maintained and there was no problem; in other places the grade had sunk but there was a wall broad enough to walk on and there was no problem. At times, however, the grade sank beneath him, and at times there was no passage except through mud, and then there was a problem. Because Sal Margineaux did not perfectly understand the numbering system in use on West Cottage Avenue, he was surprised to find that he had a long walk and not a short one; because he did not understand that West Cottage Avenue was aristocratic only between Sixteenth Street and Twenty-second Street, he was surprised to find that for much of his way he passed only small sunken bungalows—picked over, empty, and sunk, in some examples, up to the lintel of the doorway. This made him furious. It made him furious to feel the weight of the mud on his shoes. It made him furious that the brass on his shoes made no noise, no reassuring clink—that the brass was gagged in mud. When he came to the house he wanted, he hated that, too—hated the brick and the limestone and the intricate railing on the roof and the curved glass bowing out in what must have been a conservatory. He stood outside the house and did not move for a long while. He stood still and waited for the danger to subside. The danger was that his mind was not on his business. The danger was that the contradiction of hating poverty and wealth at the same time would unfocus his special way of using energy quickly for one purpose. He stood silently until he could feel the various hatreds begin to subside. After a while, he began not to recognize the brick or the limestone. The annoyance of the cast-iron decoration and the curved windows of the conservatory fell from his memory. That made the danger less. But for his sense of the mud to weaken took much longer, and it did not completely leave him for all the time he stood quietly and played with words in his mind, for all the time he spent taking words and phrases, long words with a long story, proper names some of them, and reducing them in his mind to quick contractions with no meaning except what he chose to assign. He stood at the door for more than three hours. During this time, he was observed from a window of amber glass by an old woman, who went to the door when he rang the bell at last.

He had papers, of course. Shown to a room where the light was blue, where the sun was filtered through vast windows of stained glass of a rich, deep blue, he had to hold himself quiet again to adjust, but then he took the brown leather envelope from under his arm and took several packets of papers from it. It was then that he noticed that there was nowhere to put them down. He had at his disposal many gestures to use in placing papers on a table or a desk. But there were no tables or desks in this room, and no chairs. It was utterly bare and utterly clean. The walls were covered with a rich blue damask, which looked quite new and fresh; the walls were framed by finely carved pilasters of dark wood, which seemed newly polished; the ceiling was of the same dark wood—dark polished beams running the long distance from front to back like expensive railroad tracks. And the glory of the floor! He noticed the glory of the floor, which was an intricate parquet—a floor like a rug of silk wood, a floor like a woven floor, woven to an incredible closeness, enclosed at the walls by a small strip of deep red marble.

Unsure, Sal Margineaux put the papers on the floor. This was perhaps the beginning of the trouble. He noticed that the papers looked weak on the floor. This was perhaps the beginning of the trouble. He noticed, also, the mud on his pant legs and on his shoes. He saw that some of the mud had dried and had flaked off on the floor around his foot and that some of the mud was still wet. He saw that the old woman, who was Bethe Ponor, last granddaughter of Karl Goethe Ponor, who had come from New England and who had seen the need for a man who could slaughter cattle, and who had started that business, the Shield Fresh Company—the ancient slaughterhouse, a giant presence in the industry, the largest provisioner to the Army for years and years, but more and more a victim of huge insecure premises and bad marketing decisions—he saw that the old woman had put the power of his papers out of her mind and was looking closely at the mud.

"Some of our visitors are not used to our mud," she said.

Sal Margineaux left the house, leaving the papers. The trip away from the house was difficult. Night began to fall, and it turned out that the sunken bungalows gave shelter to dangerous squatters after dark. From the bungalows came scraps of song, which made Sal Margineaux furious and unsure. That may have been the begin-



*"Leader Maloop, the people yearn for real answers."*

• •

ning of the problem. "It hurts me, too" was one scrap of song he heard. "When I was quite young" was another. "Can't go down, can't go down, by myself" was another. There was one patch where many men were talking. Sal Margineaux, disliking this direction, turned around and walked back the other way. That may have been the beginning of the problem. As he turned, he noticed the figure of an old woman moving quickly across the avenue, up a set of stairs that led to no house—only a set of limestone stairs, narrowing gently in a curve toward the top step, where the fragment of a porch and three short columns together rose above the balustrade. Sal Margineaux watched the figure of the woman without controlling his thoughts—that may have been the beginning of the problem. He watched the woman bend down and leave something on the fragment of porch. He watched her move quickly down the steps to the street and then quickly to a spot next door, where there was nothing. He watched the woman bend down quickly, and he watched her as she moved quickly away down the street, stopping at measured distances to bend down again. He went toward the limestone steps where he had seen her first. That may have been the beginning of the problem. He crossed the avenue without watching where he stepped, and he found himself deep in mud. Then he tried to step where he remembered that the figure of the woman had stepped, and he found himself in mud as deep as before. When he reached the limestone steps, he was furious, and for the first time in many years he was furious at himself, which may have been the beginning of the problem. At the top of the stairs, he looked down the avenue, and it seemed to him that the woman was looking at him from the half-darkness, although he could not see her. He looked around on the fragment of porch. The porch was covered with small pieces of pasteboard: hundreds of pieces of pasteboard, maybe more than that. Some were fresh and still had their edge and their snap; others had begun to decompose. Each one was the same; each one bore the name "Miss Ponor" in neat gothic lettering, and each one had been folded at the left corner to show that it had been delivered in person. Sal Margineaux kicked at the layers of cards with his foot, but they seemed to go deep, layer upon layer, like an ancient compost pile, and he gave up. Then he ran down the avenue, and after a time he saw the figure of the woman. He walked behind her. She seemed to know places in the street that would exactly support her weight; certainly she did not sink into the mud. She seemed to be singing the scrap of a song. When he came closer, he heard that she was singing in a deep voice—almost the voice of a man, almost the voice of a Negro man. "When things go wrong, so wrong with you, it hurts me, too," she sang. Sal Margineaux was made furious by the song and came very close to the old woman. "I hope you liked the papers," he said.

"Oh, I understand papers," the old woman said without turning her head. She walked at a simple pace, but because he was so tired and so defeated by the mud, it seemed to him that she moved away at an astonishing speed. After a moment, she turned and said in a high, clear voice, "I would naturally help you to your destination, but I do not ever go beyond Sixteenth Street." Then she went into her house.

She went up to the top of the house, where she sat for the night with her father—the son of the founder—the man who had brought stained glass to the city, had made stained glass the vogue, who was assumed to be dead but who was not dead, who had never once gone to the stockyards from the time of inheriting his vast fortune, who lay day after day, year after year, in a room of incomparable beauty—quite beautiful himself in a curious wrapping of white cambric. Her father was her friend. She told him stories through the night. At dawn, she left him, but for a long while during the morning the momentum of the night's storytelling stayed with her, so that she spoke constantly to herself, out loud. At about eleven o'clock, she said, "I understand bullies. I have a friend who is a bully. Not a bully—*like* a bully. Like a bully with a pure heart." Then she was silent for the rest of the day.

—George W. S. Trow

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That little New Jersey has the highest number of persons per capita than any other state in the nation seems incredible when travelling through its rural areas.—*Summit (N. J.) Herald.*

Somehow we find it encouraging.

# READING THE SIGNS

IT grew under the apple tree. It got a start because nothing much else ever grew there. We did try potatoes occasionally, but you caught your fork in the tree roots trying to dig them up. So that from the apple tree to the fence at the right was my garden, and from the apple tree to the path at the left was my sister's. She put in rocks and moss and things for the fairies.

It grew there with its stubby wooden stem and its bushy branches of leaves and then this amazing pinkish-purplish bugle of a flower. We let it grow because we had never seen anything like it; even before the flower, it had this presence, this numinousness. But the flower was a clarion of mystery. Then the seedpod formed, green and spiky at first, and then it darkened and became rounded and leathery.

We asked everybody what it was, and no one knew. Even Dad must have accepted some of its mystery, because he never pulled it up. Even though under the apple tree was not productive and even though he didn't believe in stripping off all unplanted vegetation like some of the people in the avenue, the bigger weeds got pulled up and put on the compost heap.

So nobody knew, and we picked the seedpod and kept it in a little fish-paste jar in the kitchen window, sitting in the fish-paste jar like an egg in an eggcup on the windowsill above the sink, among the rubber rings that sealed the fruit we bottled in jars, and the hairpins, and the used razor blades, and countless other things. Sometimes the robin would hop in through the open window and peck around. Year after year the windowsill was in the robin's territory.

The seedpod cracked open, and we kept the dark-brown seeds in the bottom of the fish-paste jar through the winter, and they stayed on the windowsill with all the other accreted things and got forgotten. The plant died beneath the apple tree, and the dried stem was tossed onto a bonfire.

The next year, it came again. But the next year it had come all over the rest of England, too. Neighbors had them. The newspapers reported its mysterious appearance throughout the country. The California thorn apple, they called it. Jimsonweed. *Datura stramonium.* Said to be deadly poisonous.

"Wonder you didn't poison the lot of us," Dad said. Poisonous, they all said. No one said it was a hallucinogen. But they stamped them out and burned them just the same.

Once the plant was everywhere and had been named, we didn't know what else to do. We knew there was a mystery, but the naming and the reported spread of it were made to do service for the revelation. We never did take any of it, boiled or brewed or powdered or smoked or rubbed into the skin. The newspapers never suggested you could do that. That sort of knowledge hadn't survived. It was about this time Mum had her fortune read at a village fête and was told that in a few years she'd be doing the same herself: reading fortunes. She was always able to read the signs. If she dropped a big knife it would be a tall visitor coming, and a little knife a short visitor. The magpies would fly over the fields, one for sorrow, two for joy. But the uses of the thorn apple had been stamped out in the witch burnings. Everything comes in threes was another of Mum's sayings. But the third year the thorn apple didn't come back. And the seeds had got thrown on the fire because of everyone's saying how poisonous it was. I think that was a mistake, not keeping the seeds.

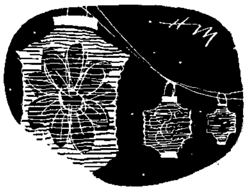
"THAT flying saucer you saw," I asked Mum.

"Oh, Michael, did we?" she says. "I can't remember now."

It was like this when I needed my precise time of birth for the astrological chart. "Here we are. Five. One. Or was that the date? Wait until I find my specs."

"When we were living up the avenue. You remember."

The avenue was a row of twenty-seven houses, with fields in front of us—because they hadn't built on the other side of the road—and fields behind. They stopped building when the war started. The prisoners of war used to hoe in the fields at the back.



"We were in the back garden talking one evening and it just came across," Mum said. "I can't remember if it was our back garden, even."

"And it just came over the garden?"

"I think so," Mum said. "It wasn't very high. It was just like a bright light. It had a sort of tail, I think."

"And where did it go?"

"It just vanished. It just went. It wasn't there anymore."

"No," said Dad. "No, no, no, it was in the front of the houses. We were standing in the road. It was going up the river. It was a meteorite. It was going up the river."

"What, following it along?"

"That's what it looked like."

Dad wrote to the paper. "As an iron molder, it seemed to me like a glowing red ball of molten iron."

Sometimes he would be at home with burns on his hands or feet from molten iron that had spilled. Now he is at home dying of emphysema from the foundry dust.

"It was just like the molten iron when it comes out of the furnace."

Mum was furious, embarrassed. She went red.

"I never expected them to print it," Dad said. "I just wrote it as information for them."

Other people in town had sighted it. There were other letters.

"You might have known they'd print it."

"No, I didn't, so that's that," said Dad.

Mum was mortified. On the forms at school we wrote "Engineer," not "Iron molder." Filling in the forms for university, I went off to a private place and my stomach wrenched for a long time and for "Father's Profession or Occupation" I crossed out "Profession" and wrote "Iron molder."

The man at the appointments board, just before I left, congratulated me. "Well, well," he said, "you're tipped for a first, you edited the university paper, you've done very well for an iron molder's son."

Dad said, "It went along up the river glowing like molten iron and then it exploded. It was a meteorite."

"There wasn't any noise," Mum said.

"I didn't say there was any noise," Dad said. "It exploded in a big flash."

"But explosions usually make a noise," Mum said.

I don't know whether Dad clipped the letter or not. I've had letters in print that were not intended for print. I think I kept them but kept them beneath dark stacks of things.

"People who've seen them don't seem to talk about them much," I said.

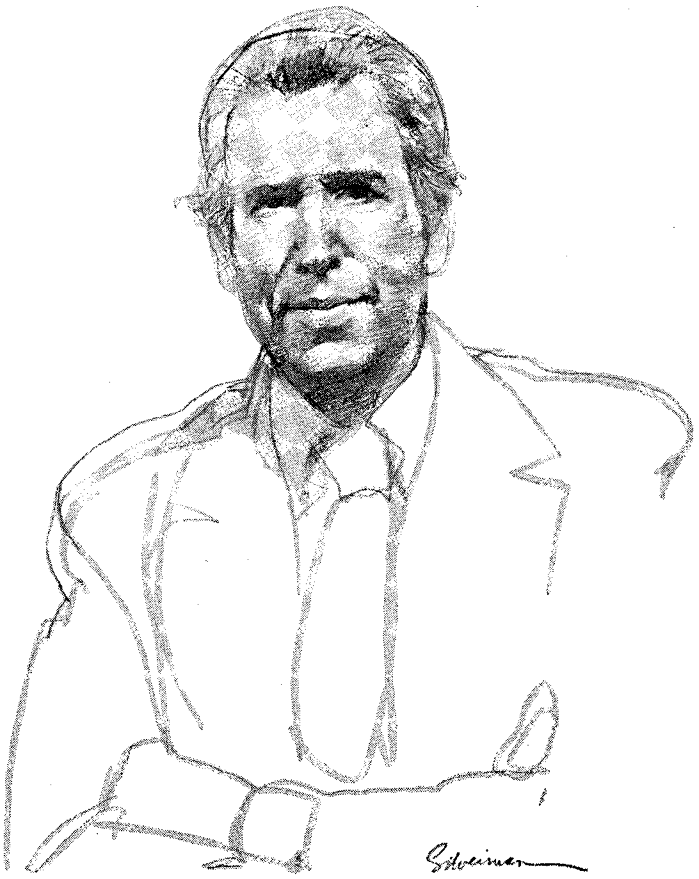
"That's right," Mum said. "We didn't talk about it much, did we?" she said to Dad.

What they talked about was the letter. The shame of being a manual worker and the ridicule for having seen a flying saucer and the breaking of the taboo in revealing these things in print.

—MICHAEL WILDING

# PROFILES

## SEVEN STONES



ARTHUR ERICKSON is a witty, semi-mystical, not at all humble Canadian architect who has performed the sizable feat of adorning the North American landscape with some of its most admired structures while remaining almost unknown in the United States. At present, he is reconstructing the center of a major North American city, Vancouver; and assorted other current projects of his include a new concert hall with an acoustical ceiling of tapestried cylinders in Toronto; a ski condominium in British Columbia; plans for a new town, to be called Fintas, in Kuwait; for several large buildings in Saudi Arabia; for a performing-arts center in Calgary, Alberta; for a pharmaceutical plant in England; for a cedar house to be shipped in a building kit to Germany; for additional touches to his handsome, unorthodox Museum of Anthropology, at the University of British Columbia; and, finally, for the opening of an office in the Orient, preferably in Peking. The Erickson work that first caught the world's attention, more than a decade ago, was his design for Simon Fraser University—a dramatic, low-lying concrete megastructure that hugs the ridged summit of Burnaby Mountain, in British Columbia, against a scenic backdrop of snow-covered peaks, which it shares with Vancouver, its nearest neighbor. Tagged "the instant university," because it was conceived and completed in two years by Erickson and his then partner, Geoffrey Massey, working with four other firms, Simon Fraser (named for a noted Canadian explorer) is faintly reminiscent at a distance of a Greek acropolis, and has a beauty that has prompted another Canadian architect, Bruno Freschi, to predict that it will make an elegant ruin. The *Times* critic Ada Louise Huxtable, who made a special pilgrimage to Simon Fraser several years ago, declared it a "remarkably impressive experiment in academic architecture" of "edifying brilliance." Viewing the several university buildings as one structure, she pronounced the unifying device, a glass-roofed central mall a quarter of a mile long, "one of the more magnificent socio-architectural spaces of recent years."

Paul Rudolph, former chairman of Yale University's Department of Architecture and today an eminent New York architect, regards Erickson as Canada's best architect. "He's one of the most distinguished architects living," Rudolph says. "The Canadians are showing good sense in Vancouver. No United States architect of comparable stature is rebuilding a major city center."

Erickson has the admiration of such other establishment luminaries as Philip Johnson, *grand seigneur* of American architects, who said recently, "Arthur Erickson isn't one of the smart young men—he's not their generation—but he is by far the greatest architect in Canada, and may be the greatest on this continent."

I wanted to ask Johnson the question I had put to myself not long before in British Columbia, standing at the entrance to the great mall of Simon Fraser, with frosty mountains to my right, the gleam of the Pacific Ocean to my left, the light, piping sound of a Mozart sonata from the flute of an unseen student floating in the air. I had looked down a dazzling series of stairs and landings where sunlight and shadow added design within design, stairs flowing to levels of space flowing into the lengthy sweep of the mall, half covered by a long roof of truss-supported glass that continued into sunny distance beyond my vision—the whole suggesting by its grace and freshness such creative vitality that I had to know at once who the architect was. When I returned to the United States, I found the name Arthur Erickson quite unknown to other non-architects, as it had been to me.

"Why?" I asked Johnson. "It's a question of acceptance," he replied. "Erickson's a Western architect, and, what's worse, he's in British Columbia, which is a province of a province to us. In architecture, there is always a problem we are trying to solve. In the twenties and the fifties, it was the skyscraper. In the sixties, we expressed our interest in new campuses, and Simon Fraser was the best. Its spatial arrangements are incredible. A centering device is not new—the Greeks had their temples, the Romans their circuses, and in medieval times it was the church—but the vastness of the covered mall at Simon Fraser University is the best symbolic central device for a campus I know of anyplace."

ERICKSON, a youthful man of fifty-four, says, "Where I am or what I am is no concern of mine. I am concerned with what our civilization is all about, and expressing this in buildings. Everything I do, everything I see is through architecture. It has given me a vehicle for looking at the world. I am not involved in the aesthetics of architecture or interested in design as such. I'm interested in what buildings can do beyond what they look like, and how they can affect whole areas and people's lives. I have never done a building where I didn't at least attempt to see it in a new philosophical or social way. I could have asked questions in any field, but I am doing it through my buildings. What panics me is how little time I have. Now I want to build with all details suppressed, to make what I build look as if it had just happened—as if there were nothing studied, no labor or art involved. Architecture is no different from any other art process. It is like poetry, in which you compress everything into a few words. To achieve that economy takes a lifetime."

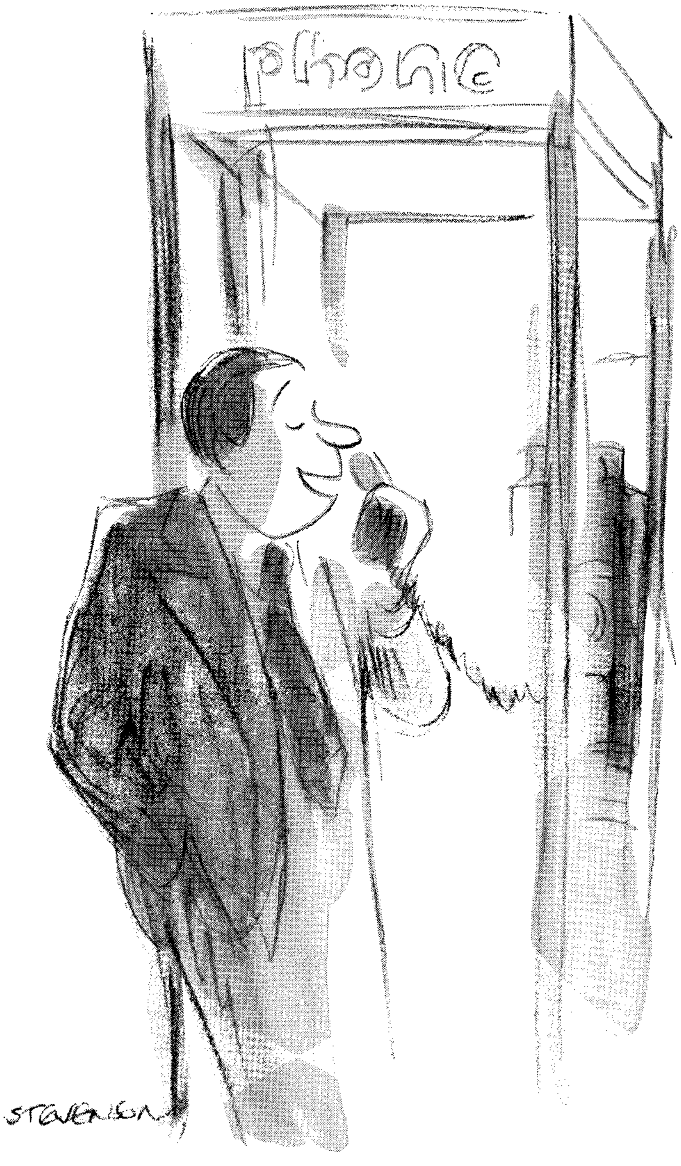
A colleague who was asked to classify Erickson's architecture exclaimed, "Why, Arthur doesn't even follow himself!" Erickson's architectural style has been defined as lyrical, cool, daring, romantic, monumental, contemporary, classical, derivative, original, neo-Inca, timeless, modern—and sometimes as just breathtakingly beautiful. There are recognizable Erickson devices: strong horizontals; wooden lattices to soften solid wall mass; high fences or plantings for privacy; skylights; flooded roofs or ground pools to catch reflections; the illusion of infinity; a mound of earth somewhere outside (which Erickson calls "my signature"). But by and large his most consistent trait is inconsistency, professionally and personally. This has produced a deliberate method of living, which he thrives on, and which Geoffrey Massey has described as "consistent chaos."

Erickson says that designing space for human beings to use—preferably clusters of buildings and the land and water around them—occupies almost all his conscious moments, and he believes that it absorbs an even higher percentage of his unconscious, or what he refers to as his superconscious, thoughts. In the Canadian *Who's Who*, he once listed architecture and travelling as his "recreations," and he has not stayed more than ten days in one place since 1965. Travelling enables him to check up on every type of building constructed by civilized man, and possibly by earlier human species, going back to Paleolithic man. "North America is in a very primitive stage, because culture takes hundreds of years to evolve," Erickson has said. "I am fortunate that I can stand in Canada, a country without a culture, and look at the world. When I am given a project such as a university or a courthouse or a museum, I can detach myself from patterns of learning about that type of structure in North America, because I know the solutions at Oxford, at the El Azhar mosque in Cairo, or at a temple in Thailand. I can say, 'What is its essence? How can I extract something pertinent for today?' "

Erickson, sometimes in partnership and sometimes alone, has designed and built apartment houses, schools, office buildings, banks, three prize-winning international-fair structures, a Sikh temple, a plastic swimming-pool cabaña, a visitors' pavilion made of recycled newspapers for a recent United Nations Habitat Conference in Vancouver, two subway stations in Toronto, and more private houses than he can remember. In the new Vancouver civic center, now one-third completed, he has introduced not only indoor and outdoor gardens with orange trees and flowering shrubs, three waterfalls, and a miniature forest but a small cinema, a day-care center, shops, restaurants, an ice-skating rink that converts into a marketplace in summer, and an exhibition hall and conference center, next to provincial offices partly submerged below the street. A radical new courthouse is being built, and an art gallery will occupy the remodelled old neoclassical courthouse building. The hundred-million-dollar, three-block complex is transforming downtown life in British Columbia's largest city.

Many of Erickson's commissions were won in competitions, and he has lost count of the awards and medals he has acquired—two or three dozen. In 1978, the American Institute of Architects, whose Hawaii chapter had previously given him an award for "singular individuality and excellence in design," made him an Honorary Fellow, and in 1971 an award of fifty thousand dollars and a gold medal was given him by the Royal Bank of Canada. This is a distinction conferred on one Canadian annually for contributions "to human welfare and the common good."

The essence of Erickson's consistent inconsistency was expressed in a speech he made to the Canadian business establishment at a sumptuous banquet held in his honor on the occasion of the Royal Bank award. He is a sophisticated observer of the power structure, who knows where the vast sums must come from to make an architect's designs materialize. Yet he scolded the assembled businessmen for the "ruthless economic competition" in North American cities, which expresses itself in streets that are "wastelands of parked cars . . . grim, sunless spaces between towering edifices . . . showing our priorities for services, roadways, and real estate." He defined the bulldozer as the "symbol of North America." He



*"Hi. This is the natural sound of Lou Fosgate."*

asked for a shift of "mind set"—his term for rigid values that control the future development of ideas—away from "aggressive independence and self-sufficient individuality" and toward a "balance between economic profit and social well-being." He posed the question "Should not the land come under public ownership so that the ultimate control is in the public's hands?"

As a speaker, Erickson has been described as a spellbinder. An architect's wife has recalled, "I once heard Arthur give a speech on brutalism in architecture to a meeting of architects, with a seraphic smile on his face, in that beautiful speaking voice of his. I couldn't help feeling that Arthur could get things done in any society, because he is quite tough, despite that smile. I wouldn't want to cross him!" Erickson ordinarily accepts one or two carefully selected speaking invitations a year—from sources that will enable him, in his words, "to tell the very ones who should be told" what his views are. He made Vancouver newspaper headlines three years ago with a speech to the Men's Canadian Club urging that, since British Columbia's arable land is scarce, the land in the Fraser River Valley be held by the government and reserved for food production, with buildings or settlements "relegated to the higher slopes."

At the 1974 International Congress of Architecture, in Iran, he pleaded with Third World countries to preserve their own cultures, to avoid the Western solution of freeways and high rises—"all the trashy neon and plastic glitter"—and added that what the West has "thrown on the waters of the world drifts back to us on a tide of cultural pollution appalling to behold." In 1975, at a meeting of the International Union of Architects, in Madrid, he pronounced Western architectural techniques "stifling" and begged the assembled architects to adopt urban forms consistent with their own diverse cultures rather than simply to follow the lead of the West. He recommended that they suspend rational thought to achieve "a floating, unselective frame of mind . . . in order to receive information from all sources unconditionally." To put it in Zen terms, he said, "it is only the empty vessel that can be filled."

Erickson feels that differences between the architecture of the East and that of the West are a result of opposing attitudes toward man's importance: in the West, man is at the center of everything, while Eastern concepts make him a part of the larger schemes of nature. At a meeting of the Institute of Canadian Bankers in 1972, Erickson compared the imposition by tourists from the West of their own values on other cultures to "an infectious disease decimating whatever values existed before." Their egocentricity, he said, makes them "incapable of measuring things except in their own terms;" they regard ancient living cultures as "undeveloped" and their current practitioners as "non-achievers." After this warmup, he attacked the World Bank specifically, for funding a "multistoried, monster" hotel in Afghanistan, in "one of the most beautiful valleys in the world," and a three-thousand-room hotel development in Bali, "whose impact on that island will be terminal." He said, "You, as bankers, cannot afford to be concerned with only the economic aspects of projects that you finance. There may be serious implications . . . which at some future time may even be considered crimes against mankind."

## ENERGY: A VILLANELLE

The log gives back, in burning, solar fire
  green leaves imbibed and processed one by one;
nothing is lost but, still, the cost grows higher.

The ocean's tons of tide, to turn, require
  no more than time and moon; it's cosmic fun.
The log gives back, in burning, solar fire.

All microörganisms must expire
  and quite a few became petroleum;
nothing is lost but, still, the cost grows higher.

The oil rigs in Bahrain imply a buyer
  who counts no cost, when all is said and done.
The logs give back, in burning, solar fire

but Good Gulf gives it faster; every tire
  is by the fiery heavens lightly spun.
Nothing is lost but, still, the cost grows higher.

So guzzle gas, the leaden night draws nigher
  when cinders mark where stood the blazing sun.
The logs give back, in burning, solar fire;
nothing is lost but, still, the cost grows higher.

—John Updike

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Commenting later on his address to the bankers, he remarked, "I felt that it had to be said, but I expected a disaster and was amazed at the applause." He noted that the bankers published this speech in their journal and gave it their award for the best talk of 1972.

In October, 1978, at the World Congress of the International Union of Architects, in Mexico City, he attacked tourism again as an industry that has "gone wild," comparing package tours to plagues of locusts that "arrive, destroy, and leave conscienceless from the havoc they have wreaked." Referring to the new hotels in Bali and Afghanistan, he continued, "Architects and international agencies have conspired in this . . . desecration," producing "overcrowding and sleazy developments. . . . As the number of empty or deteriorating hotels has increased, the tourist agencies have looked elsewhere for a virgin place ripe for raping . . . In America, a new kind of anonymous city was born—Anywhere, U.S.A.—to spread everywhere in the late sixties and seventies, as unchallengeable American expertise became in universal demand, giving birth to Anywhere, The World."

He said afterward, "The audiences I speak to are the people with the pow-

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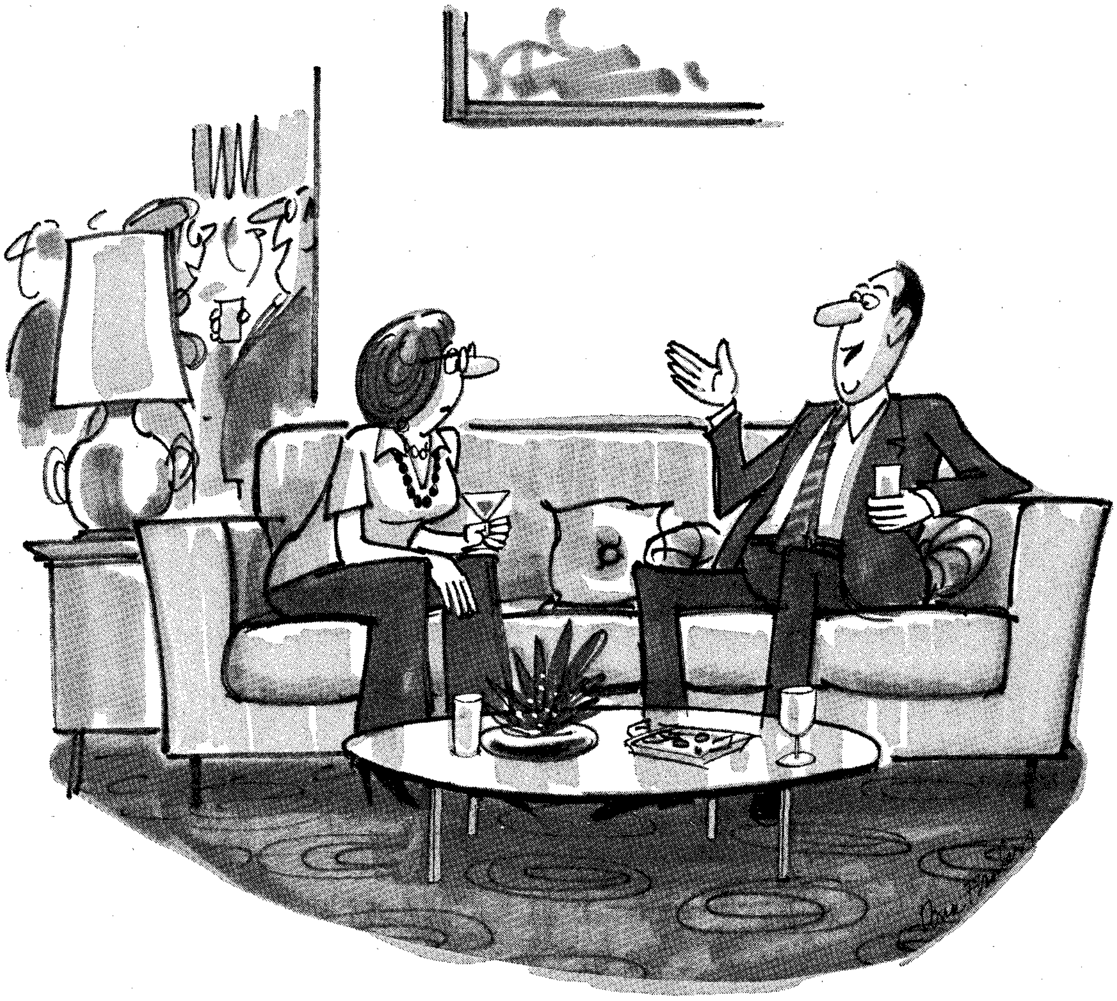
er to make changes. You don't want to flatter if things are not as they should be. I repeat and repeat and repeat in my speeches. All one can hope is that what I say will have some meaning to someone and may influence his life and, through his, influence someone else's. I am completely apolitical, but I am pro people. If I can get away with what I say in the circles I speak in, it's because I am considered a member of their group. It is important to upset them."

ERICKSON was born in Vancouver and spent his first twenty years there. It is still his home and his headquarters, though he commutes weekly two thousand and seventy-eight air miles east to a second office he maintains in Toronto, when he isn't journeying elsewhere. British Columbia has an amiably wet climate and an extravagant amount of beautiful scenery: snowcapped mountains, rugged coastline, blue inland lakes, grand forests, green farms, and sunburnt rangeland. Most of his projects have been in this western area, but he is currently working his way east and into acceptance as an international architect. He ascribes to the "evocative landscape of British Columbia" his inability to conceive of a building apart from its setting. He uses wood, the principal natural resource of his province, in his structures the way an artist applies paint to a canvas. As a youth, Erickson composed poetry and painted. When he was sixteen, his sketches and paintings received public recognition, and he seriously considered becoming a painter. Today, he approaches architecture with a poet's rhythm and a painter's vision. In a large, lavishly illustrated book, "The Architecture of Arthur Erickson," which was published in Canada in 1975, he wrote that, for him, architecture's vital components are part of a single creative process taking into account site, light, cadence, space, and the people who will use the building. His richest source of inspiration he described as "the 'dialogue' between a building and its setting," adding that "the local light will eventually determine the architectural style;" the cadence he explained as the rhythm of the structure; and he wrote that he is motivated by space the way a musician



*"So what if the First Amendment does go? We still have twenty-five more."*

is inspired by sound or a sculptor by form.

A Canadian journalist named Mary McAlpine, who is a lifelong friend of Erickson's, once remarked that she would be afraid to have him design a house for her. "His houses reflect the whole person," she said. "He finds the secret part of a person that isn't showing." For the headquarters of MacMillan Bloedel, a giant Canadian lumber concern, he designed a twin-towered concrete structure of monolithic appearance which tapers as it rises, like a tree trunk, and has deep-set, square windows. It was described in *Architectural Record* as having an "elegant leanness," but it is often referred to as Fort MacMillan. To such comments, Erickson responds serenely, "My most Doric building. What I wanted to express *was* mass." Five years ago, he designed a coldly classic modern showplace in Vancouver—referred to as the Eppich house, after its owner, a German manufacturer of metal parts and machines—and it won Erickson an award from *Architectural Record:* his third from that magazine for the design of a house. In another prize-winning house, this one for some intimate friends—Gordon Smith, an esteemed Canadian painter and art teacher, and his wife, Marion, a weaver—he used an arrangement of horizontals and verticals in wood that he would later use in concrete in the Eppich house; this house was also in a woodland setting, and he used similar sliding glass walls to integrate nature into the design, but the effect here is warm and intimate.

"I HAVE often thought that I was more of a landscape designer than an architect," Erickson wrote in his book. "I tend to take a structural approach to landscape and a landscape approach to architecture. . . . In my own garden, for example, it was only after I had buried what had been an English border garden beneath a high mound of earth that I recognized that the character of the site was that of a forest clearing."

The forest clearing that Erickson created for his home is on a sixty-six-by-one-hundred-and-twenty-foot city lot in a neighborhood of small houses fronted with patches of lawn. His house, however, has a high cedar fence around it and, like the majority of the dwellings he has designed for others, is almost invisible from the street. Bushes and trees peer enticingly over the fence, and an odd-shaped roof with skylights is barely discernible through the foliage. Two garages and a lean-to were at the back of the lot when Erickson bought it, in 1957, for eleven thousand dollars. The previous owner had lived in one garage and the lean-to, reserving the second garage for a car. Erickson doesn't own a car; he ordinarily rents cars, and uses a lane at his back door for parking—a practice that is frowned upon by the city, as are high fences. His house now consists of the original garages and the lean-to, which has become part of a small, skylit connective structure, containing the bathroom and kitchen: a total area of twelve hundred square feet. His living room has the unmistakable rectangular dimensions of a narrow, one-car garage, and so does his bedroom-study, but in each the wall facing the garden has been replaced by sliding glass.

The visitor to Erickson's house, upon opening a gate in the fence, enters a magical realm of trees, bushes, and wild grasses surrounding a small body of water that appears to be a lake; at the far end of this garden, there is a small mountain. The lake is actually an artfully placed pond deep enough to contain fish, and the mountain is an eight-foot mound of earth, but illusion is everywhere: spacious, lovely country landscape continuing into the beyond. From the gate, the visitor follows stepping stones through this sylvan scene, crosses a wooden deck, and steps down to a brick patio, where a glass door set into an off-white travertine-marble wall appears to arrive at the visitor's feet rather than the other way around, or so it seemed one day when I visited Erickson. I could see him through the glass, coming to the door with a rapid, lithe step: slim, of medium height, casually dressed in tan slacks, a black-and-white checked sports shirt, and a tan cardigan sweater. He has short, curly gray hair flecked with brown and some white; his eyes are a friendly blue. He has sometimes been mistaken for a dilettante because he enjoys the

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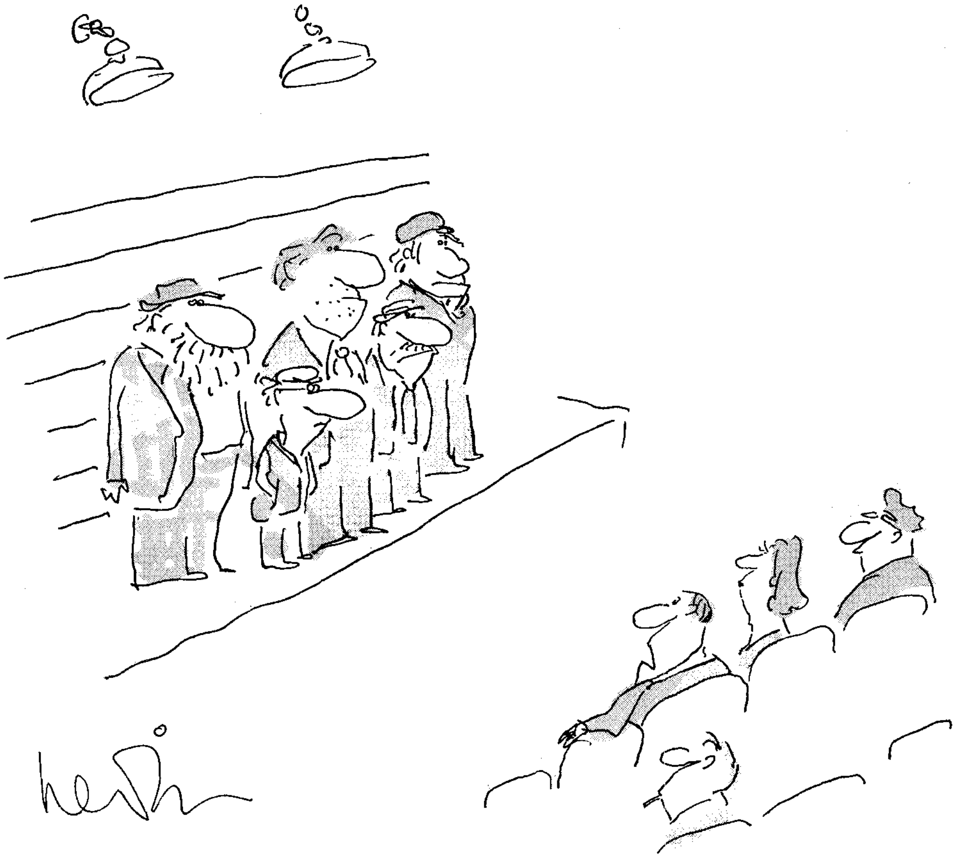
company of wealthy and famous people; in the East, he gravitates toward the international jet set, dropping the names of members into his conversation, as if their acceptance of him surprised him. He is a gifted raconteur. In Vancouver, he relaxes within a small circle of artists, writers, and teachers, among whom old friends predominate; or with his mother and his brother, Donald—a talented writer and teacher, who is four years younger—and Donald's family, to all of whom he is devoted. In company, Erickson almost always seems to be smiling or laughing, but his outwardly easygoing nature disguises a compulsive worker who is somewhat solitary. The unsmiling Erickson has a long, serious face and determined features that all seem to be pointed: peaked hairline, aquiline nose, wide but tapered mouth, and firm, pointed chin.

Erickson told me he had just returned from a business trip that took him to Toronto, New York, and the Middle East, and allowed him a day of skiing in the Swiss Alps, which included glacier-hopping by helicopter—a new variation for him of the only sport besides scuba diving in which he indulges. Erickson's enthusiasms translate into verbal extravagance, some of his favorite words being "extraordinary," "spectacular," "incredible," and "absolutely." He described the experience of being dropped by helicopter on "a little handkerchief of ice," then skiing five thousand feet to the bottom of a valley and being picked up there by the helicopter and transported to the top of another glacier to ski down as "absolutely incredible."

It was ten on a Sunday morning, and Erickson had just prepared his breakfast—a blended liquid of fresh orange juice, milk, wheat germ, vegetable protein, and vitamins. He started coffee in a glittering miniature espresso machine on a teak kitchen counter, and while the coffee gurgled and hissed we stood looking into the garden from the living room. It is a small room with a velvety carpet, low sofas around small tables, and walls lined with five-inch squares of Italian suède—all a soft-beige contrast to the off-white of the drapes, travertine floors, fireplace, and tabletops. Erickson used to sleep in the living room on a couch made of straw streetcar seat backs, but recently he was persuaded by Francisco Kripacz, who advises him on interiors, to adopt this more elegant simplicity, and to create new sleeping arrangements in the other garage building. Except for a slim, delicately carved eighteenth-century Japanese goddess of mercy on the mantel, several small pottery pieces on clear Plexiglas shelves around the fireplace, and two Oriental figures on pedestals, the art that he has collected in his travels has been consigned to teak cupboards. Simple statement extends even to the kitchen, where formerly open shelves have disappeared behind teak panels. In the bathroom, fixtures are of black porcelain, and almost invisible.



*"Number Three, step forward and whistle 'Standin' on the corner watchin' all the girls go by.'"*

Outside, a typical Vancouver rain squall started, transforming the garden into a glistening jungle. "For years, I was going to move to a view of open water, but this place is so convenient, because I can shut it and leave," said Erickson, drinking his breakfast as he talked. "Besides, I have to have a limited, closed view, so I can withdraw into my own world. When I moved into this house, in 1957, I was teaching architecture at the University of British Columbia and collecting pottery. The things that surrounded me were more important to me. That pot is upside down!" Interrupting himself, he walked over to a shelf where a small brown square pot with a slim neck stood, broad end down. He turned its neck to the bottom, and laughed. "It's by a well-known English potter, Hans Coper, and every second week, when my cleaning woman comes, she turns it upside down." He took a soft-green plate off another shelf. "I love this piece—it's a version of Sung celadon, and I got it in the Celebes," he said. "I have always been fascinated by pottery. It gives you such an intimate relationship with the person who did it." He ran a finger along the fluted edge, stopping at a flat spot. "This potter made the edge with his fingers, and you can see where he had his doubts and failed to do it!" He touched some tiny pinpricks in the middle of the plate. "In classical pottery, there should be two fish in the center. I don't know what this is, but it's off-center. Imagine a Chinese potter in the outer provinces who knew of the great Sung pieces trying to duplicate one from memory on his own wheel!"

He put the plate back. "In 1965, when I started travelling every week to Montreal to work for Expo on Canada's Man in the Community pavilion, everything changed. I loved my little house, but suddenly possessions had no importance. I realized I could live happily out of a suitcase, and didn't really need even that, and I had a freedom I had never had before. Architecturally, this house is terrible, but it serves as a refuge, a kind of decompression chamber. The nice thing about the garden is that I started it and it's been doing its own thing ever since."

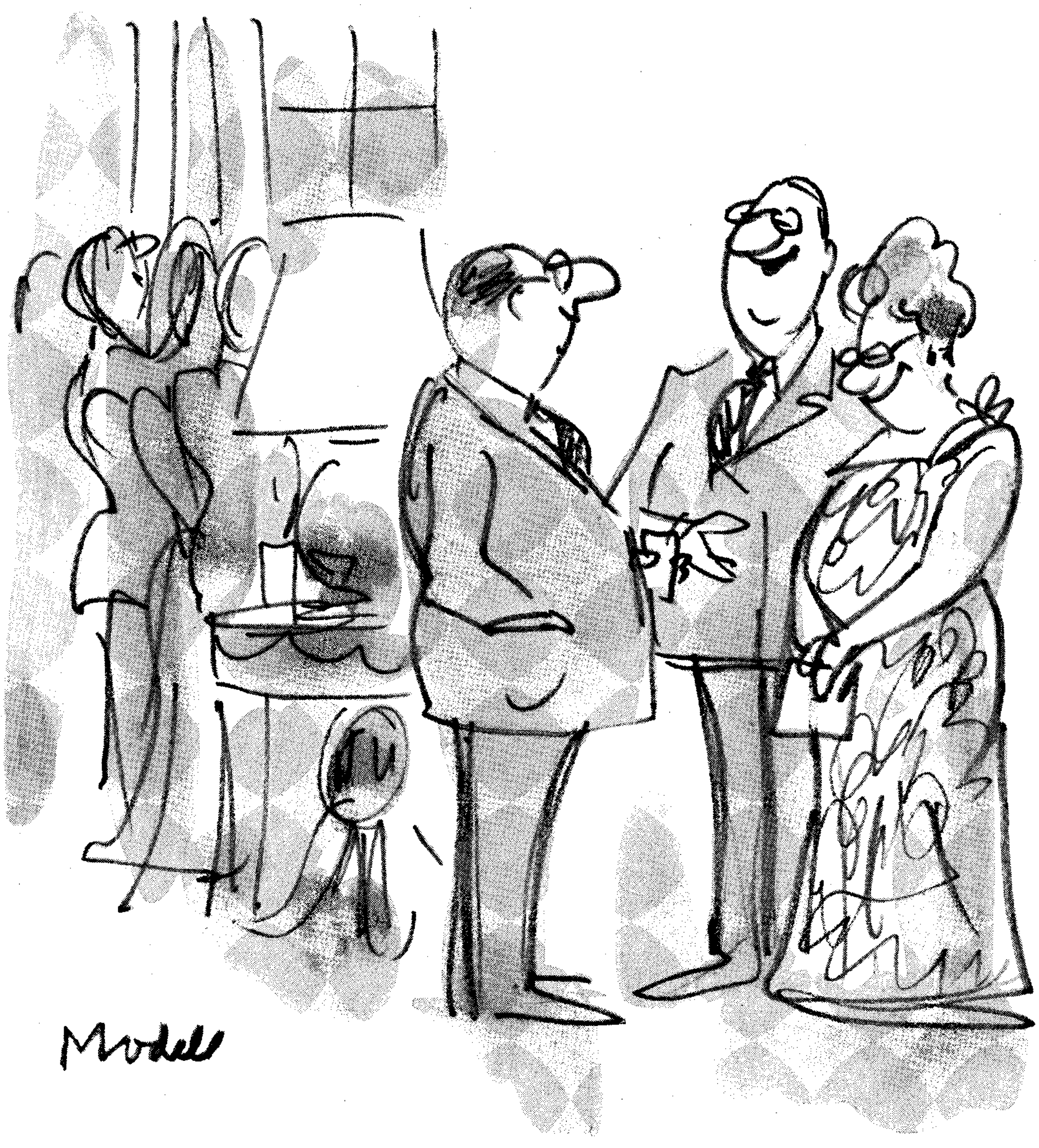
The rain stopped suddenly, and the sun made a trembling attempt to enter the garden through the dripping trees. "I bought this house for its wonderful garden," he went on. "A charming Englishwoman who lived here had a white picket fence, phlox, delphiniums, lupines, Shasta daisies, a rose arbor with a strawberry-and-vegetable garden behind it, and a lovely lawn. I thought the place could be self-sufficient, but the catch was that someone had to take care of all that. The second year, it became like a deserted garden. It was terribly romantic, the kind of secret garden that children love—saturated with weeds but with the flowers still growing and the grass a foot high. The third year, the weeds took over entirely, so I got a bulldozer and told the operator to bury the garden, dig a hole, and make a hill high enough so I couldn't see the house across the street. I didn't have this high fence then, and I *had* to get rid of that view. Everybody in the neighborhood thought I was excavating to build a house, and chatted with me over the picket fence, very happy to believe that they were no longer going to have a nonconformist garage dweller among them. I hired a student to line the hole with roofing paper and fill it with water, and I have never touched this pond since. I got grasses and rushes from the Fraser River, dug plants and the pine trees from the forest, put in ten different species of bamboo, the ten-foot-high zebra grass you can just see, and those very rare Himalayan rhododendrons. The dogwood, apple, pear, and plum trees are from the old garden, and I put in the persimmon tree. Then I just let the whole thing go."

How had he achieved such an impression of depth and space, I asked.

"You put as many horizontal planes, one in front of another, within your field of vision as possible," he said. "Your eye has to take in the whole series, and reads that as greater space. If you put in water, psychologically you have to cross it, and the resulting sense of remoteness extends the visual effect to another land. If I have a lavish party, I put musicians across the water, and it's as if they were playing from an island over the sea. Actually, there are twelve planes: the deck right out here, the low hedge, the brick terrace beyond the hedge, the marble slab that sticks out over the pool, the water, the edge of the rushes and grass, the gravel beach on the other side, the pine trees, the juniper that grows horizontally on the mound, the bamboo, the dogwood and fir, and those poplar trees at the fence. Everything is starved for water in the summer, but it's planned so as to keep a certain discipline. Otherwise, it would do too well the rest of the time in this wet climate. The charm of the garden is that everything has survived, because it is in its natural habitat. I have a gardener in just twice a year, and I am an observer, not an intruder. It is endlessly fascinating to see what it will produce."

The espresso machine stopped hissing, and Erickson filled two pottery mugs with coffee and added hot milk. We sat down in the kitchen on tan leather chairs at a glass table, beneath a vaulted Plexiglas skylight with green plants set along its interior rim; this overhead garden bisects the roof of the kitchen and of the bathroom, directly behind.

"My problem is raccoons," he said, taking a sip of coffee. "I had to get fish to balance the ecology of the pool, so that I would never have to clean it. Raccoons find it an ideal fishing ground, and often arrive between one and two in the morning for dessert, following raids on all the neighborhood garbage cans. After Expo, I brought back a gorgeous carp that had been in our pavilion. It was two feet long and a pale, pale metallic gold that glistened. I released it in the pool, and the very next morning all that was left was scales, floating like gold coins. I had become quite paranoid about the raccoons, and that was the last straw. I really had thought



*"Harry, I want you to meet my wife, the kingmaker."*

that the carp was too big for them." He sighed. "Now I am resigned to the raccoons. I buy one hundred goldfish every summer—fish that are sold as bait for ten dollars a hundred—and usually five survive. Some fish are smarter than others."

The telephone rang, and Erickson went into his bedroom-study to answer it. The various parts of his house flow into one another, and I could see Erickson sitting and talking at a table desk strewn with books and architectural drawings. Behind him, contrasting pleasantly with the yellow tie-silk walls, was a white bookcase, and above that was a large platform bed. A carpeted ladder led up to the bed, over which a big skylight had been cut into the sharp slant of the former garage roof. The only other furniture was a tubular chrome-and-black-pony-skin lounge chair, a classic by Le Corbusier. Erickson likes to rest in it briefly, with his feet above his head, after he comes home from work and before he goes out to dinner.

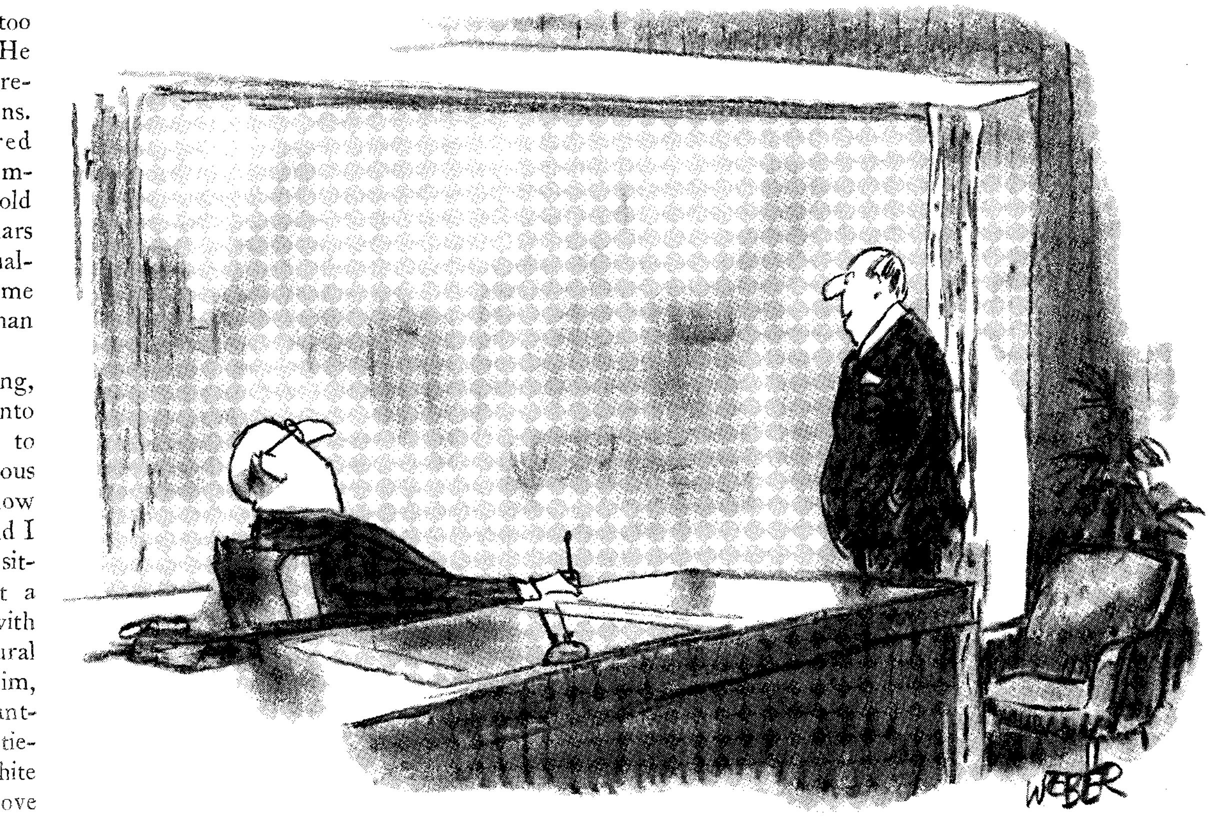
Erickson returned, resuming the conversation before he sat down again. "The original picket fence broke, and five years ago I put up a seven-foot wooden fence," he said. "A city regulation limited fence height to four feet, and when the neighbors objected I cut it down to five. The woman across the street still complained, so I had to apply for a variance at a meeting of the City Council. I am sorry to say I lost my cool. Someone asked what the fence was like, and I said, 'Natural cedar, with a beautiful greenish hue.' One of the councilmen asked if I would paint the fence, and I said, 'Surely, with my background, *I* should be the judge of that!' So I lost." He laughed. "It was my Irish streak. They said I'd have to take the fence down, but I didn't, and finally City Hall asked me to take it down three or four inches. So we compromised all around."

"Erickson doesn't sound Irish to me," I said.

"My father's family were dour Swedes, but my mother's family, the Chattersons, were English and Irish, terribly full of fun and vitality," he said, leaning back in his chair with his hands behind his head. "My mother inherited my Irish grandmother's extraordinary zest for life, along with my English grandfather's originality and argumentativeness. *His* father was an Ontario teacher and amateur doctor who wrote a book about herbal medicine. My grandfather was a big, fat man and a sort of black sheep—he could never settle into anything. He was a policeman, then a private detective, but first he was a wheat farmer in Brandon, Manitoba, near Winnipeg. That's where my mother was born."

When the farm buildings were blown away in a tornado, the Chattersons moved to Winnipeg, and after their daughter married Oscar Erickson they followed the young couple to Vancouver. The Chattersons opened a chocolate-and-ice-cream store there. "It was famous for the best chocolates in Vancouver, called Mary Jane's," Erickson continued. "Since my grandmother insisted on pure cream and the best eggs and chocolate, they could never make any money, but the place was delightful for us children. We loved to dip the molds for chocolate Easter bunnies. My grandparents came every Sunday for dinner, and my grandfather, a radical, argued about *everything* with my father, who was a conservative. My grandmother used to take my brother and me on marvellous walks for four or five hours—always to collect something: pebbles, mushrooms, moss, leaves, flowers. In Manitoba, they had traded with Indians, and she always told us that if she had had her choice she would have been an Indian or a gypsy, because Indians and gypsies had freedom and a closeness to nature. The whole walk was always a discovery, and since she was an avid reader, who read a book a night, she would fascinate us while we walked with a story made up from all six books she'd read that week. We would be entranced, in suspense all the time."

Oscar Erickson lost both legs in the First World War. He was left for dead on the battlefield of Amiens but fortunately was recognized by an acquaintance and taken to a field hospital. Before he went overseas, he had been engaged to Myrtle Chatterson, in Winnipeg, where he was employed as the western sales manager for E. H. Walsh & Company, a drygoods firm. A handsome, somewhat haughty young man, he grew up in Toronto, and prior to the war he had been a fine athlete, who excelled at track. After his



*"The child in me is still alive, Walt, and when I finally step down as chairman, by God, I'm going to let the little fellow out!"*

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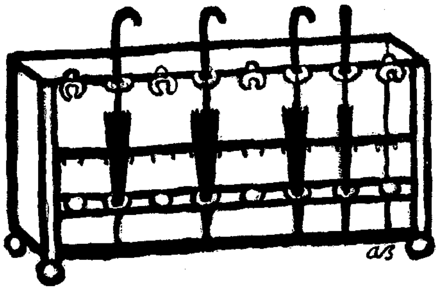
injury, everyone, including Captain Oscar Erickson, thought that the wedding would be off—everyone but Myrtle Chatterson. “It was an awful thing to have happen to anyone—especially someone who loved sports,” she has remarked. “But I said, ‘I’d rather marry a man with wooden legs than a wooden head.’ I worried before I saw him again about how I would feel, but I never changed. He had a terrible time learning to walk, but he never complained. I think it made both the boys more serious—especially Arthur.”

When Oscar Erickson returned to Winnipeg, he persuaded his former firm to take him on as a commission agent, and to let him open new territory, outside of Vancouver. After he was fitted with artificial legs, he learned to walk with canes, and he once climbed a mountain sideways to look at a gold mine he was interested in. He learned to drive a hand-operated car, and he worked as a manufacturer’s agent until he died, in 1965. He liked to entertain his children with stories about the war, and he kept up his interest in athletics. “He was so disappointed that neither of the boys was interested in sports,” Mrs. Erickson has recalled. “The first race Arthur ran, he said to me, ‘Oh, Mother, I don’t want to run,’ and when my husband put both boys in the Seaforth Cadets, a boys’ training corps for the army, Arthur said, ‘I just can’t click my heels fast enough!’ ”

All his life, Oscar Erickson visited hospitals to encourage other double amputees, served on the Vancouver Parole Board, and pursued his favorite avocation—painting from nature, chiefly flowers. Mrs. Erickson, a slender, brown-eyed, dreamy octogenarian, in recent years has lived in comfortable disarray in a small apartment ten minutes from both her sons, surrounded by paintings—her own work, done in a delicate Japanese brush style; her husband’s traditional flowers; dramatic pastels of a calla lily and a forest scene by Arthur; and a landscape by Emily Carr, one of Canada’s revered painters, which she has on loan for life from Arthur, who bought it when Carr was still unknown.

“We were brought up as if my father were absolutely normal,” Erickson told me. He got up and put a Beethoven string quartet on a record-player in the living room, talking as he moved about. “My mother treated him like anyone else, except that when they built their house, in 1919, she insisted, over the contractor’s objections, that the main floor be at ground level and that the garage be attached to the kitchen, although such things were not done at that time. My father was very kind and warm, a humble man, but he was very proud, too, and until he died he did everything for himself. Stairs were his problem, and if they had no railing and we had to help him he would always apologize. I remember once when I was very naughty as a child, I escaped to the second floor, shouting ‘You can’t catch me!’ because I had never seen my father climb that many stairs. I never saw anyone get up those stairs so fast. I don’t know to this day how he did it.” With a smile, Erickson continued, “There wasn’t one thing my parents agreed upon except that they loved one another. I think that was good. My mother had Socialist leanings, and my father was a Royalist. He had got the Military Cross from King George V. He had sung in an Anglican church choir as a boy and went to Anglican services sometimes as an adult, but we were brought up Christian Scientists. My mother tried all the denominations after my father was wounded, and found that one the most optimistic. I came back from Sunday school one day when I was six or seven and told my father he could get his legs back, and shortly after that we dropped Christian Science, but a religion so optimistic is a lot better than an attitude of sin and guilt. However, I have suffered ever since from trying to adjust to the presence of evil in the world. Deep inside, I am convinced that everything is basically good.”

He was leaning back now, staring up at the skylight, through which the sun was streaming, illuminating the plants. He continued, “Our house was full of young people, and we could do anything we wanted. I’ve met so many young people who are the victims of their parents, but ours gave us their complete confidence, and we inherited that trust and acted on it. They were secure and selfless people, always doing for others, not really concerned about themselves, although my father had a lot of discomfort he could have complained about. In an old-fashioned way, they taught us that our duty was to serve our culture and that that was all we were here for. Although we had no independent income, there was no concern if we had money or we didn’t, and that’s part of security, too. If you feel you must have money, you’re insecure if you don’t have it. At the same time, every child has to understand that the basic reality is economic survival. When I originally announced my intention to be a painter, my father said, ‘How are you going to make a living?’ And when I went to the university he said, ‘Now you have to take care of yourself.’ During high school, I always worked summers in fishing and logging camps.”



Mrs. Erickson, an inspired cook, loved to give parties on the spur of the moment—a trait Erickson has inherited—and she involved the whole family in elaborate decorations and culinary preparations. “My father was a very well-organized person, surrounded by disorder, who never knew when or whether he would get his dinner,” Erickson continued. “When my mother cooks, there are pots everywhere and sauces on the ceiling. She is equally creative about her wardrobe. She arrived late at the party I gave for her eightieth birthday because she was painting her shoes gray to match her dress. Not long after that, she went to another party and at the last minute painted her shoes green and had to put them in the oven to dry.”

At thirteen, Erickson began to paint, making a timid copy on his bedroom wall of two very small fish from photographs in the *National Geographic;* he used his father’s paints while his father was away. Having gained confidence and a set of oil paints of his own, Erickson covered all four walls of his room with exotic fish and other fauna. Then he created such an irresistible jungle of plants, birds, and animals in his brother’s room that Donald brought his friends home for target practice with a BB gun, until the plaster started falling down. Erickson’s first professional painting was a stylized horsey hunting scene, done when he was in high school—a mural for the basement of a friend of his mother’s, which took him several months and for which he was paid fifty dollars. He then began doing abstract pastels, and two of them received honorable mention in a show at the Vancouver Art Gallery, where, at sixteen, he was the youngest artist exhibiting. Shortly thereafter, Lawren Harris, a member of the so-called Group of Seven—the first Canadian artists of stature to break away from the European tradition and paint their

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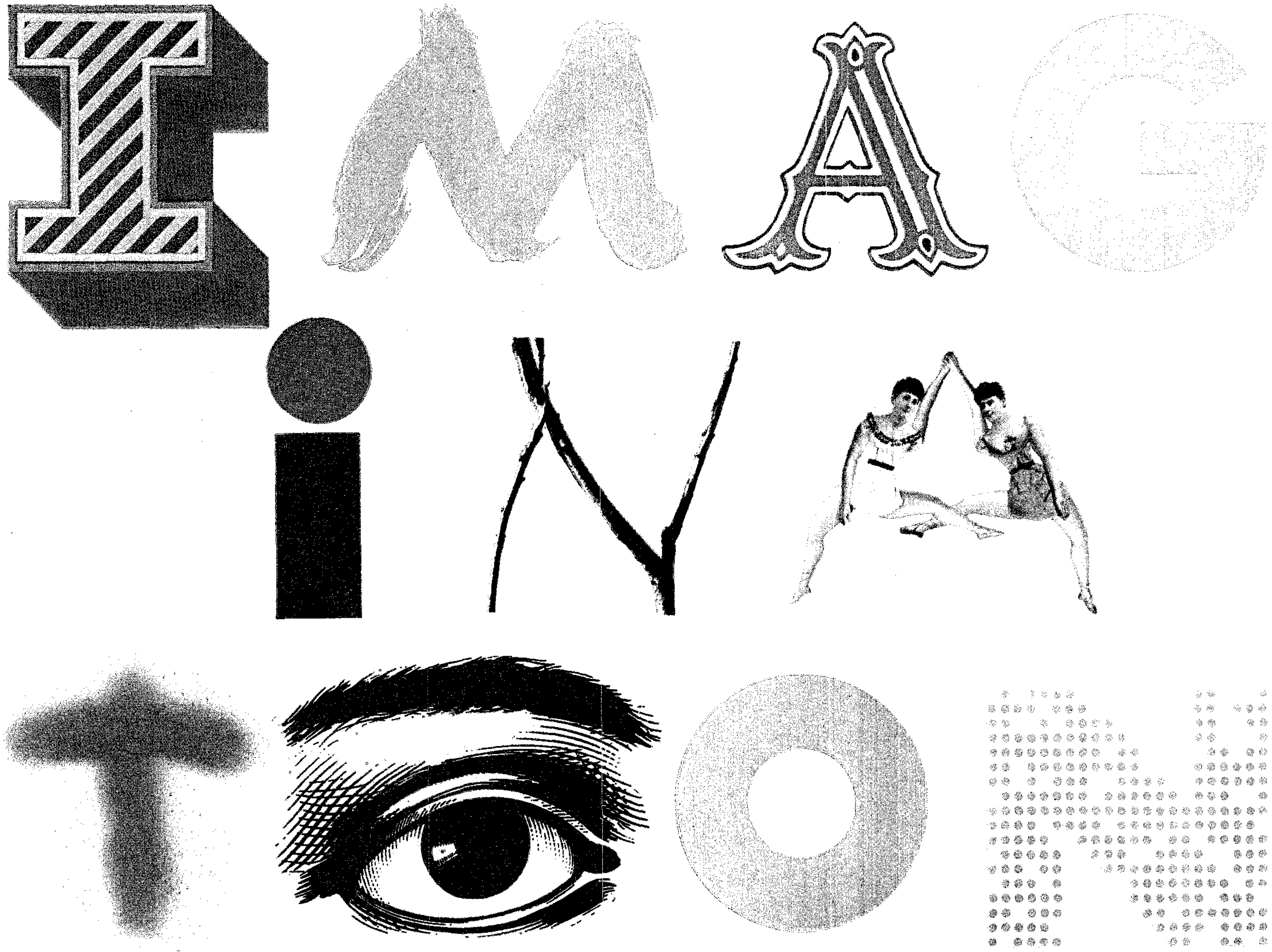

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*Speaking out for tomorrow...today*

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own landscape—came, with his wife, to Erickson's house to see his work. "Harris seemed quite indifferent to my paintings," Erickson told me, "but a month later he phoned to borrow my sketch of the Black Tusk, a mountain crag in Garibaldi Park, near Vancouver, for an exhibition of American nonobjective painters." The Harrises and the Ericksons became fast friends. The Harrises filled a void in Vancouver cultural life; having come from the East, they had intellectual ideas and an elegant life style that Erickson much admired. "Every Saturday night, the Harrises opened their house and the literati of Vancouver arrived at eight sharp," he said. "You sat for three hours in the dark listening to an extraordinary collection of records on probably the finest hi-fi setup in the city, with very interesting people. I was sixteen, and terribly flattered to be included. A whole different world opened to me."

A high-school teacher, Jessie Faunt, gave him his first inkling of design. "She was overjoyed by painting and transmitted this to her students," said Erickson. "I *really* began painting then. I remember being absolutely overwhelmed by a sudden vision of the grand design that pervades nature, the sense of everything's following a certain rhythm. At fourteen, you have very intense feelings, and I felt that this vision gave me the power to capture the truth of *anything*. I would be up until two or three in the morning, sketching. It was kind of a refuge, too. I had a lot of friends, but I didn't enjoy baseball and football, and I was terribly shy. My father thought going to war was your duty to your country and started me very young in the Seaforth Cadets, which I hated. That and the Boy Scouts—I hated it all. Any regimentation is anathema to me."

Erickson no longer paints, and his drawing is limited to architectural sketches. "My painting ideas were original, but I wasn't very good technically," he said. "I am much more interested now in space and landscape and light. My father suggested architecture as an area in which I could use my creative instincts. I had toyed with becoming a biologist, but I knew nothing about architecture. Everyone was quite willing to suggest different things—everyone but Lawren Harris. He said, 'Look, Arthur, it's your life, not mine. Therefore, it is your decision.' It was by far the best advice I got, and exactly the advice I give whenever anyone asks me what to do."

By 1942, Erickson had spent one year at the University of British Columbia. The Second World War was three years old. He joined the Army University Corps and undertook an engineering program, but after a year of that he was invited to join an intensive Japanese-language course. A year later, he was in India with a commission, fifty pounds of Japanese dictionaries, and no basic training, learning to be a commando in a field broadcasting unit, which was to be sent behind enemy lines to demoralize Japanese troops. Luckily, when Erickson's group was on its way to the infiltration point, in Malaya, the Japanese surrendered and the group didn't have to go behind the lines. He was then kept in Malaya as a program director for Radio Kuala Lumpur, although he had never been inside a radio station. "We broadcast in nine languages, none of them Japanese," Erickson said, laughing. "Nobody was listening, or cared what we did, so we put on marvellous plays, terrific music, great poetry readings, and every Thursday, our day off, we went tiger hunting. I went along for the walk, the scenery, and the plants."

SOME months after the end of the war, Erickson returned to Vancouver. He was still thinking of becoming a painter, but nevertheless he spent the summer of 1946 brushing up on economics, history, and Japanese, with a diplomatic career in mind. "Diplomacy allows you to have painting as a hobby, so my father agreed to that," he said.

It was noon, and Erickson went to the stove to fix us some lunch. "I am utterly grateful that I didn't go into diplomacy," he said, putting a pan on the stove, breaking eggs into a bowl, and stirring furiously while he talked. "I have fairly good manners, but I could never have taken orders to act in a way I didn't believe in. So I was thinking about anthropology or archeology. Then a friend of my mother's brought over a copy of *Fortune*, containing the first color photographs of Frank Lloyd Wright's desert house, Taliesin West. When I saw those pictures, I said immediately, 'If you can do as imaginative and creative a thing as that in architecture, I want to be an architect.' I wired all the Eastern universities I could think of—Harvard, Yale, M.I.T., the University of Toronto, McGill, in Montreal. Being a Westerner, I wanted to understand the Eastern mind. It was barely a month before school started, and McGill was the only university I heard from. So I packed my bags and left for Montreal."

Erickson set two heated plates holding omelettes filled with tuna fish and black caviar on the table. "This is called an *omelette en faveur du curé*, and the trick is to turn it out into a

Bernard Schoenbaum

hot dish that has melted butter, lemon, parsley, and chives in it," he said. Back at the counter, he stirred oil and vinegar briskly into a bowl of salad greens, set it down between us, and resumed his seat. "This is special for this Sunday. Ordinarily, my lunch is tea and sashimi, a Japanese dish of raw fish—if I can get it—or a fresh pear and Brie cheese. I have it at my desk." The music stopped, and he went into the living room and changed records, holding them carefully by their edges. He had started the coffee machine again, and it provided a hissing counterpoint to the melancholy, haunting melody that drifted into the kitchen. "I have music when I work—Bach preferably."

He sat down and began eating. "My whole life in architecture has been a continual unfolding. I enjoyed every minute of my four years at McGill," Erickson said. He and a close friend, Douglas Shadbolt, who is founder and former director of the School of Architecture at Carleton University, in Ottawa, went east to McGill together. "Being Westerners, I think we had a certain brashness, but also a freshness and originality," Erickson continued. "The Eastern mind seemed very conventional. I still find more in common with architects on the West Coast of the United States than I do with those in Eastern Canada. With a Western background, you don't look to any older culture for standards, so unique solutions are the rule. We really appreciated how free we were, coming from the West."

When he finished eating, he sat gazing out at the garden. "I love that river grass out there. Look at the beautiful pattern. And within the pattern are all the variations, like thirty-two variations of Beethoven compressed into a single image."

He picked up the dirty dishes and put them in the sink. "I didn't listen to my teachers much, but I had three people who influenced me—all keenly observant, original spirits," he said, returning to the table. "My mother was the strongest, then Lawren Harris, and I had a design professor at McGill, a painter, Gordon Webber, who has since died. He was a cripple, four feet tall with only one leg and an extraordinary way of seeing. He made you study the potential of materials, following Bauhaus methods. One exercise was to work with every way of folding and creasing paper, and another was to explore the depth of space on paper with floating dots and straight lines. He was original with photography, too. We had to photograph the effect of light on paper and on solid forms, and do our own darkroom work. He was very vague—never explained anything clearly, which forced you to see for yourself. I don't think I would be as receptive to everything as I am without Gordon Webber."

*"Too sexy."*

THE summer before his final year at McGill, Erickson went to see Frank Lloyd Wright at Taliesin East, in Wisconsin. "The taxi dropped me at the bottom of the hill the house was built on," Erickson said. "I walked into a sort of stable filled with at least a dozen cars and trucks—among them, two Lincoln Continentals—all painted Wright's favorite color, Cherokee red. I emerged into a beautiful courtyard of extraordinary peace and quiet, where the only sound was a swish from a branch of pine as a jet of water from a pool hit it and pushed it out of the way and it came back. I walked up the hill to the top, where you could look over the house, which was built around but not on the summit, and see the whole countryside—an absolutely beautiful blending of building and landscape. When I entered the foyer of the house, someone was playing a harpsichord, and I felt that this was what a medieval monastery must have been like. At my interview, Wright was completely charming, with a Welsh twinkle, and immensely flattering, because he seemed interested only in your opinions, your future, what you believed in, what your background was. It was a Sunday, and later everyone assembled in their best clothes in the living room, and then Wright and Mrs. Wright came in and sat on special chairs, with everybody at their feet. I remember my feeling of dismay at all the false ceremony. I felt that this was really Mrs. Wright, and that Wright went along with it, with a nice little sense of humor, because he enjoyed being starred."

Wright invited Erickson to Taliesin for the year, offering to let him pay the eleven-hundred-dollar tuition whenever he could. Erickson, jubilant, returned to McGill to pack his belongings. But when he informed the director of the School of Architecture, John Bland, of his plans, he found that he was in line for the next year's travelling scholarship, awarded annually to the best graduating student; he stayed. "Sometimes there is a door you

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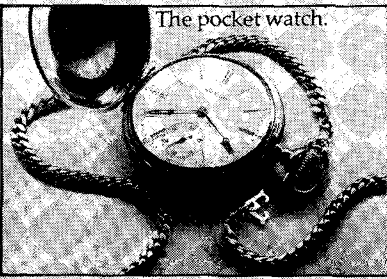
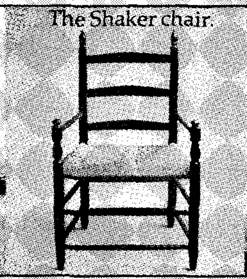
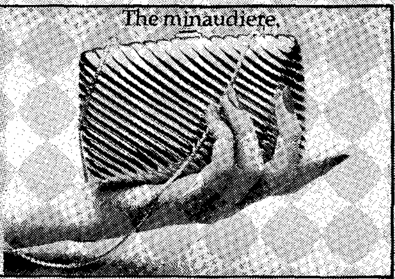

The pocket watch.


The Shaker chair.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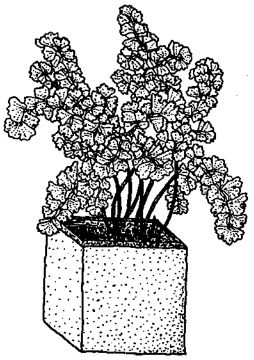
could have gone through that would have changed your life, and you are somehow rescued," he told me. "The idea of peace and retreat was terribly attractive, but I believe now that you have to be in the thick of things. It might have taken years and years to recover."

Erickson's travelling scholarship gave him fifteen hundred dollars, and he managed to stretch that, an eight-hundred-dollar veteran's grant, and free passage he wangled on a freighter taking dynamite to India into almost three years of travel through the Middle East, Europe, and Scandinavia. Everywhere Erickson went, he photographed the indigenous architecture, mailing home the undeveloped film; his collection has now proliferated into fifteen thousand color slides—almost all taken in clear sunlight and largely unpeopled.



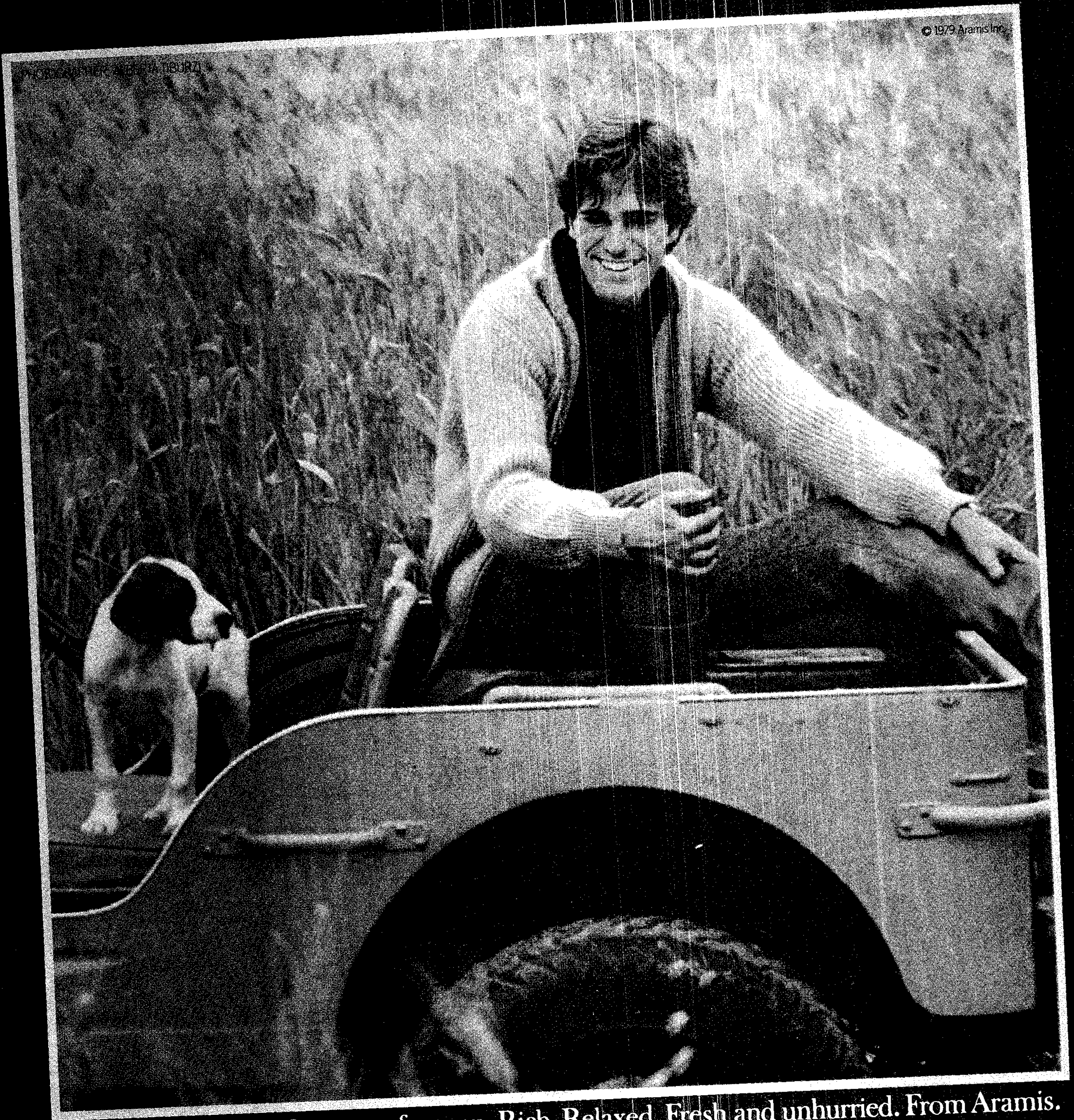
Italy suited him best, and he stayed there longest. He wrote home to his parents that he "never knew that so much bad painting had been done" until he visited the museums in Venice, and that the interior of St. Mark's was distinguished for its "ineptitude," but that Venice was "not far from those projected ideal cities in management of traffic, for the pedestrian walks unimpeded by any vehicle." He was entranced with Florence. "Collected in this small space," he wrote, "is most of what has given us the reason and desire to reach this present moment in history . . . the impetus to send us staggering to now."

Florence held him for nine months. An organized daily regime of sightseeing took him inch by inch through Florence and into the environs, where he visited that ancient high priest of art Bernard Berenson, at his villa, I Tatti. "He gave me names of marvellous places I would never have gone to otherwise," Erickson said now, leaning back again with his hands behind his head and gazing up at his skylight-greenhouse. "I lived in a bathroom in Florence, using a mattress on top of the bathtub. After nine months, I was still rushing around trying to cram in a few things I hadn't yet been able to see. Vancouver is my home, but I have always thought of myself as a Florentine, although now I would like to live in the maturity of Rome." He suddenly shifted position, bringing his elbows down on the table in front of him and resting his chin in his hands. "That trip was the best thing that ever happened to me. I was thrilled by the originality and audacity of the early builders. The commanding presence of buildings that exuded an inner life became the criterion of great art for me. I believe we live our lives backward anyway—that everything is known and that somehow we have to go through it once again. As a North American, I had always looked for roots. I discovered that our culture, thoughts, sense of form and space were very much part of the Western experience from the twelfth century on. Part of anyone's quest is to find the missing pieces in whatever mosaic it is necessary for him to function in, and I needed to know"—he paused—"why I am what I am."

In London, at the end of the trip, he took a job assisting the architect son of Sigmund Freud, Ernst. "He wasn't a very good architect, but it was a fascinating experience," Erickson said. "I worked for him on a competition project, and his office was in his garage. Every afternoon, we came into the house for tea, and there were always amusing people there. He paid me twelve pounds a week, which was about thirty-five dollars then, and it was awfully difficult to live on."

On his return from Europe, Erickson worked for several major Vancouver architectural firms and got fired from two. "I would have fired me today," he said. "I was looking at things too differently. One firm was designing the main Vancouver post office and I suggested using different layers of glass to make its enormous mass less heavy and give the illusion of depth. Highly impractical and costly. I wouldn't do that now. Really, I was a dreamer and not much use. I wasted a lot of their money." He laughed, got up and stretched, and poured fresh coffee into our mugs.

On the side, Erickson and Geoffrey Massey, whom he had met in Vancouver, had begun designing houses for their friends: an earlier dwelling for the Smiths, which won a medal for small-house design; a studio-residence for an artist, Ruth Killam, whom Massey married shortly afterward. Then Erickson began a dramatic pavilion-like structure, with Persian overtones, above the magnificent Comox Glacier, on Vancouver Island, for Rob Filberg, a wealthy young man whose vision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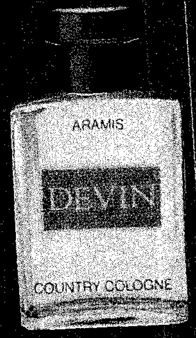
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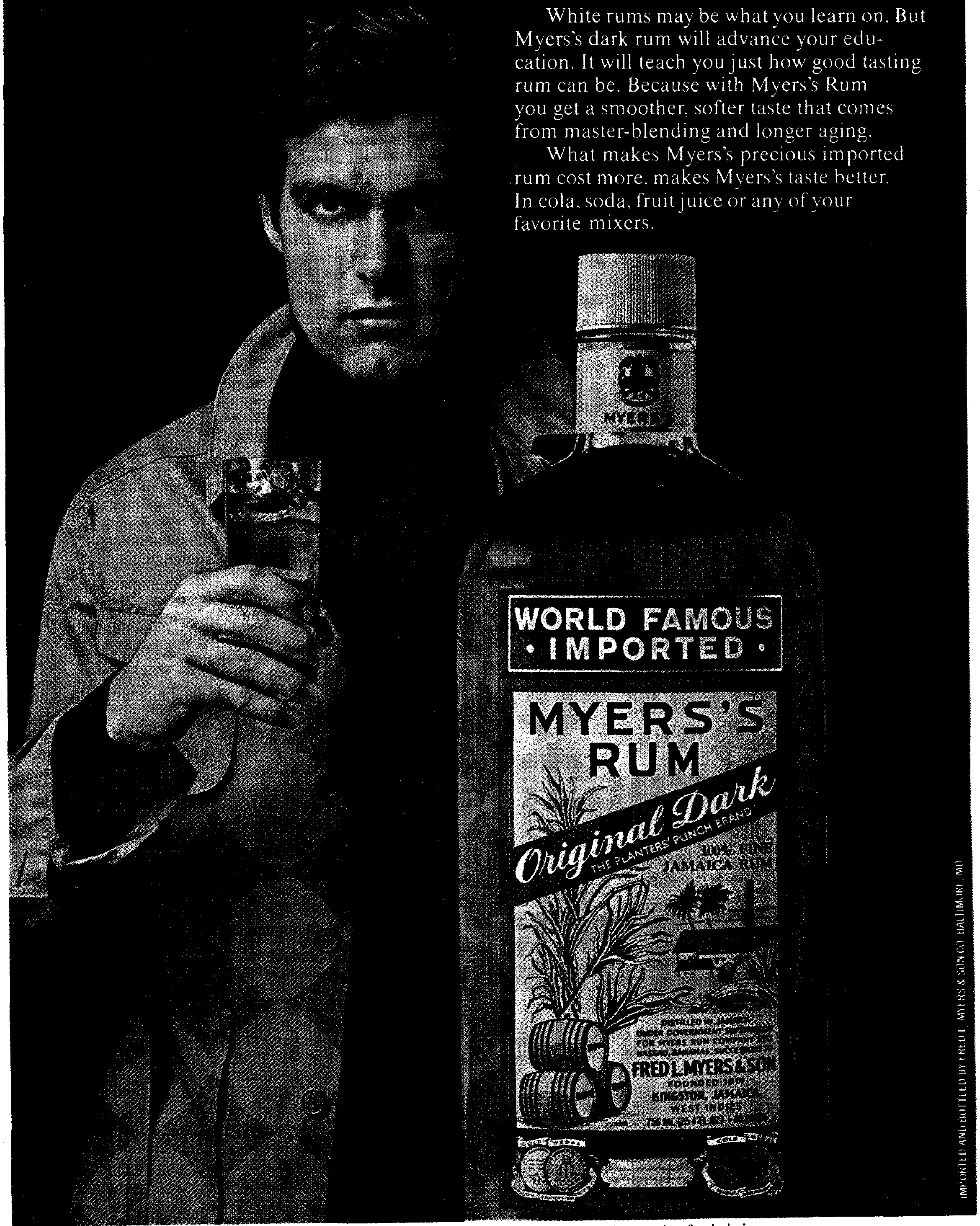
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was to establish a cultural center where world leaders could meet informally and talk. Filberg was having severe emotional problems, and planning the center seemed to give him a fresh purpose. "I had a feeling that I was in a race against Filberg's destruction, and that if he could get into his house with the grand scheme working, he would have the motivation he needed," Erickson said. Filberg died in a freak accident before the house was done. His family commissioned Erickson to finish it as a private dwelling, and it was sold. Erickson can still describe every detail of that landscape—the conformation of trees, fields, orchards, cliffs, and "the ethereal beauty" of the view. "I am an idiot in anything but the visual realm," he said. "I have difficulty remembering such things as names and appointments, but I can walk over any setting in my mind. I never forget one."

Erickson began teaching architecture in 1955, at the University of Oregon. The following year, he joined the faculty of the University of British Columbia, which had turned him down when he first came back from Europe. He taught there until 1964, leaving a year after he and Geoffrey Massey jointly won a competition for the design of Simon Fraser University and formed a partnership that lasted eight years. In 1973, standing in the mall at Simon Fraser and speaking from a portable lectern that he and Massey had presented as a gift to the university, he told graduating students and guests, "North American civilization is one of the ugliest to have emerged in human history, and it has engulfed the world. Asphalt and exhaust fumes clog the villages . . . Holiday Inns proliferate in Afghanistan, Nepal, and Bali; Wimpy burgers on the Champs-Élysées. This great, though disastrous, culture can only change as we begin to stand off and see . . . the inveterate materialism which has become the model for cultures around the globe. . . . Our cities are alive with fake building styles, our homes with fake antiques, our hotels and restaurants and shopping centers with the false pastiche of other lands . . . Disneyland is rife across the land . . . the profound charade that disguises momentarily the emptiness of our souls."

At the McGill convocation ceremonies in 1975, he advised graduating students that the "cultural laundering" they had received might make them think they had a "universal expertise" to offer. "Expertise it may be, universal it is not," he said. "You have been thoroughly versed only in the conceits of your own culture and your own time. . . . But to further persist in our view of progress on this earth against all other views is to risk eliminating what little remains of the other great world cultures." Before they could learn, they must "unlearn" and challenge "the old icons of individualism, of progress, of science," so that "other forms may become open to our view."

Rubbing his head, Erickson said now, "What I said is, 'Forget what all these gurus have told you. It's been a valuable experience. Now forget it. They have been training you in your own cult, and there are many other cults in the world you have to learn.' The students listened in a kind of rapt silence, but I don't think the faculty liked it much. Not one member of the faculty even *talked* to me afterward."

FORMER students of Erickson's at U.B.C. remember him as a profound teacher. One of them, Bruno Freschi, describes Erickson's teaching method as "a Socratic, sort of open-ended Zen approach," and explained, "His objective was to turn the person on. Modern architecture is immersed in detail and restrictive therapeutic approaches, whereas Arthur is concerned with design that reflects what he calls timeless dimensions of human behavior. He has a humanist's perception of space, introduces metaphors and symbols into buildings, and tries to define the rhythm of human patterns." Freschi continued, "One of the most poetic problems he created was called 'Seven Stones.' He said to the class one day, 'The assignment is to choose seven stones, and present your project in three weeks.' It was terribly generative. Some students danced with seven stones, some glued them to a piece of cardboard, and one got seven beautiful stones from the beach and presented them in a velvet box, clanking them together for everyone to hear. It was a little performance. Arthur looked and said, 'Why are you wearing a blue sweater?' The kid was dumbfounded and replied, 'That has nothing to do with the problem!' And Arthur said, 'No. It's a performance, and your clothing is part of it.' "

I asked Erickson about all this. "I liked teaching, but I could never carry on a career and teach, too," he said. "Teaching takes everything out of you. I always made a point of teaching the first-year students, to try and break down the hypocrisy of high school and North American middle-class upbringing." He paused. "I wonder what it is

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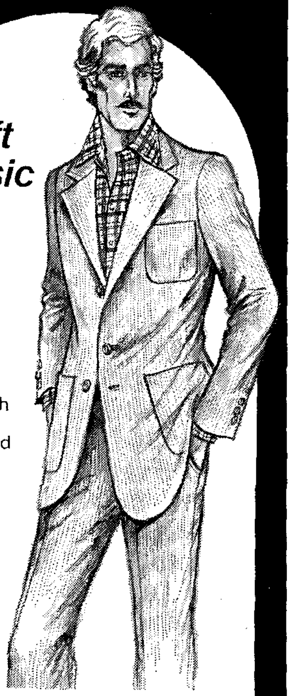

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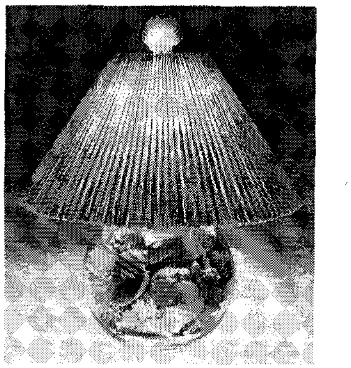

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about the middle class I hate so much? Conventions, I think. Everything is done for reasons other than intrinsic worth. In a creative field, one has to battle this.

"As far as I am concerned, the Socratic is the *only* method of teaching. All my exercises were to force the students to probe their own resources for the meaning of things and not do anything by habit or convention. None of us knew what the problem was, and the whole exercise was to find out. The assignment just to 'choose seven stones' puts students in a state of confusion—a state where there are no answers, only questions. Whenever they come up with what seems like a solution, you take it away, so they have to search deeper and deeper for reasons for their behavior. The choice of the number seven was purely numerical. With *seven* stones, you immediately have questions of grouping, shape, mass, size, color, and texture, and whether to subgroup within the seven. Students climbed to the top of mountains and dived to the bottom of the sea to collect stones. I got in geologists and mineralogists so that we could understand the context of stones as essential ingredients of the earth—which gave them still a different meaning. Suddenly, the stoniness of stone became a fascinating exercise in the history of the earth and of this region. The possibilities were endless, and the students began to realize that with seven stones one could convey practically anything."

Erickson got up and stood with his back against the sink, looking into the garden, as he went on, "During their first year, when I was trying to get them to explore all aspects of their sensitivity, I would arrange a carefully designed dinner, usually Chinese, and then set a problem of designing an unconventional feast, for which they would have to consider light, enclosure, and ambience. I also let a dancer take over the class, to make them aware of their bodies in space, to show how they could explore anything in architecture by movement. One exercise was to draw themselves in a position of movement and then provide a device to support that position out of plastic, wood, paper, or metal. At the end, I pointed out that they had been designing furniture. If I had said, 'Look, we're going to design a chair or a bed,' they would have explored design on the basis of previous memories of chairs or beds. By approaching the model from the opposite, and essential, direction, I was able to make them realize the vital aspects of furniture."

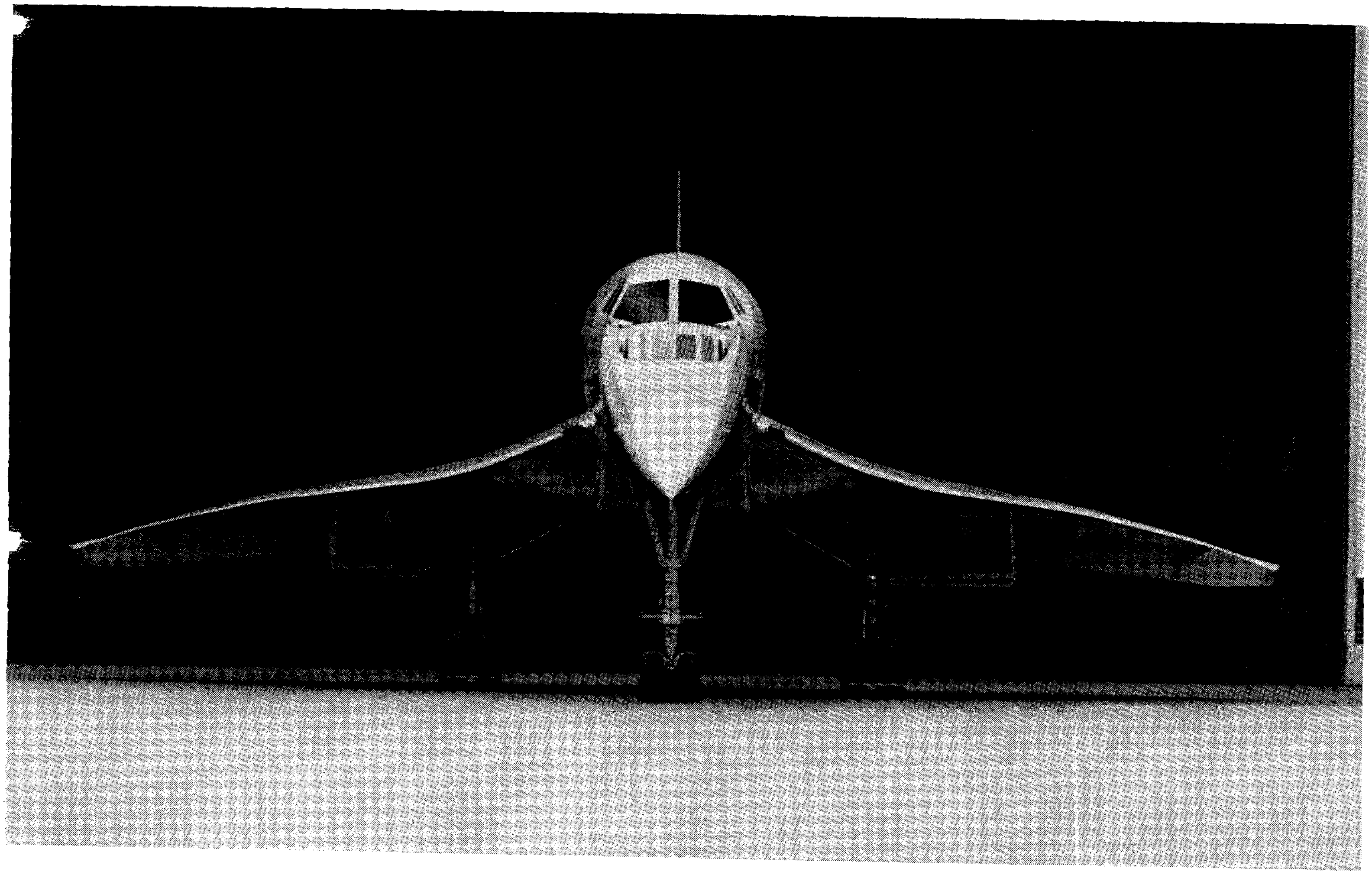
d. ehrenberg

He sat down. "Now, how does all this lead to building? I was trying to set up a discipline of approach, so that the students would give any problem the same questioning. This is my own approach to an architectural problem. The method doesn't work on many people. All you can hope to do in teaching is to touch one person—perhaps two—in a class, who begins to realize the force of the elements he is dealing with. Architects are so rarely aware of their own powers of communication, and therefore most of what we see is indifferent building, which nevertheless affects us by its indifference."

In 1961, Erickson received a Canadian government grant to study in Japan, Cambodia, and Indonesia, and he had a revelation in Japan which was similar in its impact to his vision at fourteen of the grand design of nature. He had made his usual careful study beforehand of what he wanted to see, and his first stop was Jikkō-in, a classical fourteenth-century Zen temple outside the city of Nara, where he lived for ten days. "I arrived in late afternoon, when nobody was there, and sat on a platform overlooking the garden. It was called a view-borrowing garden, because the hedges were clipped like hills and seemed to extend right out to the hills of Nara. The foreground was raked sand, representing the sea, which gave the temple the illusion of floating."

From there, he went to the great Daisen-in temple garden, in Kyōto. "I was in complete isolation; it was a unique opportunity to experience Japanese life and architecture over a period of five centuries. Unlike us, the Japanese do not move from era to era historically—they pile one on top of another so that an era is never finished but remains alive and vital. Most Western books about Japanese architecture are conditioned by the Bauhaus way of seeing things—especially Mondrian and simple divisions of space. You have to be careful lest your culture screen your vision so that all you see is what you know." Erickson helped the priest at Daisen-in write an English guidebook (which was still in use when he returned eight years later), but after three weeks on the vegetarian temple diet Erickson had such an overwhelming craving

# La Différence.



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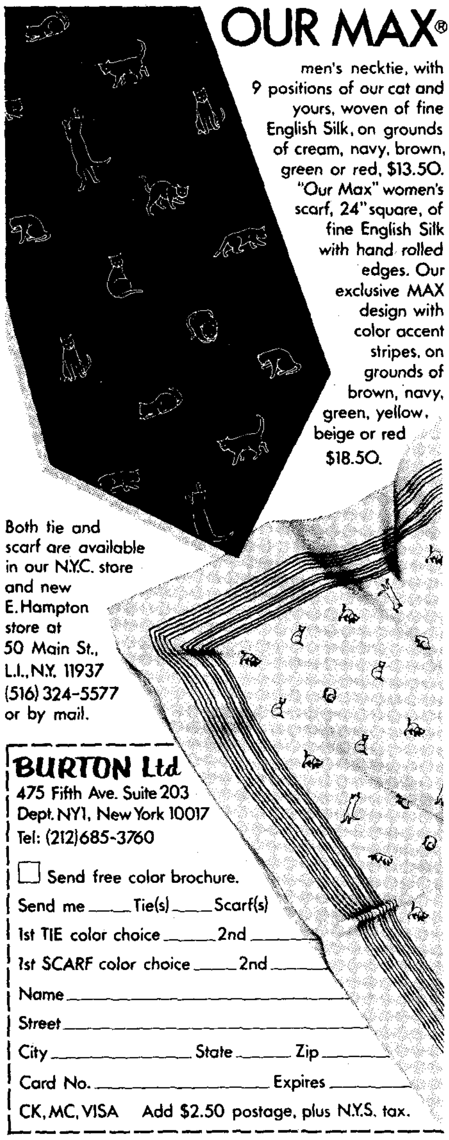

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for sweets and meat that he departed.

Erickson's next stop was the Kokedera, another great temple garden, with two teahouses, near Kyōto—and there he had his revelation. "I realized that Japanese architecture has nothing in common with Western—it is not designed around the human being," he told me. "It makes no difference where you enter or sit or do anything, because a Japanese building is basically an expansion from the innermost space—to which one retreats in cold weather—outward, right into nature itself.

"One teahouse in the temple garden was a small structure, and all the supporting posts came down on different bases at different heights. One was buried in the ground, another stood on a log beam, and a third on a rock. I was so annoyed at the designer for having decided, without apparent reason, to make each post different that I vowed to stay there, without food or drink, until I solved the mystery. I was there all morning, wandering through the garden, which was covered with moss and looked as if nothing had ever been pruned or touched but had been allowed to grow naturally. Just as I was asking myself 'Shall I break my vow?' I heard a rustling in the distance, like a flock of birds coming in my direction. From the forest emerged about a dozen men and women gardeners dressed in blue, with baskets for gathering leaves. They put up ladders, climbed them, and then they began pruning the trees. I am accustomed to tree pruning with saws and shears, but these gardeners had scissors the size of nail scissors, and they were giving the pine trees a kind of haircut, removing dead needles, trimming each cluster of needles in their hands, and they were picking the dead leaves off the maples one at a time. The trees seemed to breathe with an openness they hadn't had before, and I realized that here was the secret: I had been looking for what exists in Western architecture—the vitality and strong presence that belong to the human figure, with which we are preoccupied—whereas the whole basis of Japanese perception is nature, the plant, that exists in this extraordinary grace, branching out toward the infinite. If we studied all our lives, we would never have that innate sense of how a tree grows, or wants to grow. I was able to go back to the teahouse then and see that the architect was trying to imply within that static structure the same reaching out and upward that occurs in the tree form, starting with a spiralling from one level to another at the very base of the building. I thought, If one needs that kind of revelation to even begin to understand the Japanese, there are still the cultures of the Middle East, Africa, India, and China, which I know nothing about. So I became a dedicated traveller."

The sun had gone down, and darkness was moving across the green garden. Erickson sprang up. "Look at that raccoon!" he cried. "Bastard! He's fishing at the pool!" When Erickson opened the door, the raccoon scampered off.

"These observations are not reflected consciously in my buildings when I am designing, because that would be bound to fail," Erickson continued. "But I am sure they find expression superconsciously. I leave everything to the last minute, and it somehow comes together. You get hunches that you have to do something, you simply have to, and they are a terribly accurate indicator. You've got to listen to them. If you don't, you invariably do something wrong. Intellectual reasoning is the narrowest reasoning possible, but your superconscious, which is so much better informed than your conscious mind, is the storehouse of all your experience, and you should be drawing on that to solve any problem." He looked at his watch, stretched his arms out in a tired gesture, and said, "Meet me at the office tomorrow. I'll show you the model for the Vancouver civic center, and then we'll go out to the new Anthropology Museum at U.B.C."

ERICKSON had been back from his trip to the Far East for two years when he and Geoffrey Massey won first prize in the Simon Fraser University competition. They were supposed to submit a design for a typical American campus, with a separate building for each teaching discipline. "When Gordon Shrum, the first chancellor of Simon Fraser, announced our names as the winners, we almost fell over," Geoffrey Massey told me when I saw him and his wife at his home the next evening. He is a tall, dark-haired man who bears a close resemblance to his father, the actor Raymond Massey. "We had ignored the requirements, because we thought the university should be a tight complex of elements for use, not of disciplines—with offices, laboratories, and lecture halls arranged in juxtaposition to one another conveniently, to save travel time. We thought we might get a pat on the back for having a good scheme, but we didn't have a hope of winning."

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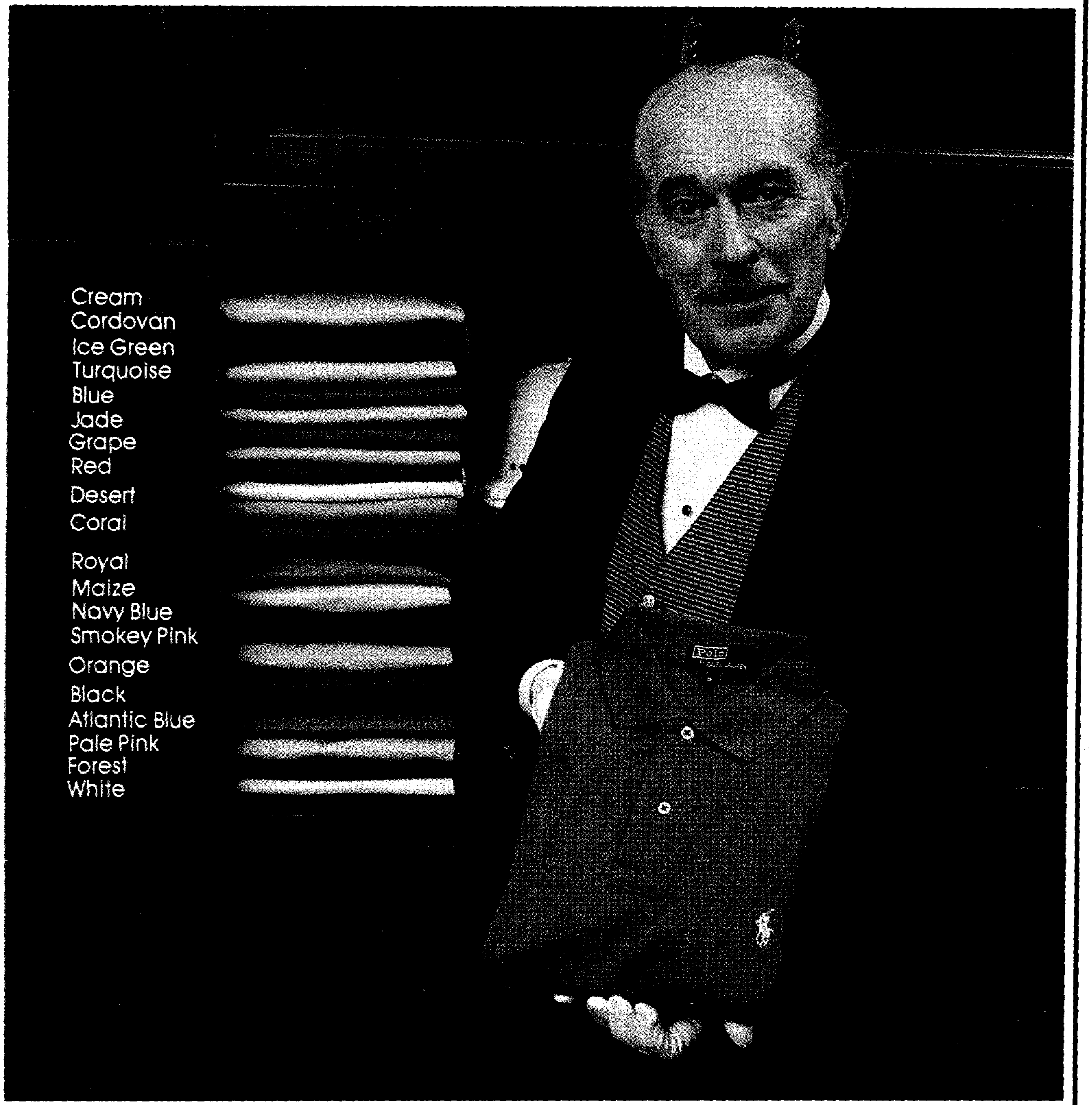
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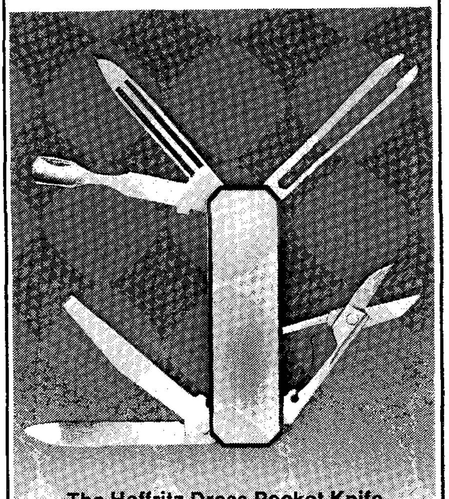
don Shrum, who was then chairman of the giant British Columbia Hydro and Power Authority, was following the provincial premier's orders to select a site, hire architects, build a university for six thousand students, and open it by September, 1965. Shrum, now a hyperactive eighty-three, has since been given the assignment of overseeing the construction of another Erickson-designed project—the new Vancouver civic-center complex. His main chore is to keep a tight hold on the purse strings, since Erickson, like most architects, sometimes has an aptitude for overspending.

Shrum recalls the genesis of the university design very precisely: "I flew in a little B.C. Hydro company plane over the Fraser Valley and decided that the imaginative thing was to put the university on top of Burnaby Mountain. I arranged a competition, open only to B.C. architects. They had to submit three drawings: a plan, a perspective, and an elevation, which is a façade of the building. Any architect, or a firm, could enter, and the first five winners could each take a five-thousand-dollar prize or build one part of the university. Three-quarters of the architects in B.C. worked on it, and we eventually had seventy-one entries. There was a seventy-second, but his wife went to the hairdresser on the way to deliver his drawings and missed the deadline. *I* was completely dizzy, with two hundred and some drawings, but my international panel of judges was unanimous on one set—Erickson and Massey's. Their drawings were so plain that they would never have caught my inexperienced eye. Erickson had built houses and was an associate professor at U.B.C.—not even in business. But if we had chosen anyone else's design, people would never have come from all over the world to see the university." He scratched his head, and his eyes gleamed behind his glasses. "You drive along that mountain road and don't see a thing. Suddenly, there it is! Dramatic!"

Each of the four runners-up in the Simon Fraser competition chose to build one of the five original units within the over-all design of the winning architects. Thus, with Erickson and Massey in charge, four essentially rival architecture firms worked on the theatre and gymnasium, the library, the science block, and the quadrangle of offices and classrooms. An Erickson mound crowns the grassy courtyard of the quadrangle—the only detail that makes Shrum nervous. "I would have preferred a formal garden, like the one at Versailles," he says.

The winners chose to build the mall—actually, a three-story building—because it linked everything together. Erickson has designed several smaller buildings for the university since, and is consulted now whenever construction is anticipated, but during a period of strained relations two structures were put up over Erickson and Massey's opposition—a men's residence, Shell House, which sticks out at right angles to the rest of the design, and a prominent gas station, the funds for both having been provided by the Shell Oil Company.

The students and faculty of Simon Fraser like the place when the sun shines, but rain and fog produce a gaggle of complaints. "Knocking the university is the 'in' thing to do," remarked a student hitchhiker whom I picked up on my first visit there. In wet weather, which prevails twice as often on the mountaintop as in the city of Vancouver just below, the gray concrete has a depressing effect, and the mall becomes a wind tunnel in gusty weather. Everyone grumbles about narrow underground corridors, many of them inserted later by the administration, and small classrooms. "Magnificent to look at but not to work in," says a professor who has been there since the university opened; he feels that the quad offices combine a lack of privacy and a sense of isolation. There have been chronic problems with leaks, and for these the speed with which the concrete was poured has been blamed. Some people complain about the swallows and pigeons that nest under the overhang where the pre-cast cement walls meet the roof. The space-frame roof over the quarter-mile-long mall, containing an acre of glass in a daring innovative design by Jeffrey Lindsay, a Los Angeles-based architectural research-and-development specialist, was plagued with construction difficulties. The contractor ordered the wrong glass, and, after an unusually heavy snowfall in 1969, forty-five per cent of the panes broke—1,900 out of a total of 4,224. The mall was boarded over for a few months, and twice as many panes—half the original size—were installed. A complicated series of lawsuits over who was to pay the bill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for repairs ensued among the architects, the original roof designer, several insurance companies, and the university; the suits were settled out of court in 1975, and Lindsay was paid.

"Our instructions were to build as economically as possible, and that's why we went to concrete," Erickson says. "It was supposed to be covered with vines, and when it's wet it's awfully dark gray, but the better mixes that are available now would still be too expensive. I really *like* concrete. It's the marble of our time—the stone of our century—and it's a natural material of the earth. As for whether the students like the way it is up there, Simon Fraser was a center of unrest in the sixties, but I knew there wouldn't be serious damage and they would solve their problems, because there was no escaping them. The concentration of people may not be pleasant, but it's important, because it's the reality of life. The basis of culture is the city, and a university should be like a miniature city, to develop an interchange of ideas. What Simon Fraser lacks is a real community, an all-student resident population. Most of the students now commute. The university has temporarily abandoned the idea of more residences, but I'm not going to let them abandon it for keeps!"

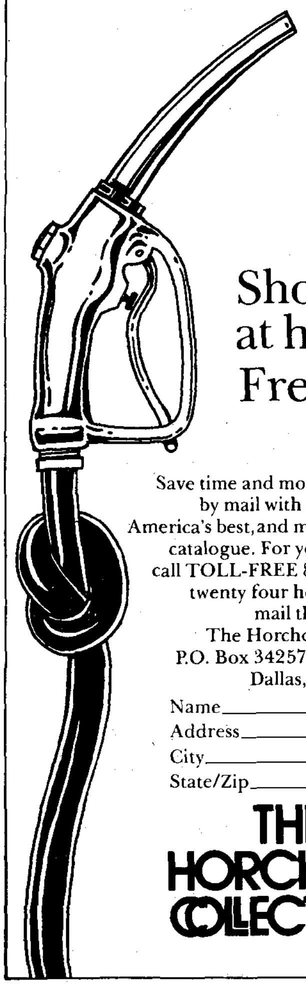
Erickson has compared his second university, Lethbridge, a long ribbon of concrete which seems to span the valley from one ridge line to another among the Alberta wheat fields, to an enormous ocean liner. Like Simon Fraser, it is a single complex, but its central focus is an outdoor assembly area on top of a boiler house. "I had remembered a Chinese student placing the furnace of her house in the middle of her living room because, she rightly claimed, it was the heart of the house," Erickson wrote in the text accompanying a dramatic photograph of the university in his book.

ERICKSON is always ready to try new building materials. Currently, he is contemplating a chrome-plated steel residence for the twin brother of the owner of the Eppich house. In 1976, for the visitors' pavilion at the United Nations Habitat Conference in Vancouver, he used recycled newspapers as the basic material for small, curved panels, formed—and decorated with bright, funny paintings—by two thousand schoolchildren. "Five laminations of old newspapers, like an enormous egg crate"—that was Erickson's description of it. Its airy charm has reminded his admirers of another experimental pavilion that Erickson designed, in the fifties—the cabaña beside the swimming pool of a wealthy Vancouverite named Dal Grauer. The material he used then was plastic, and that was before engineers were quite sure how plastic could be used. Like the Habitat pavilion, the Grauer cabaña had a lightness, as if it were floating. "He showed his real touch right then," another Vancouver architect has commented. "The Grauer cabaña was the first time anyone had done anything that frivolous out here. It was so nice!"

The Grauer cabaña was one of Erickson's first commissions, and the plastics company that molded the fibreglass forms for him unfortunately went into receivership while three of the panels were still in the plant. "It was hair-raising," Erickson recalls. "I was so anxious not to let Grauer know that the company had gone bust that I had to rent a truck and sneak those panels out at night myself." Erickson's own house has a black shower stall with an oval entrance and a circular flower-shaped cutout in the ceiling which lets in light; the stall is a memento from the same ill-fated plastics company.

Frank Mayrs, the Canadian government's creative director for international exhibitions, a thin man with a wispy mustache and a sympathetic nature, has worked with Erickson off and on since 1965, starting with the first of Erickson's prize-winning international-fair structures: a rough-timber pavilion at the Tokyo Trade Fair which had a pool for logrolling demonstrations. The building that followed, for Expo '67, in Montreal, housed the Man in the Community exhibit and has been described by Erickson as "a kind of miniature Eden," with reflecting pools in a tropical garden and an enormous octagonal slatted roof—actually a tent of wood—that decreased in size as it rose to a high opening (infinity). Then came the Canadian pavilion at Expo '70, in Osaka, Japan, which was judged the best there by the Architectural Institute of Japan. For both of these pavilions, Jeffrey Lindsay was on the design team. The Osaka pavilion was sheathed in mirrors (infinity again)—a wall treatment Erickson first saw used in a pleasure pavilion at the end of a lovely garden in Isfahan, Iran. At Osaka, five giant rotating umbrellas in multicolored designs by Gordon Smith became the roof covering.

"You set limits for Erickson, and his proposal is always more than you anticipated," Mayrs told me. "You want to do it, and you immediately run into the problem of cost. He treats his buildings like sculpture and tries to preserve the architectural spaces he



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creates, even to leaving them empty, when our job demands that the space be booked up, in the traditional exhibit manner. Our pavilion at Osaka was fantastic, but we worried about what effect the reflection of the sun in the mirrors would have on people's eyes, on adjoining buildings, and on the inside temperature. 'You never get direct summer sun in Japan,' Arthur said, but by midsummer the sun was coming straight down, and some buildings around us had to reroute their queue lines. A lot of diplomatic notes went back and forth, and we had to fog the glass with spray paint on one side of the pavilion to check the reflection so we could go on coexisting with our neighbors. When you deal with Arthur, you have to accept heartaches and worries, but the essential thing that must *never* be lost sight of is that the building works."

Mayrs continued, "I knew he would come up with a memorable scheme for Habitat. I got a budget for a hundred thousand dollars, and we talked tents. He did a scheme reminiscent of West Germany's tent at Expo '67, and I O.K.'d it. At the next meeting, there was a totally new scheme—the papier-mâché one—which he claimed could be done for still less. But we finally went up to two hundred and fifty thousand. It was a totally experimental process, and the cost, primarily for time, kept escalating, so we had a meeting, and he said he wouldn't cut down, but he did. In terms of a fee, I guess he ended up working for nothing or losing money. It was a wonderful idea to use schoolchildren. It involved the whole city of Vancouver, and that pavilion captured *everyone's* imagination."

Erickson's addition to the Bank of Canada, in Ottawa, is a handsome, light, twelve-story structure of glass and copper, which gives a welcome variety to the gray quality of that city's architecture. The copper was pretreated by workmen imported from Japan for their skill in producing what he felt was just the greenish patina to blend the structure with the "surrounding urban landscape." His original plan called for a glassed-in mall as well, which would have linked the bank building to another structure across the end of one of the busiest streets in the Canadian capital, close to the Parliament Buildings, to make a winter garden. Ottawa winters are hideously cold and gray, and his concept would have added green trees all year round. "Besides, the heat loss on the walls on either side would have been reduced, so it would have made good sense," he says. "Now there's just a canyon in between the buildings where you can't grow *anything*."

Early this spring, Erickson and Bing Thom, a third-generation Chinese Canadian who happens to have been born in Hong Kong and is the Erickson firm's projects director, conducted a week of seminars in Peking for Chinese city planners and architects. Planning for tourist travel in China, the updating of building techniques and materials, and Erickson's own methods of arriving at designs for buildings were the main topics, with Erickson using his slides of his own structures, both finished and projected ones, and of good and bad examples of tourist development to illustrate his points.

"We came out of the seminar realizing that what we should do is set up an atelier around an office in Peking, providing key people but employing a Chinese staff, who would use their own craft and technology," Erickson explained to me. "Bing Thom would head the China office."

ERICKSON runs his offices by not running them. The two main offices have separate directors, with a single comptroller supervising all financial matters. The whole operation has become increasingly complex with each international involvement. As much as a hundred thousand dollars frequently must be risked to enter a competition. Erickson delegates everything but design to his staff, cultivating for himself a physical and spiritual remoteness that protects him from getting involved in other people's problems. His regular weekly absences from his offices in both Vancouver and Toronto often extend to many weeks when he is conferring with clients in, say, Kuwait, and he takes a Christmas "holiday," often in an architectural area new to him. This narrows his role in humdrum office routine to frequent long-distance telephone calls, and all but the most urgent problems are solved in these phone consultations. Since he is never quite satisfied with what he has done, he never stops working, and is apt to arrive in Vancouver from Toronto on a Friday night with a better, and sometimes entirely different, design for a project on which weeks or months of detailed work has been done; then he expects his staff to pursue with him over the weekend the quest for the perfect design, which he knows does not exist but for which he feels compelled to strive.

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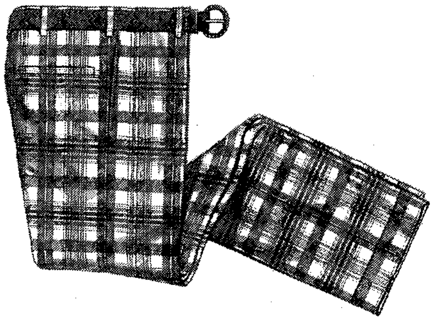

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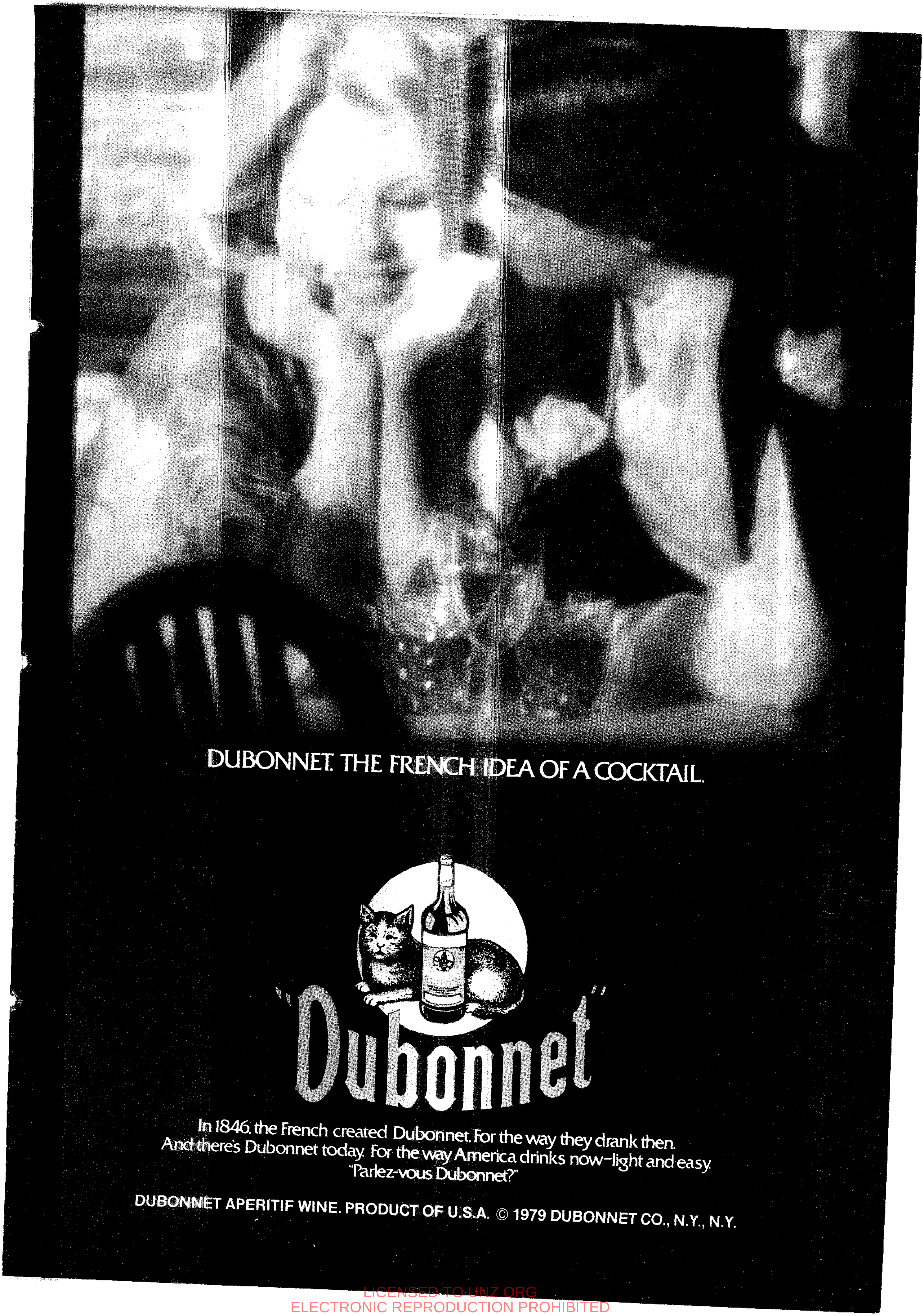

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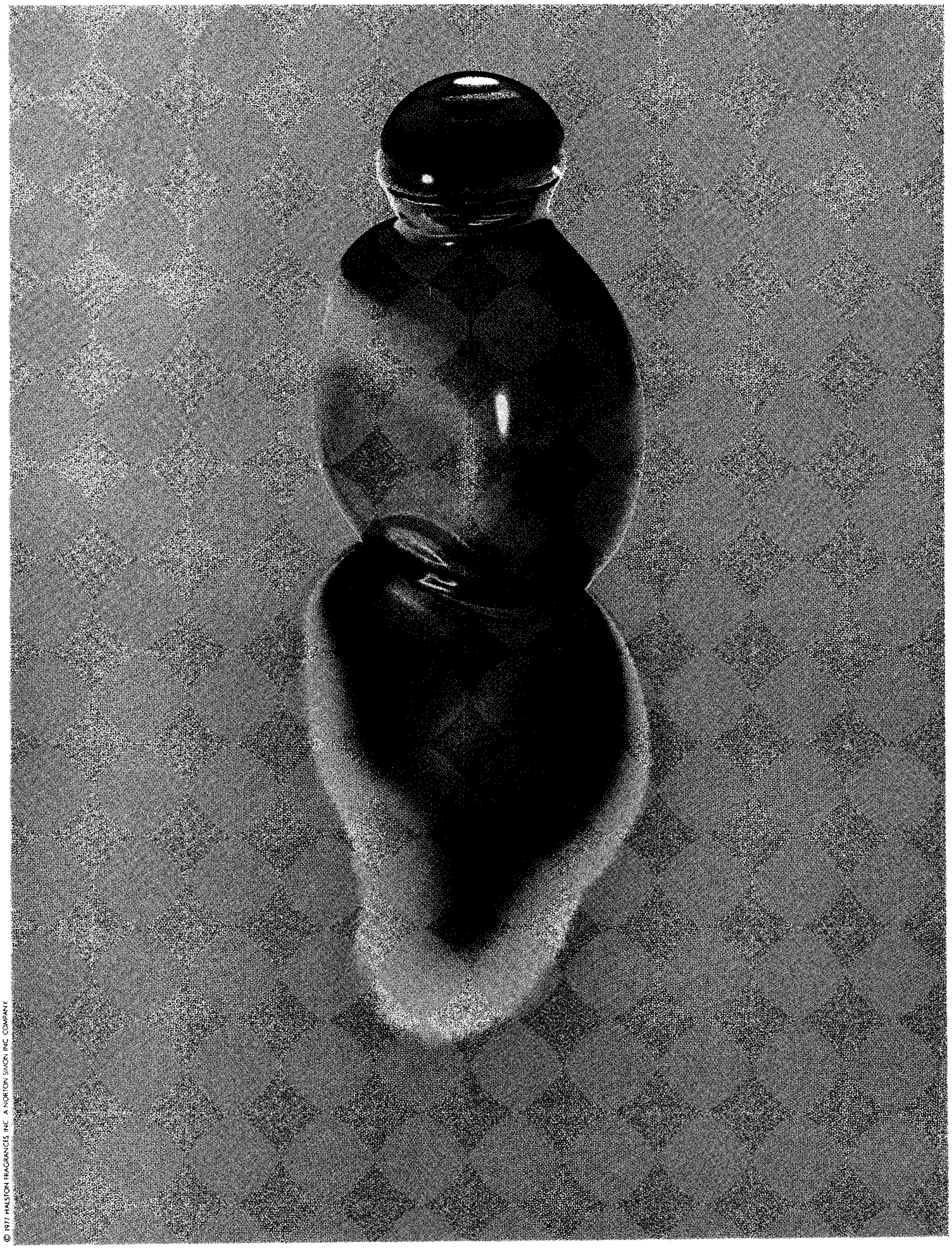

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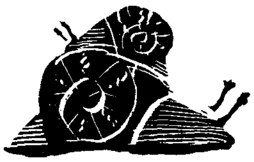
airline reservations, which he always changes—usually a number of times, a custom that has worn out several travel agents. The whole staff is on a first-name basis—an arrangement that not only eliminates the need for Erickson to remember last names but gives the office an informal atmosphere. His office also makes the elaborate arrangements for the parties he loves to give, though he has been giving them with less and less frequency. An Erickson party is a dramatic and memorable performance, featuring exotic food, live musicians, ballet dancers, and candles that he sets out himself, in glass holders in the trees, transforming his garden into a shadowy, flickering world of beauty. He used to do the cooking himself for small dinners, but he needs the whole day for it and no longer has the time. A typical menu might include a cold sour-cherry soup, a whole salmon cooked with preserved ginger in a pastry shell, and a deboned whole chicken stuffed with spinach, pistachio nuts, and coriander, and covered with a yogurt sauce.



Erickson prides himself on his even temper, and he has rarely been known to lose it in the office, but one thing is guaranteed to infuriate him: the loss of his baggage after a flight, which is a fairly common occurrence. He has lost five full suits of clothing made in his favorite city, Rome, and numerous other items, and now he boards planes clutching all irreplaceables. "I get into a white fury at airports. I become quite unrecognizable," he says. "Losing baggage is a severe interruption of my schedule, and when it happens I immediately call the president of the airline." Once in a plane and settled into a window seat, however, he pulls out a sketch pad, architectural plans, or writing paper and has three or four blissful hours of uninterrupted concentration. He finds the three-hour jet lag between his two Canadian offices bracing. "Routine of any kind is bad for the health," he is fond of saying. "If I'm too long in a place, I become stale, or it becomes stale, or we both do. Planes are wonderful!"

The offices of Arthur Erickson Architects, on Laurel Street, in Vancouver, are reached by crossing one of several bridges from the business center over an inlet called False Creek. The three-story building they occupy, which resembles a warehouse, is windowless on three sides. Its focal point is an enormous two-story interior studio topped by a roof that, looked at from below, appears to be floating. I am accustomed now to Erickson's floating illusions, and a second, harder look reveals the roof to be supported by four huge pillars of rough-sawn Douglas fir, with struts two-thirds of the way up branching out like tree limbs. The walls surrounding the roof rise above it, and light washes down through the intervening space, which is spanned by almost invisible skylights. The studio is filled with drafting tables and with growing plants being tested for future use in Erickson buildings, and though there is a low hum from several dozen busy young people moving about or sitting at their work, it gives the impression of a quiet, airy garden.

I stopped in the studio to talk to Bing Thom, a small, compact man in his late thirties who has been with Erickson longer than any other architect, and was once his student. I was curious about the "consistent chaos," which was not visible here. He laughed. "The chaos involves unimportant details. On important things, Arthur is well organized, with a feeling for priorities. The designing is Arthur's, but he is still a teacher, with an evolutionary approach and the ability to listen. I have never heard him say, 'Do this because I want it, or like it.' Some people say working with Arthur is like playing the game of go, where you make a move and Arthur makes a move. Winning over a person's heart takes a lot of time—and projects here continue for two or three years, so your heart *has* to be in it. Right now, there are forty-five people working in Vancouver, thirty-five of them trained architects, and in Toronto there are twenty-two, twelve of whom are architects. We also have two small offices in Kuwait and Jidda, each with three architects. It is important that people we can work with be brought in when they are young, and Arthur accepts the fact that they will grow up and fly on their own. We start each project with a small team of architects—Arthur relates more easily to a few people—and we set the ground rules and the basic direction. We all go away and think and do sketches, including Arthur. Then we come back together and lay them on the table, throw out some, keep others. Then he goes away and we work on the project."

One of the younger architects came up, and Thom turned briefly to talk

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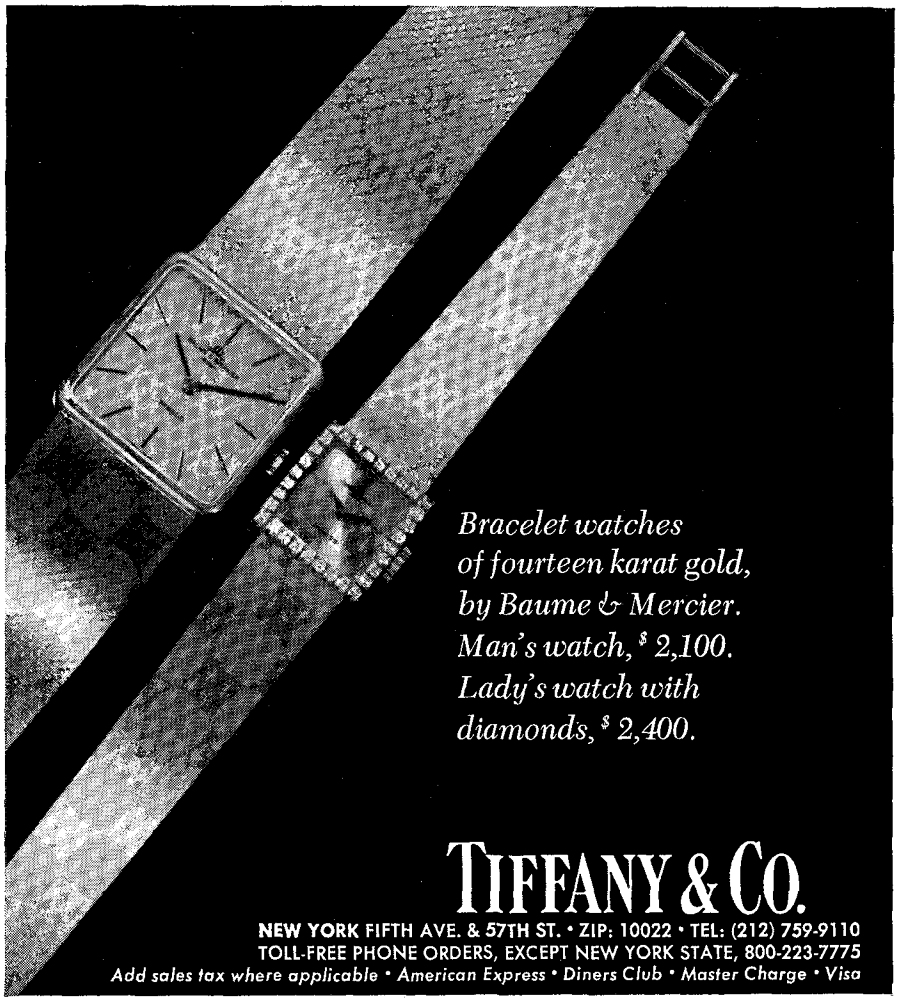
to him, then continued, "Arthur approaches architecture the way a sculptor approaches clay. He looks at a building from the outside in, the way it reacts to climate and terrain, and from the inside out, the way it's used and the way the light comes in. There is a strong Asian influence on the West Coast, and he understands that and expresses it. Many of his structures are like pavilions, with roofs and columns but few walls. Our climate is mild but damp, so all we need is an umbrella, and, where many architects' tendency is to nestle against the ground, his approach is to stand above the rain and let the light come in and get you out of bed. In our mists and grayish light, you need strong buildings. He preserves the human scale by breaking up their edges with trellises or wooden grills.

"Has Arthur mentioned our new venture in China?" he asked. I said that he had. Thom said, "Often, architects fly in, get an impression, leave, and design the building outside the country with little involvement of local people, and all the building materials are imported. We are not going to help China in this way. We are going to work with its architects and engineers, who have all the skills but need updating. We want them to sort out the real technology from the gimmicks, such as revolving restaurants on tall buildings and the high rise. High-rise buildings have a great fascination as a symbol of modernization, but is there a need for them in China? We want its architects to develop their own indigenous style."

Thom looked at his watch and stood up. "Arthur is a perfectionist," he said. "Just before a presentation, we usually do the whole thing over to make it just right, and everybody stays up all night. He reminds me of a kid running down a beach and picking up pebbles and always stopping to get more—trying to pick up that last pebble." Thom excused himself, saying he had an appointment with Erickson. I descended a short flight of stairs at one side of the studio to a corridor giving on to glass-walled conference rooms. I could see Erickson and several young men already seated at a table examining a model when Thom joined them.

Around a corner, past a small library, and up another flight of stairs, I was directed through a heavy door of rough fir into Erickson's office and sat down to wait for him. A gray stream of daylight came down from the same unseen skylights that illuminated the studio, which was next to his office. The small room was otherwise



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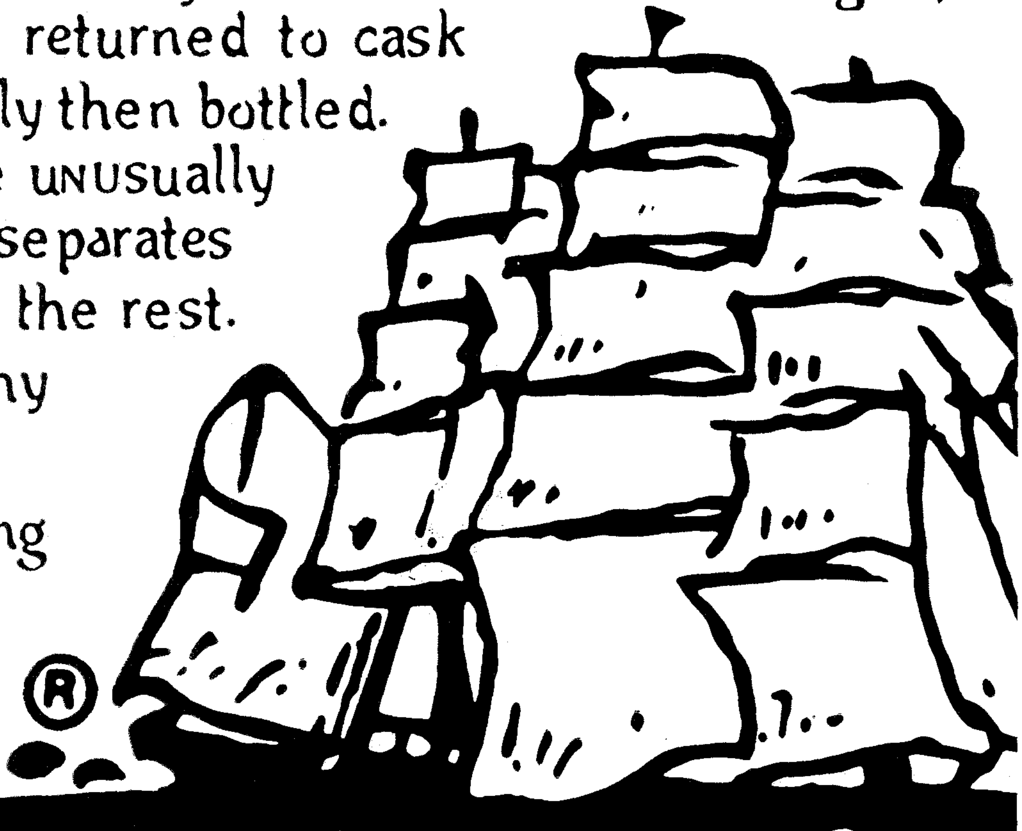

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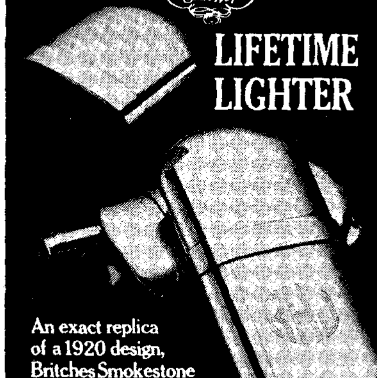

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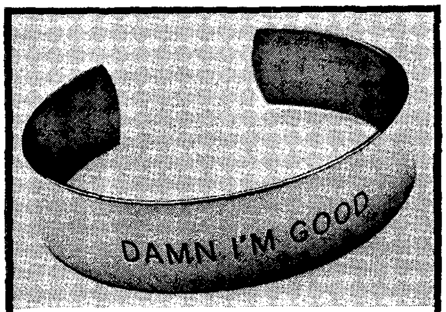

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windowless, with white walls, on which hung several handsome modern prints. An eclectic assortment of books on art, architecture, and horticulture occupied shelves covering two sides of the room, along with several framed diplomas and honorary degrees, and on a top shelf was a dusty bronze bust of George Vancouver, the British explorer of Western Canada, with a Band-Aid over one eye. Erickson's desk was a simple white shelf extending the length of the wall opposite the door, and beneath it was a second shelf, of cubbyholes filled with rolled-up drawings. Several folders and a delicate green plant on top of the desk were reflected by mirrors at each end which extended to the ceiling and carried image after image: an indoor version of the Erickson endless vista.

While I was looking at a framed blue cancelled check for fifty thousand dollars from the Royal Bank which was propped up on a shelf, Erickson walked in. “I didn't have enough money to pay for parking my car when I went into the banquet for that award,” he said, laughing. “I told the garage attendant, ‘If you'll just wait until I come out, I'll have fifty thousand dollars.’ ” He sat down, turned his chair around toward me, and leaned back in his favorite position, hands behind his head, feet on his desk, and shut his eyes. I thought, He has gone to sleep or into some kind of a trance, but he opened his eyes and said, “We don't have a design methodology and we *do* have a design methodology. I suppose a certain amount of order is good, but I've resisted it.” He sighed. “I'm the worst-organized person. I have no memory of what happened the day or week before, and have to have a note whether to turn right or left or where to go or why or whom I am meeting. Physically, I don't think I can keep it all in my head, so I have found the best method is to keep nothing in my head and be briefed. I have asked myself, ‘What does a client want? For me to work on his project? Or to be at all the meetings where I am not really necessary?’ What my clients are asking for is my design input, and by avoiding other involvement I save myself for that. The day of the person who has a central idea and enforces it is over, although there will always be a demand, in a rather limited area, for the architect who is an artist with a unique vision. For any large project, we build a model of the site, and I usually find my ideas crystallizing in a conversation with somebody. An idea that has been cooking on a back burner comes forward in a challenging situation. Studying ahead of time closes my mind, which needs my whole life experience to be kept open. If you burden your mind with facts, you narrow down your field of information—eliminate all the input that could come from your superconscious. In any basic effort today, you need a full complement of minds. I am aware of the visual effect of every detail, and I happen to have the kind of mind that relates details to a larger context, so I hire someone who sees the grains of sand on the beach. I often tell my people I can't read, because I have a completely visual memory. I do think when you develop your visual sense the others atrophy. I ask that things be presented to me visually and that detailed information be reduced to simple statements illustrated by diagrams. When all the statements are brought together, you begin to absorb the sense of an over-all design.”

He brought his feet down, and began twirling a felt pen on his desk. “I suppose I learned from my mother and grandfather and from my travels, which gave me objectivity, not to accept any status quo, so I can remove something from its cultural context and see it alone. I challenge everything. I do the conceptual sketches, and we work a lot from models. The people here in my office study things thoroughly, so if I'm off base they can correct me. Although the system may seem chaotic, things are very much under control, with the office having priority on my time. I am deeply involved in all the projects and give decisions at every level—from construction principles involving millions of dollars to someone's bathroom tile. Sometimes I realize an hour later that I haven't thought about something carefully enough, and have to go back. Most firms analyze a client's needs and arrive at a solution quickly. I always start out with the approach—which is Oriental—that we have no ideas about *anything*. If anyone said to me ‘I have an idea for a building,’ I would immediately be suspicious, because in my terms that's not architecture. You can't transplant solutions from one place to another. Buildings are a response to specific requirements, among the most fundamental being the requirements of the

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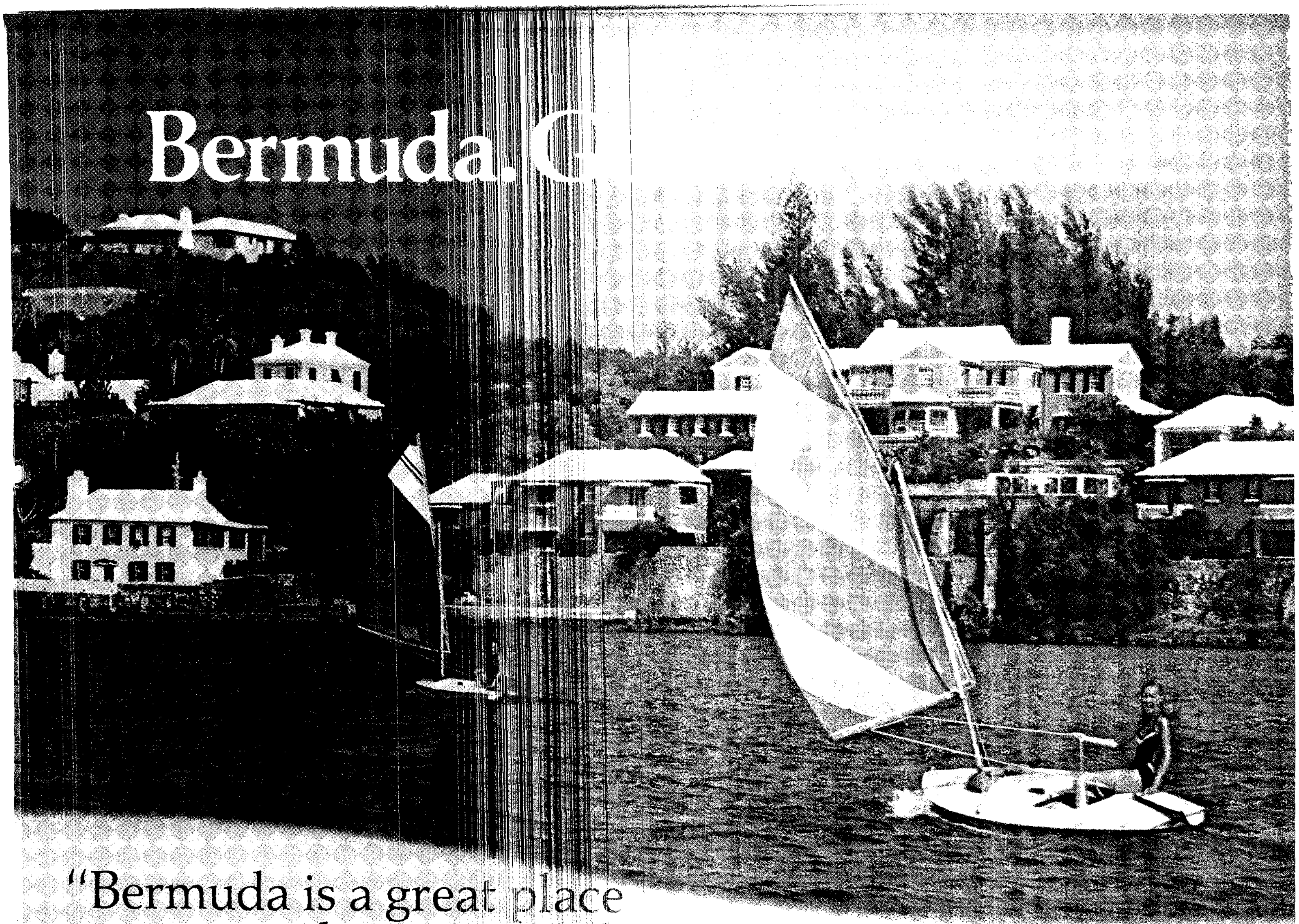

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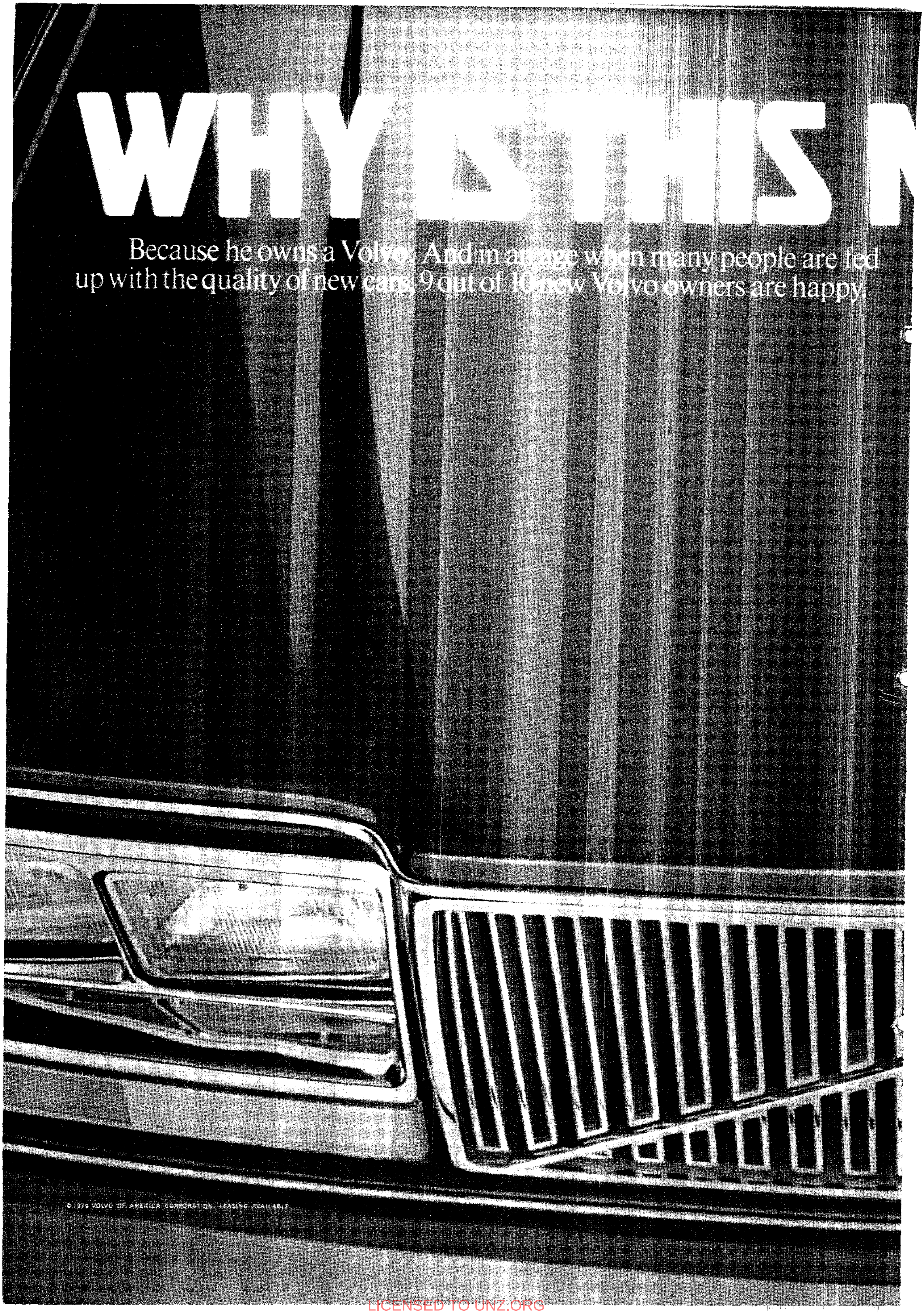

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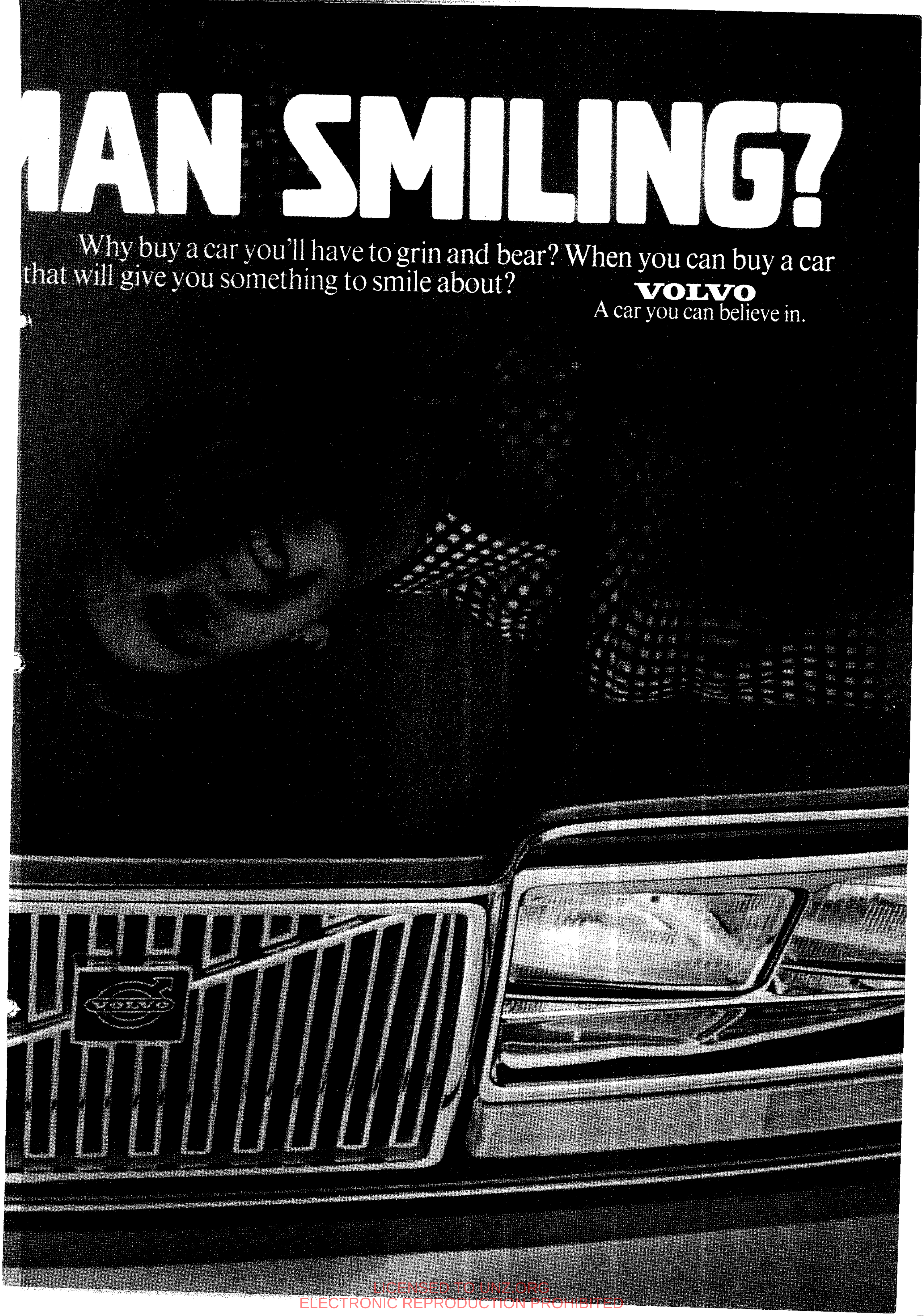
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locale. Ideas almost always arise in consultation with the client, and the design is a slow process of evolution. We keep all possibilities open until practically the last moment—a frustrating, sometimes terrifying experience for the people working for me. Sometimes it even makes *me* nervous. But somehow it always comes together." He stood up and said, "Let's go!"

On the way out, we stopped in the studio at a model, set on a long trestle, of the three-block complex now under construction in the center of Vancouver, which is known around the office as 51-61-71—the numbers on the official properties map of the city blocks involved. "Since 1958, I have had three go-arounds at studies for the city of Vancouver on transit, harbors, development of various whole areas, and a limited subway, which could tie together all the shopping centers already in existence," Erickson said, pulling two stools up to the model. We both sat down. "The 51-61-71 complex is a whole section of the city, and with it I think that Vancouver, which has been an adolescent, will grow up. People work in town but get out of it as much as possible, whereas a city matures when the citizens flock to the center not for work but for pleasure."

He put his hand on a large cardboard cube at one end of the model. "The old courthouse, on Block 51," he said. He gazed for a few moments at the model and then continued, "We have linked three blocks together into a major civic center and public square for the city, with tree plantings to provide a boulevard effect, and provided a pedestrian mall with only buses allowed through." His hand moved to the center block, which was completed and opened last year. Here in miniature were the plazas, buildings, terraced parks over partly sunken offices lit by skylights, a forest with walking trails, waterfalls—the whole traversed with "stramps" (his name for ramps that weave in and out among wide-spaced stairs), along which I have walked in the past year, in a parklike atmosphere that is totally enjoyable. His hand then rested briefly on a block-long building covered by a slanting canopy of glass which I recognized as the structure rising at the far end of the new center, easily visible now as one of the most striking additions to Vancouver's skyline. "Block 71, the new courthouse," he said. His hand moved back to Block 51, lightly touching a spot in front of the old courthouse. "My signature—a mound, to provide a soft transition between the old and the new," he said.

Erickson continued, "I made a tour of courthouses before we started designing, as one does. At Osgoode Hall, in Toronto, I was alarmed by the number of keys everyone carried. Then, inadvertently, we were locked into the detention cell of one of the courts. I was shocked that in a modern country we have cages like animal cages to hold prisoners—which shows my naïveté. No matter how innocent a person might be, he would feel guilty by the time he got into court. So when I came back I said, 'I will open up the corridors, so anyone coming in can see where he has to go.' I also happen to agree with the British idea that justice must not only be done but must be seen to be done. I thought, Why not open up the corridors to the *street* as well, and then justice will be part of the education of the citizen! The judges' chambers and the secretaries' offices will be screened from the public by plantings and solid walls, but the courts will be totally visible, with a pedestrian way going past them. The public space will be large enough to hold gatherings of six hundred people."

He glanced at me. "O.K.?"

I nodded, and he rose to go, putting on his trenchcoat. I followed him out to his rented car, and we started off for the new Museum of Anthropology, on the U.B.C. campus.

"WHEN you design a museum, the important thing is to ask questions about the real nature of the institution," Erickson said as he drove carefully through residential Vancouver in late-afternoon traffic. "Otherwise, you get a dull place where some things are displayed, the public pays entrance fees, and nine-tenths of the museum's contents are in storage. If that's all a museum can be, I'm not interested. So you ask, 'How can it make a vital contribution to our lives?' My thinking on the importance of a museum in giving one a sense of pride in one's own culture was crystallized by a black man, Jim Woods, whom I met at a conference on cities at the University of Illinois. He had started the Studio Watts Workshop in Los Angeles during the riots. He told me that in the museums he visited as a child he had discovered the wonder of human achievement. Northwest Coast Indian culture is the chief collection of the U.B.C. Museum of Anthropology, and the main problem of our native population, the Northwest Coast Indians, is that the white people took away their dignity by destroying their culture and beliefs and offered nothing

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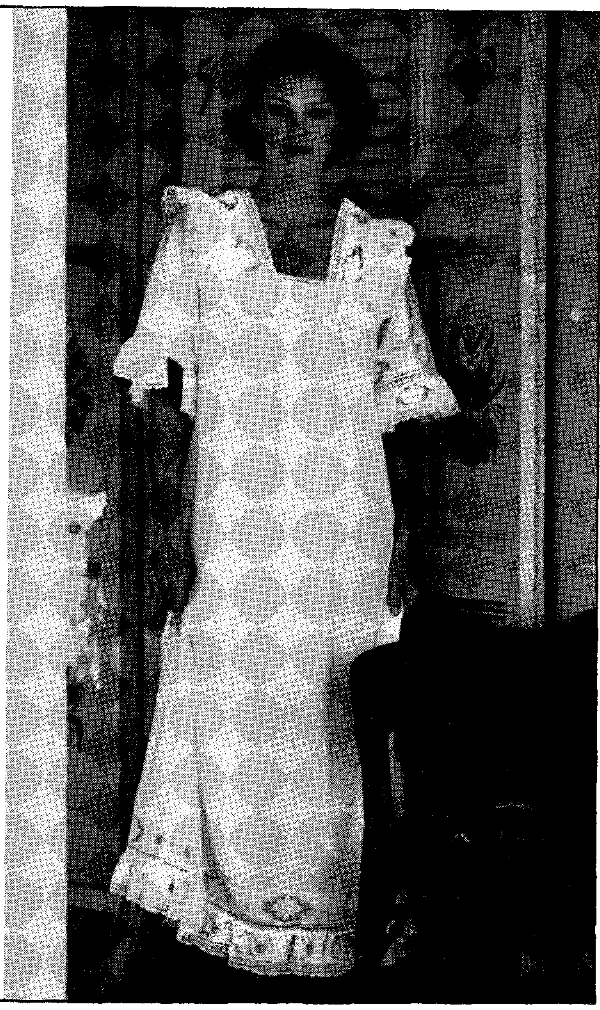

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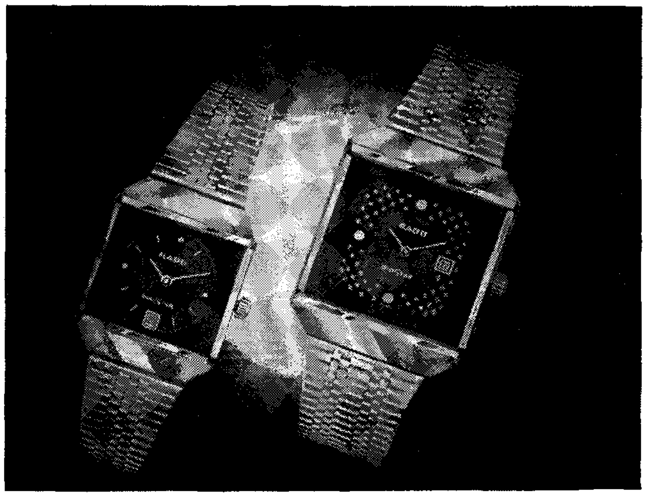

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but welfare in return. The museum can reassure our Indians of the greatness of their culture, and perhaps give them back some of their dignity and confidence."

We were now on the university grounds, heading down a broad avenue toward a sprawling set of buildings. "In most museums, the lectures and written labels bore me, and I feel cheated by the contents' being chiefly in storage," Erickson said. "The concept of visible storage—of having the storerooms open to the public—arose when I was talking with the two people who developed the university's Northwest Coast Indian collection over the past thirty years: Audrey Hawthorn, the curator of the previous so-called museum, which had a couple of rooms in the basement of the university library; and her husband, Harry, who was the head of the Department of Anthropology and Sociology. Both are now retired. In our museum, if you become fascinated by Indian rattles or horn spoons you can follow your curiosity into the storage area and see all the objects related to them. Everything."

It was just after visiting hours, and the museum entrance, a great carved-wood box with panels that opened as doors, was locked. Entering through the back of the building, we came to the storage area first. When Erickson ran his hand down two panels of electric wall switches and the lights went on, I was facing huge glass cases that held what appeared to be a helter-skelter assortment of objects. The sight had the fascination of a gigantic junk shop. I was drawn to a case containing some magnificent Haida masks—dramatic, sombre carvings like nothing I had ever seen before. "Your superconscious finding what's relevant to you," Erickson said, smiling. "Here the whole mess, good and bad, gives you the opportunity to train your eye and teach yourself, which is the only way to learn. It's wrong for anyone to assume he can teach anyone else. I myself was teaching selfishly, to learn as much as I could—discovering what I was talking about while I lectured."

We went over to a high chest of drawers, and he urged me to look inside. I pulled out a flat drawer and found Indian jewelry, arranged so I could see everything, under a locked Plexiglas cover.

We walked through a closed corridor with concrete walls on both sides which led to the main entrance, and now we were standing just inside the doors, at the head of a broad carpeted ramp the color of a sandy beach. We started slowly down this long

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aisle, which had great carved figures of beaked birds and awesome woodland animals, crouched or stalking, on either side, and totem poles, mysterious and marvellous in the fading light: the relics of an ancient culture for which North America had been home long before my ancestors arrived—a world I was seeing for the first time.

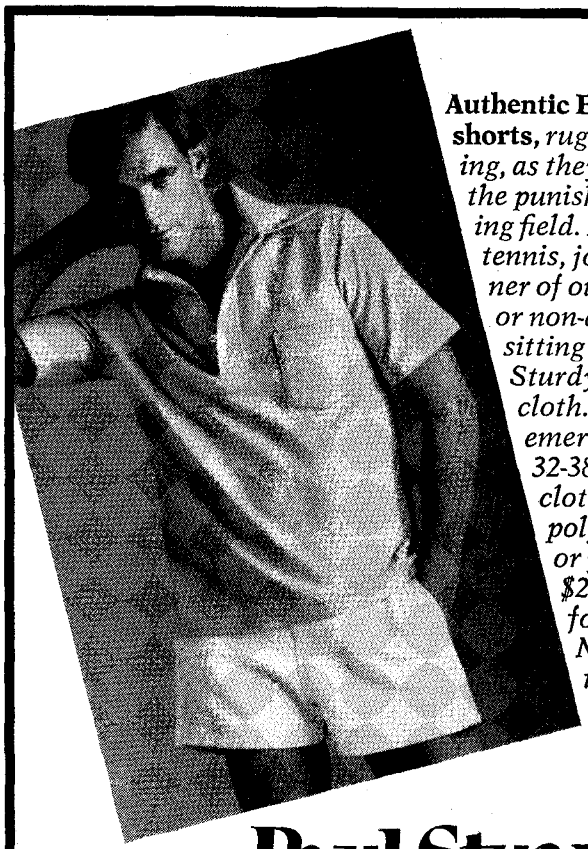
"You have to get inside the minds of the people who made these primitive sculptures, the masks, the totem poles," Erickson said quietly. "You have to have experienced their fears and superstitions concerning their rain forest and their coastal mountains. In a logging camp I worked in as a boy, I took long walks in the wilderness and knew the terror of being lost, and felt how the forest becomes alive and threatening. Like the Japanese, the Indians here worshipped every aspect of nature, chanting to the trees to forgive them when they stripped bark for baskets, singing to the fish for forgiveness, apologizing for human transgressions against nature. When I was designing the museum, I remembered a photograph of an early Indian village between the edge of the forest and the edge of the sea. The inhabitants had carved the trees with the animals they hunted and the fish they netted, and arranged these marvellous totems that gave special powers to the families who owned them in a legend of natural survival, following the crescent of the beach."

We had been moving slowly down the ramp. Suddenly, the sky burst open around us: we were in a glass hall of dazzling proportions, facing snow-covered mountains across Howe Sound, an arm of the Pacific. Silvery-yellow light from the setting sun streamed out from behind a black cloud and played on the brooding, weather-beaten carved profiles of totems.

I looked up, expecting open sky, and saw a succession of skylights framed in concrete, the supporting posts progressively changing proportions from wide and low, where we were standing, to a height of fifty feet at the far end. These were not sloping and conventional flat skylights but Plexiglas in long, vaulted curves that disappeared into the sky, so that I had to look twice to see that anything was there. The glass walls of the great hall had been hung from the ceiling in panels joined by bronze plates, each about four by five inches, in a lovely, light pattern that enhanced the dignity and magnificence of the carvings.

I was bewitched.

"I am really pleased with this



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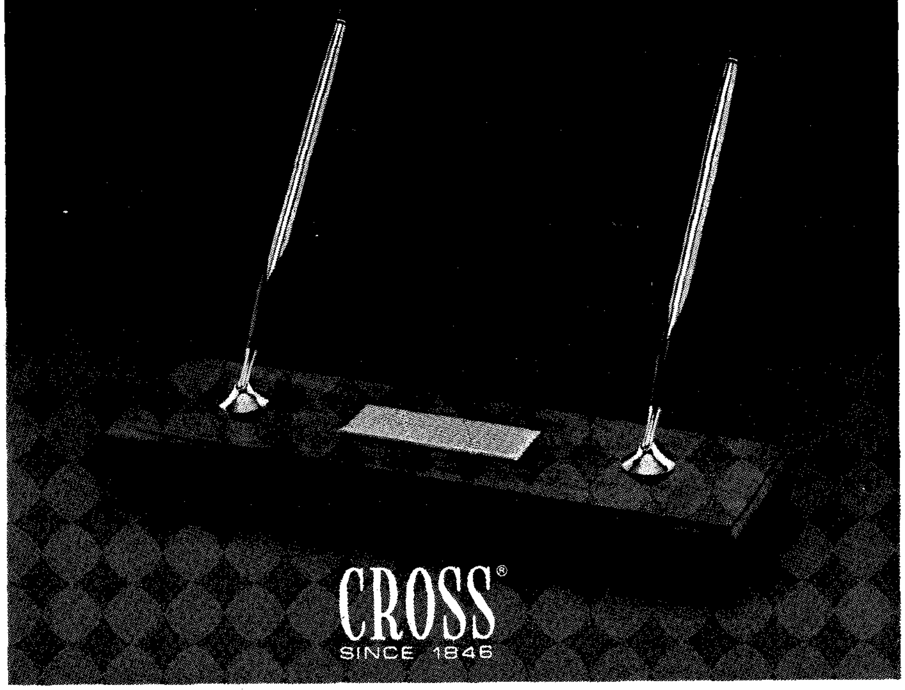

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room," I heard Erickson say, as if from far away. "I am infuriated with my buildings that don't come off, but I really enjoy the ones that do."

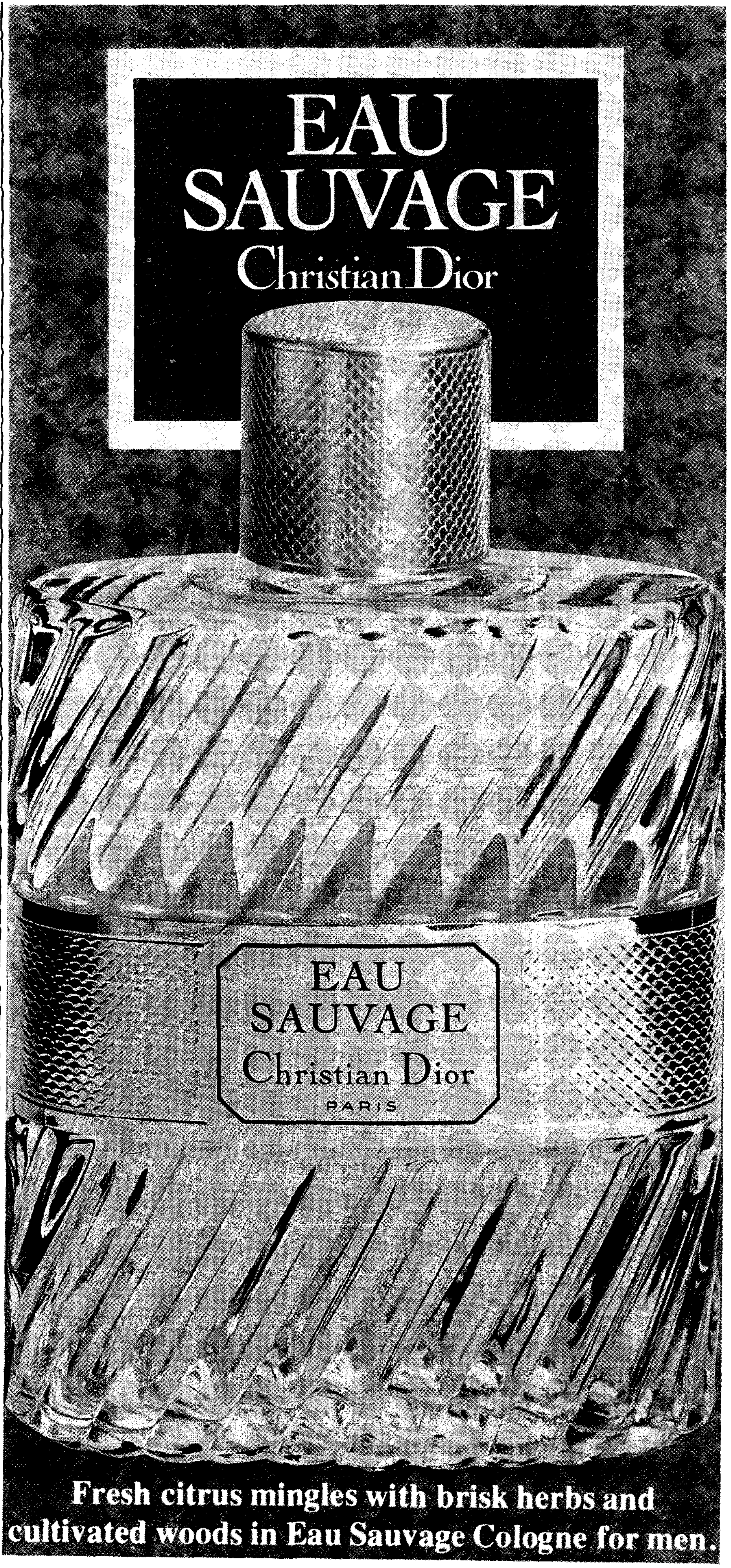
I turned and looked at him. He appeared slight and small in this lofty space, standing with his hands buried in the pockets of his trenchcoat, its collar turned up. His long face and long, pointed nose melded into the beaked profile of the bird on the carving behind his shoulder.

"I insisted that the totem poles look outward, not at you: off into the distance," Erickson said suddenly. "One of the great mysteries of the caryatids on the Acropolis is that they do not look at you. Or at anything."

I raised my eyes to the Plexiglas-and-concrete ceiling, and, following my gaze, he said, "That long horizontal beam is one hundred and eighty feet, and I was told that such a long beam was technically impossible, but there is always a contest over how much can be realized. I didn't do it consciously, but in the succession of frames—from low and wide to narrow and tall posts and beams—that enclose this room, each has the form of the frame of an Indian house."

We walked on, to the glass wall at the end, facing the mountains and the sea. Directly outside, there was an irregularly shaped pebbled area edged with a big mound of earth. To the left were two log houses—a large and a small one—and on the right were two painted totem poles. "The idea that came to me first was an outdoor museum," Erickson said. "Most of my concepts have to do with how one moves, and since the site is sloped I felt that the whole movement should be down a long ramp, with more and more revealed, until the whole space burst open with a view of the sea. The log houses are both Haida Indian and the totems are Kwakiutl, and we plan to add a Kwakiutl house as well. That pebbled area will be filled with water and will appear to extend to the sea. It will look from here as if it were a typical village setting, on an inlet, and the Tantalus Mountains you see will be reflected in the water. The lake and these outdoor buildings are on the earthquake line of this embankment, and all my plans aim to help stop the erosion, although the university doesn't quite see it that way yet. I'll leave the space filled with pebbles until I get what I want."

Erickson did not seem in a hurry to leave. "Each year, when I go on one of my journeys, I discover something important to my understanding of my



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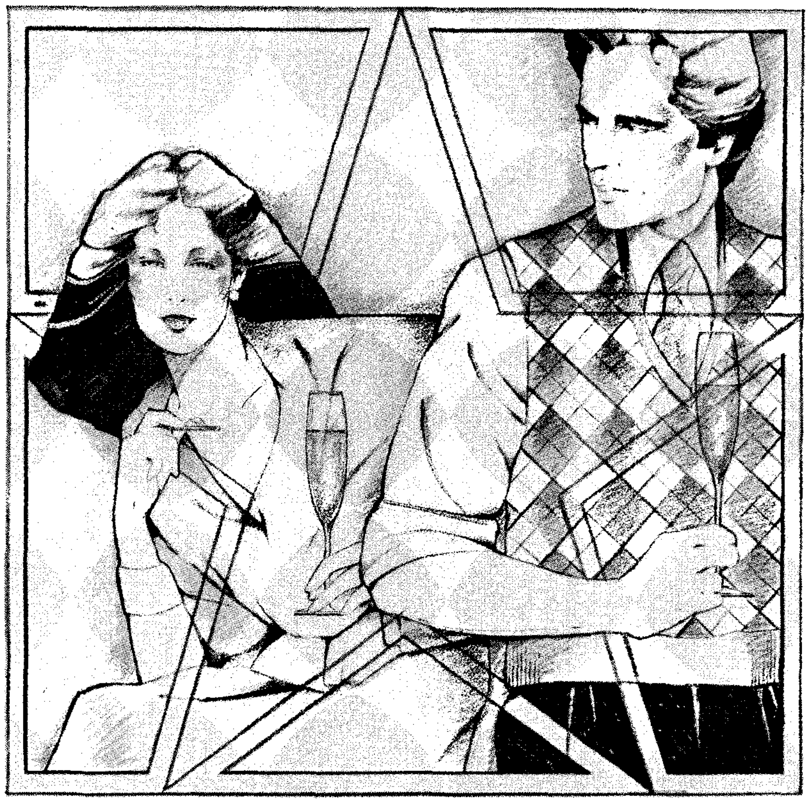

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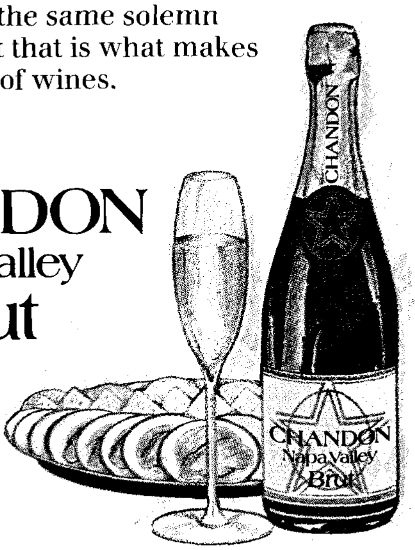

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work, my values, and my life," he said. "Three years ago, I returned to paradise—to Bali. I visited a remote village consisting of one wide street. Down its center ran a series of beautiful pavilions, each with a ritual function—one for old men, one for women, one for children, and so on—where the folklore was handed down and the culture was perpetuated. On either side were the houses where the families were born, grew up, and died. I visited one of the houses, with a courtyard, a household shrine, a room for musical instruments and masks (because everyone takes part in music and dancing), a kitchen, a shrine for the kitchen, rooms for the family, for the newly married couples, even a room for birth and a room for dying. What impressed me was that the house not only proved useful for living but celebrated all the basic events of life; and in the center was the beginning and the end. The continuity made an extraordinary impression on me. My question to myself is 'How can I put that same strength of meaning, that profound symbol of existence, into whatever I build?'" He turned to leave. "It may take years for me to absorb and translate this."

—EDITH IGLAUER

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Agnes "Sis" Cunningham was born in Oklahoma and grew up during the hard-fought labor battles of the 1930's. After joining the Dust Bowl migration to California and then coming to N.Y. she became part of the Almanac Singers, a group that included Woody Guthrie, Lee Hays, Pete Seeger, and Bess Hawes. In the 60's she and her husband Gordon Friesen started Broadside Magazine, printing the first songs of a generation of singers like Bob Dylan and Phil Ochs. Today they still publish topical songs and are part of the struggles of the people of the upper west side.—*Handbill distributed by La Peña, an organization opposing the Chilean government.*

Like fighting for a place at a Zabar's counter.

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### WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From Engineering News-Record*]

MAINE NUCLEAR PLANT UNMOVED BY EARTHQUAKE—

The 825-Mw Maine Yankee nuclear powerplant withstood an earthquake measuring 4.0 on the Richter scale that rippled through an area last week no more than 10 miles from the plant. The quake did not even set off the plant's ground motion monitor, which is designed to activate at 0.01g. The plant, in Wiscasset, Me., was one of five shut down in March (ENR 3/22 p. 37) by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission because seismic safety limits were incorrectly calculated.

# THE THEATRE

## *Out of Tenterfield*

A SONGWRITER named Peter Allen has opened at the Biltmore, in a tiny, snappy show called "Up in One." He shares the stage briefly with a young singer named Lenora Nemetz, who has more energy than charm, and who is called on to pretend at her first appearance that she has just wandered in off the street looking for work—something that the audience comes perilously close to believing must indeed be the case. As for Mr. Allen, he has both energy *and* charm, as well as a pleasant singing voice. He appears to be in his late thirties, but his smooth face and trim, athletic body convey an impression of well-preserved boyishness. It is evident from the moment he begins his performance that he is determined to woo us by every means at his disposal. Some of these means struck me on opening night as fairly bizarre, and therefore, as the saying goes, counterproductive; I am thinking, for example, of the way he would break off playing a song on the piano, climb up onto the piano's shiny black top, and lie there slithering. At other times, he would slither in a standing position, which even Satan in the Garden of Eden might have hesitated to attempt. He also made a few sad jokes about homosexuality and Australia (of which he is a native), but for the most part he wisely devoted himself to his calling as a cabaret performer, professionally flamboyant (he wears a silver lamé shirt and a broad silver belt above what I *think* are deep-purple trousers) and at the same time earnest in the delivery of his songs. These have the ring of having been honestly manufactured (many of them were written in collaboration with Carole Bayer Sager), and it is easy to understand why they have become so popular. I enjoyed especially his singing of the familiar "I Honestly Love You" and "I Could Have Been a Sailor" and the touching autobiographical songs "Tenterfield Saddler" and "Two Boys," in which he evokes his early days in the far-off small town of Tenterfield, in the antipodes.

Mr. Allen tells us in the course of the evening that his songs have made him rich, and that what he seeks in the legitimate theatre is fame. The odds are that he is far more likely to seize that will-o'-the-wisp at the Bottom Line than at the Biltmore, but I wish him well. Musically, he is being nicely served by a backup band called the P.A. System, which features that great musicological improvement the see-through drum. The modest scenery against which he performs was designed by Douglas W. Schmidt, the lighting is by Marilyn Rennagel, and the costumes are by Charles Suppon. The show is said to have been "conceived"—odious word—by Mr. Allen and Craig Zadan, and it is directed by Mr. Zadan. —BRENDAN GILL

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## LITTLE WHITE SISTER

It was in Philadelphia that I first lived a life of deferment,
putting everything off until I could be at ease.
There, more than in New York and more than in Paris,
I lay for hours in bed, forgetting to eat, forgetting
to swim, dying of imperfection and loneliness.
It was in Vienna that I learned what it would be like
to live in two lives, and learned to wander between them;
and it was in the rotten underbelly
of western Pennsylvania that I was saved twice by a pear tree,
one time living and one time dead, and enslaved
once and for all by a patented iron grate
carrying words of terror through the yellow air.
  My ear betrayed me, my little white sister
glued to the side of my head, a shiny snail
twisted everywhere to catch the slightest
murmur of love, the smallest sobbing and breathing.
It wasn't the heart, stuck inside the chest
like a bloody bird, and it wasn't the brain,
dying itself from love; it was that messenger,
laughing as she whispered the soft words,
making kissing sounds with her red lips,
moaning with pleasure for the last indignity.

—GERALD STERN

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# AROUND CITY HALL

## RERUNS

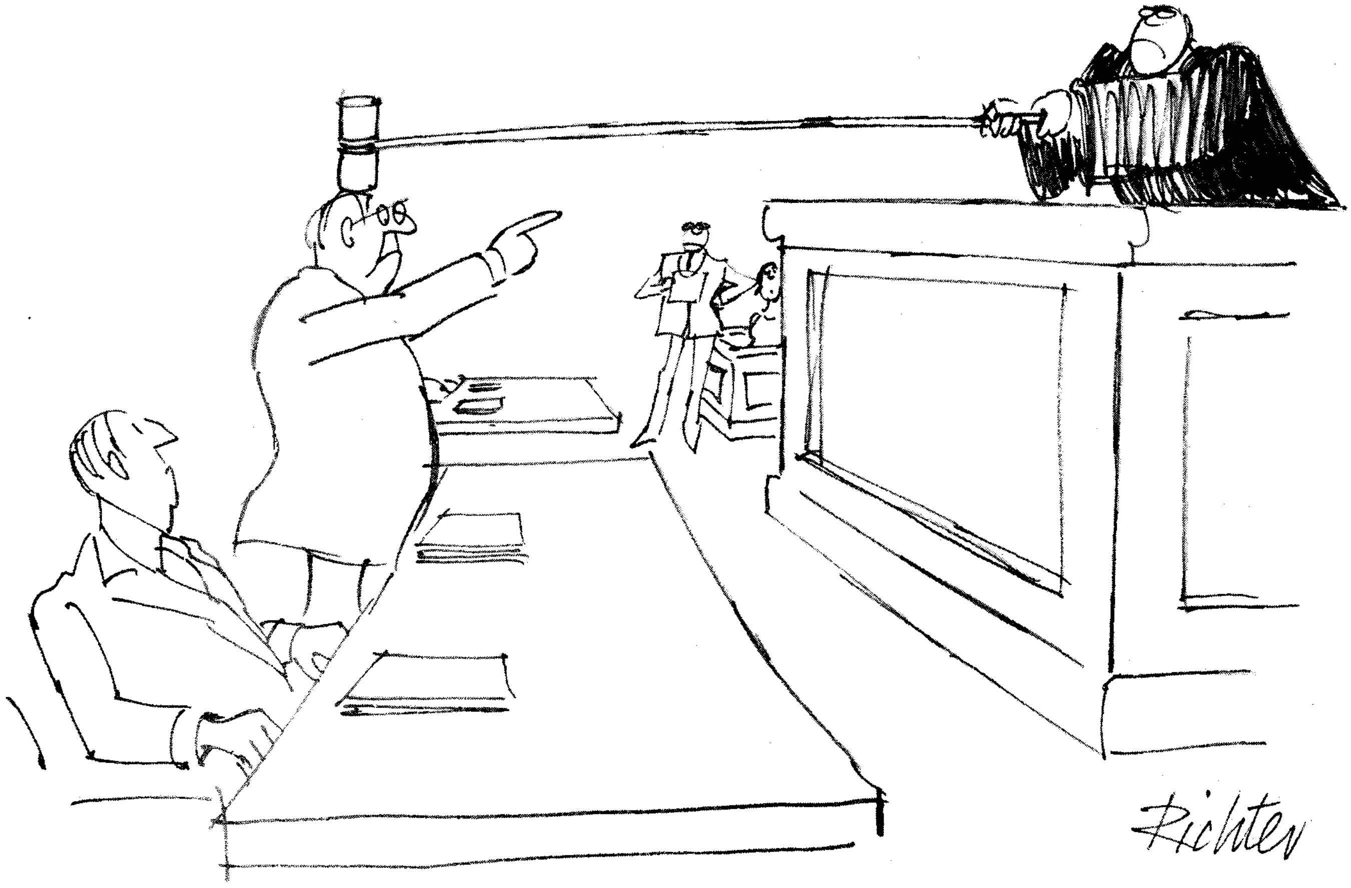
"IT would be hard to exaggerate how much the future of the nation and the world hangs in the balance at the present moment," began a column by Marquis Childs in the Washington *Post* a couple of weeks ago. Childs was referring to international challenges that face the Carter Administration, but the critical nature of problems on the home scene—not only increasing inflation and continued unemployment but also the sudden diminishing of national oil supplies because of events in Iran, so closely followed by events at Three Mile Island and the heightened drive against reliance on another major energy resource, nuclear power—are also hard to exaggerate. Meanwhile, in this city, where many local citizens have apparently decided that New York's financial troubles are, if not over, at least in extended remission, the crisis atmosphere that prevailed here much of the time since 1975, when the city was discovered to be teetering on the edge of bankruptcy, has subsided. In contrast to Washington and the tense historic dramas that preoccupy that seat of government, the impression in New York lately has frequently been that the city is being treated to a series of old reruns.

Among the overfamiliar plots that are being seen again is the political shootout between downstate and upstate New Yorkers in the nation's capital. In the years when this city was a recidivist pleader for financial help from Washington, it was essential that the state's delegation there present a solid front to Congress and the White House. In the House of Representatives, upstate New Yorkers, who are mostly Republicans trained to oppose nearly anything that their mostly Democratic downstate counterparts favor, fell into line. In 1975, on the vital legislation to rescue the city, the thirty-nine New York representatives voted as a bloc for the first time within memory. Early in May, the House considered one of the few surviving elements of the President's urban program, the announcement of which was such a media event in March of 1978. The bill in question would give "targeted fiscal assistance" to cities with more than six and a half per cent unemployment. It included forty-two million dollars for New York, which Mayor Koch was hoping to be able to count as revenue for the city's fiscal year that begins July 1st. Among those voting in the negative this time were two Republican upstaters—Jack Kemp, of Buffalo, and Gerald Solomon, of Albany. Solomon, who was a state assemblyman during the height of the local financial problems, not only opposed the bill but also denounced the city's leaders on the floor of the House—the first such attack since New York became a national fiscal-disaster symbol nearly four years ago. Solomon complained that "public-employee unions and welfare recipients" now controlled the city's politicians, that the politicians had "given it away," and that as a legislator in one place or another he had watched New York mayors prepare budgets year after year without making "any progress at all" toward reducing the city's vast accumulated deficit. The only way to get the politicians to put their house in order, he told his fellow-representatives, was "to take something away from them."

These caustic words from a New Yorker were well received by House members from other parts of the country who, being responsible sorts, had felt they needed some justification for opposing the bill other than a general distaste for down-at-the-heel cities, and it failed by a vote of 212 to 198. At the urging of the White House, there was some vigorous overnight lobbying by House Speaker Thomas O'Neill, during which he reportedly called in a number of political I.O.U.s. A bill providing for reduced benefits, which would give New York thirty-four million dollars next year, passed the House the following day by a vote of 224 to 197, with Kemp and Solomon still in the negative. Kemp, a former Buffalo Bills quarterback (Jerry Adler recently described him in a *News* article as "almost certainly the only member of Congress whose district picked him up on waivers" from the San Diego Chargers), is known to be interested in running for the United States Senate next year—unless, that is, he tries to become the Republican Presidential candidate on a ticket that would be a likely favorite of the columnists Evans and Novak, who have been openly disconsolate because Kemp has not yet thrown "the long pass." The indication given by the vote on the targeted-assistance bill that it is now seen as safe for a possible New York senatorial candidate from upstate to vote against the city was treated here as especially bad news.

In any event, the chances that, despite the second House vote, New York City will end up with any substantial amount of money in the bank are still considered highly speculative. The Senate had originally rejected this provision for special urban revenue sharing, and its later concession providing additional revenue-sharing funds did not limit their use to distressed cities. Even if a targeted-assistance appropriations bill should eventually emerge, enabling legislation would have to get past Texas Representative Jack Brooks, chairman of the powerful Government Operations Committee, who single-handedly killed similar legislation in the final hours of the last Congress. This month, Brooks urged the House not to "bring this dead dog back to life," and when he was assured that the bill at hand was somewhat different from the one he had stopped earlier his comment was "A rose is a rose and a snake is a snake." Earlier this year, Brooks, who is considered one of the more liberal House members on most questions, declared that older cities in the Northeastern part of the nation should simply learn to adjust to their depressed condition. For example, he suggested, in other areas "falling-down barns and other collapsing buildings on abandoned farms" were considered "quaint and picturesque" and became big tourist attractions, and perhaps this should be New York's answer for the South Bronx. Brooks has shown no sign of being moved by reminders that his own state would have been in deep trouble a generation ago if members of Congress from New York had taken the same detached view of the problems of the Texas Dust Bowl.

REGIONAL antagonisms within the city have traditionally been acted out in public jousting contests among the political leaders of the five boroughs. However, after the phrase "fiscal crisis" came to be used as an explanation for everything that was going wrong in New York (it now appears that, employed in retrospect, it may turn into as common and, on occasion, as emotionally fraught a reference here as "the Troubles" is in Ireland), many of these public shows, like the ones pitting upstate against downstate New Yorkers in Congress, were suppressed, in order not to distract politicians elsewhere who were debating whether there was any point in helping to save the city. This virtual ceasefire prevailed



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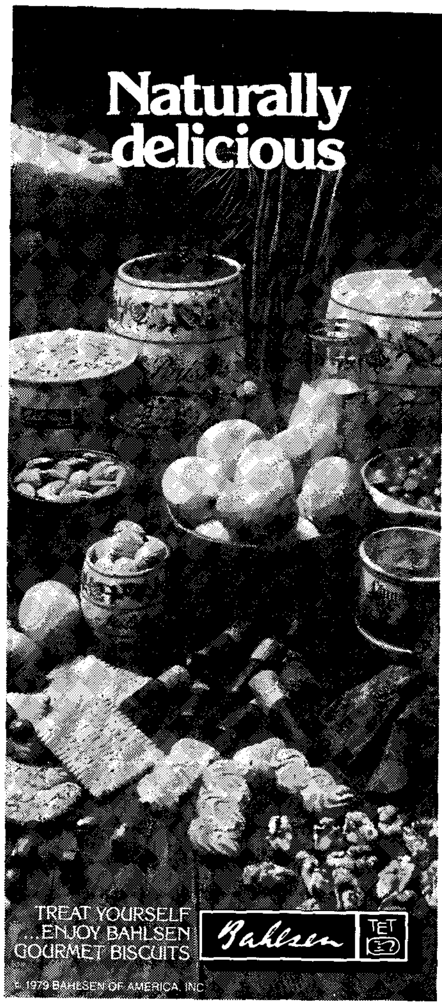
even in the annual spring budget season—a time when the histrionic infighting had usually been at its worst. The fiercest battles in the old days had been over the geographic dispersal of each year's capital budget—the official roster of construction projects that are paid for by long-term borrowing rather than with tax-levy funds, which are used for the expense budget. With the onset of the local troubles, the capital budget became almost nonexistent, and the various watchdog bodies called in to preside over the city's finances scrambled to find sufficient funds just for day-to-day operations. Since the congressional action, last summer, that gave the city a billion six hundred and fifty million dollars in federal loan guarantees, which, in turn, provided the foundation for a four-and-a-half-billion-dollar financial program, new construction has once again appeared on the schedule here. The capital budget for the fiscal year that begins on July 1st will come to almost a billion dollars (as opposed to a twelve-billion-eight-hundred-million-dollar expense budget). Pushing and shoving among the political leaders of the five boroughs is now back in fashion as they compete not only for funds for new storm sewers and park improvements but also for more respect for the particular interests of their home territories—something that, it seems, several of them insist on television every week or so their boroughs don't get enough of. Earlier this spring, Queens Councilman Archie Spigner and Manhattan Councilman Antonio Olivieri proposed that the name of Shea Stadium, where the Mets play, be changed to Jackie Robinson Stadium, in honor of the famous Brooklyn Dodgers second baseman. The present name of the twenty-five-million-dollar stadium, in Queens, honors William Shea, a politically well-connected local lawyer, who is widely credited with having arranged to bring a National League franchise back to New York in 1962, five years after the Dodgers abandoned Brooklyn for Los Angeles. Howard Golden, the borough president of Brooklyn, wrote a letter to the *News* deploring the proposed name change. "It would be unthinkable to permit the name of someone so intimately associated with Brooklyn to light up the sky in the County of Queens," he wrote. In the same edition of the *News*, another Brooklyn reader, knowing that the Bronx already had its hundred-million-dollar Yankee Stadium, made a suggestion that in the city's old free-spending days might have been embraced as a perfect solution. The answer, he said, was to honor Jackie Robinson by building a third stadium, in Brooklyn.

In the public elbowing that now goes on again among borough leaders, the delegates from Queens may complain of indulgences shown to Brooklyn, or those from Staten Island may grumble that "the Bronx gets everything." The politicians from the four outer boroughs are unanimous on one point, however: Manhattan really *does* get everything. Resentment of Manhattan has been especially keen lately, as pronouncements that things are getting better and better in the city keep coming out of the office of Mayor Koch, who is from Manhattan, and politicians can quickly demonstrate that most of the improved vital signs he refers to are in his home borough. The Mayor tries to gladden local spirits by mentioning that the number of visiting out-of-towners is up five to ten per cent over 1978, which was itself a record-breaking tourism year, or by calling attention to the sudden increase in new office buildings, hotels, and luxury housing, or to the fact that 1978 was the second year in a row to show an increase in jobs in the city, after eight years of a precipitous slide in employment. City Council members from the other boroughs or eloquent other-borough-spirited poets and essayists (many of whom now live in Manhattan) then rush forward to point out that most of the new construction and the new jobs are in Manhattan, and that while Queens and Staten Island have also had job increases, the situation in Brooklyn and in the Bronx is as bad as ever. They also note that the economic deterioration continues in Brooklyn's Bushwick section and that things are getting worse even in middle-class Flatbush. Moreover, Flatbush is not on most tourists' sightseeing schedules, nor, despite Representative Brooks' helpful suggestion, has the South Bronx made the latest Baedeker. The message of such special pleading—that nothing good that happens to Manhattan really counts as long as the South Jamaica section of Queens, say, is down at the heel—should encourage the popular theory that New Yorkers live in a world of their own. The complainers from the Bronx and Queens seem to be unaware that in a large number of American cities the major lament is that most signs of economic growth and prosperity have moved to miracle miles and shopping malls on their outer fringes, and that that has had the effect of turning their downtown areas into ghost towns that those cities' leaders are now struggling to bring back to life.

No one could doubt that Manhattan is this city's downtown. From a seventeenth-century settlement at the southern tip of the island, New York spread southward to Staten Island, southward and eastward across the East River to Brooklyn and Queens, and northward to the Bronx. Manhattan is the geographic center, where all the city's transportation lines converge, and it is to that borough—indeed, just to the area south of Sixtieth Street—that two million eight hundred thousand people come each day, a million and a half of them to make their living. Of the total, perhaps a million come from the four other boroughs. It is a grim reality that things are going badly in many other parts of the city (and, for that matter, in some areas of Manhattan). Still, a surge of glittering new economic growth in eastern Queens, for example, would mainly benefit the suburban counties of Nassau and Suffolk, to the east, and would mean little to Bedford-Stuyvesant or the distant South Bronx. Despite all the contentious posturing at the current budget hearings, local prospects would be far darker than they are if New York did not have that flourishing economic hub in Manhattan—if the center could not hold.

CERTAIN other City Hall events of late have given some residents of the city the feeling that they have seen politicians standing and talking in the same way before, and some of them even remember where and when. In July of 1975, Mayor Abraham Beame announced that the city's fiscal problems were "reasonably behind us." Asked why he had kept using the word "crisis" to describe what had been happening, he said, laughing, "I knew you'd get me on that. We couldn't think of a better word." Two months later, the city was forced into a kind of receivership, its fiscal direction largely taken over by officials at other levels of government. During the months that followed, prime sources of embarrassment to the new overseers were the constantly changing financial numbers put out by the Beame administration and the Mayor's frequent plaint that the oversight bodies were spoiling everything by looking on the dark side of things. As recently as last January, the Koch administration insisted that the city would have a four-hundred-and-thirty-three-million-dollar deficit in the coming fiscal year, and the Mayor explained that there would have to be numerous layoffs and severe cuts in city services.

A few weeks ago, however, a Koch-administration spokesman who asked to be identified only as "a senior financial official" met with reporters and announced not only that the city would face no budget deficit in the next year but that it would have a nineteen-million-dollar-or-so surplus. The dismal predictions by the Mayor earlier in the year, he said, were "basically bull." The spokesman explained, "We are exposed to a level of watchdogs that no city could cope with," and these watchdogs from the state and federal governments had forced the administration to put on a "sideshow." He added, "We have to put out horror stories every year, because they don't believe what we can accomplish." The *News* ran the story on page 5 and later carried an editorial entitled "Rose-Colored Glasses," illustrated with a picture of a broadly smiling Koch. "People are sick of being bamboozled this way," the *News* said. "Fiscal gloom and doom in January, wine and roses in April." In the *Times*, which seems especially receptive to good reports from the Koch City Hall, the statement about the vanished deficit was given the lead position on page 1. Two and a half weeks later, Moody's Investors Service announced that it had declined to raise its rating of city bonds, which was fourth from the bottom on its eleven-step scale, identifying them as securities that "continue to lack the characteristics of a desirable investment." This was the same rating it had given city bonds in June of 1977, six months before Koch took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office. The continued low rating was necessary, Moody's said, because of the lack of any "long-term remedial measures" taken by the city. The news was a blow to the Koch administration, which had been talking of trying to enter the private bond market (from which it has been shut out since the spring of 1975) early next year, or even late in 1979. The discouraging story of Moody's action appeared on the fourteenth page of the fourth section of the *Times*. A few days later, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin complained that the Moody's rating had been based on faulty data. For example, he noted, the city's total debt was not fifteen billion eight hundred million dollars, as Moody's claimed, but only twelve billion six hundred million.

When the Mayor formally revealed the particulars of his new budget, on April 26th, he had the good sense not to give the press a reprise of the administration spokesman's aggressively cheery version of the city's financial condition. That senior financial aide's assertions were bound to encourage in Congress the notion that the city didn't need any further help from Washington and to harden the conviction of credit-rating services that the Koch administration had no real grasp of its long-range financial predicament. Certainly it assured a big-horse-laugh response to any future sideshow horror stories out of City Hall. The Mayor agreed that there would be no layoffs in the coming year, but he pointed out that the budget was not really balanced at all. In the years that led up to the city's near-bankruptcy, one of the tricks with which earlier administrations had disguised the fact that the money coming in each year was far less than the money it intended to spend was to transfer a large number of current-expense items to the capital budget, where they would be paid for (along with huge interest) by long-term borrowing. In the 1980 capital budget, Koch noted, there were still two hundred and eighty-five million dollars' worth of such items, and under the terms of the federal-loan-guarantee legislation the city must complete the painful process of phasing all such items back into the expense budget by the 1982 fiscal year. Only after that was done, he said, and the city was operating under what are called generally accepted accounting principles (also known, inevitably, as "The World According to GAAP"), could the city be said to have a truly balanced budget. Meanwhile, he announced, moderating his own famous optimistic tones, everything was coming up neither roses nor doom and gloom but something in between.

ANOTHER recent development that has given many people here a sense that they are looking at an old tape of the six-o'clock local news is the return of large-scale demonstrations to City Hall. In the late sixties and early seventies, it seemed that such rallies were held every few days. The shouting protesters variously threatened the politicians inside City Hall with retribution at the polls, flight to the suburbs, or a long hot summer if certain projects weren't funded, and often the politicians gave in, committing the city over and over to enterprises so ill-advised that it was later concluded the politicians had been imprudent almost to the point of criminality in acting as if the city could afford them. After 1975, when the money stopped, the crowds fell off, but now that things are believed to be looking up a bit and there is some cash around again, the crowds are coming back. The largest budget-time rally in several years took place on May 1st, when seventy-five hundred demonstrators, most of them members of District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees who work in the seventeen municipal hospitals, massed at City Hall to protest hospital-budget cuts, the elimination of excess beds in the city hospitals (a move that, in fact, is mandated by the federal government), and the probable closing of some of the seventeen institutions—which the Koch administration regards as inevitable, since they are operating at a deficit of three hundred and forty-one million dollars a year. The proposed cutbacks would mean a sharp reduction in jobs, but the theme featured by the demonstrators was the danger that the reductions posed to the health of the city's poor. "Koch Kuts Kill," read one banner, and others dramatized the message with skull-and-crossbones symbols.

The City Hall protest was held just a few days before the rally in Washington at which a crowd that local police put at sixty-five thousand marched from the White House to the Capitol in a demonstration against nuclear power. Some of these protesters also waved banners bearing skull-and-crossbones signs—representing the deadly peril of nuclear accidents. In both cities, the official crowd estimates were in dispute. Demonstrators in Washington thought the total was at least a hundred thousand. Harlem's *Amsterdam News* put the City Hall crowd at fifteen thou-

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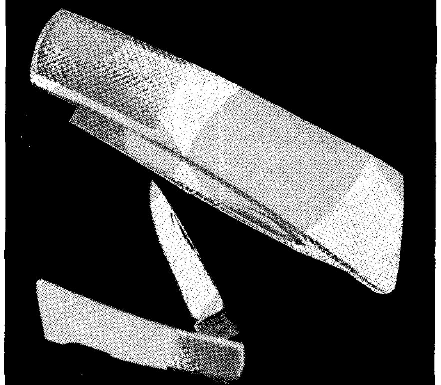

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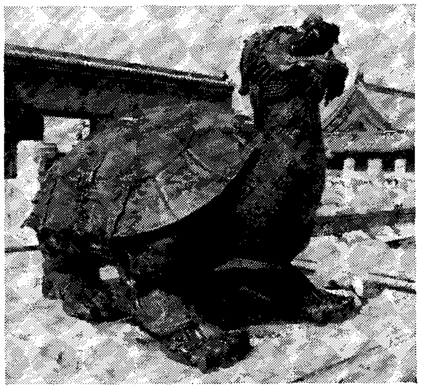

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sand. Whereas most of those rallying in Washington were white and middle-class, most of the protesters here were black and Hispanic and were among the lowest-paid of the city's employees. (Sadly, some of them would probably take a chance on nuclear hazards or other environmental risks if it meant that they could keep their jobs. Some of these thousands—citizens also—might even decide that those who try to block their freedom to take such risks are the enemy: a view symbolizing one of the great conflicts that confront those who will be directing the national destiny in the coming years.) A number of the demonstrators in Washington were sure that their rally had launched a Presidential candidacy—that of California's Governor Jerry Brown, who was one of the speakers. Others there considered the huge turnout to be the signal for a new, independent party in which environmentalists and consumers and other liberal-minded citizens would join in challenging the old political order. Many there seemed confident that their march would change history by marking, as Barry Commoner then described it, "the day the solar age began." The protesters at City Hall had no such delusions. In the new climate of fiscal conservatism that grips the country, their goal was not to bring dramatic change but to try not to lose some of what they already had. After the rally here, they could not have had much faith in their ability to tell their side of the story through the press. Columns of photographs and news accounts about the big Washington rally appeared on the front pages of most major American newspapers. Of the New York City dailies, only the *News* ran a picture of the City Hall rally. The *Post* did not cover it at all. The *Times* and the *News* treated it as ancillary to what they judged to be a more newsworthy event. Demonstrations might be back in fashion here, but the days were obviously past when demonstrators demanding that the city fulfill its obligation to spend money it did not have were treated as heroes on the city's front pages.

The City Hall demonstrators made it clear that to them the villain was the Mayor, and many of their banners denounced him for being against blacks and against unions—prejudices reflected, they believed, in the areas of service that had been slighted in Koch's new budget. Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, now the city's most prominent black politician, said of the proposed reduction in municipal-hospital beds, "If any bed has to be eliminated, it will have to be that of the Mayor at Gracie Mansion." Koch would reply, of course, that he really had no choice, and that it takes more political courage to stand up against those clamoring about the job security of city workers and the needs of the poor than to appropriate nonexistent funds, hoping for the best. From the point of view of the true interests of the city, he undoubtedly feels, it will not be counted against him in the long run if his mind is on the demands of Moody's Investors Service.

Koch has often been criticized for being thin-skinned about criticism, but few would call it fun to have seventy-five hundred demonstrators shouting insults in their front yard. The union rally had been scheduled for several weeks, and the Mayor had undoubtedly not looked forward to it. Fortunately, four days before it was to take place there had been a very happy development: the exchange of the two Soviet spies in American prisons for five Soviet dissidents. Three of the dissidents were unavailable by the day of the rally, but two of them, Georgi Vins and Valentyn Moroz, were, as Beth Fallon put it in the *News*, "roped in for lunch by the Mayor." The *Times* headline over the account of the events of the day at City Hall was "2 DISSIDENTS LUNCH WITH KOCH AND SEE A UNION DEMONSTRATION." Many of those in the union rally were angry and terribly worried. However, over lunch in the Mayor's office (London broil and Caesar salad) Vins mentioned that in his own country those who engaged in such protests against the government would be jailed immediately. Presumably, it was this contrast in rights and privileges that caused the recent Soviet prisoner, in talking to the Mayor, to refer to the demonstrators' "joyful faces." "In the demonstration game, it's always nice to have a counter," wrote Fallon. "Outside, distressed city workers. Inside, heroic dissenters. Score: Protesters, 7,500, Dissenters, 2. A tie."

—ANDY LOGAN

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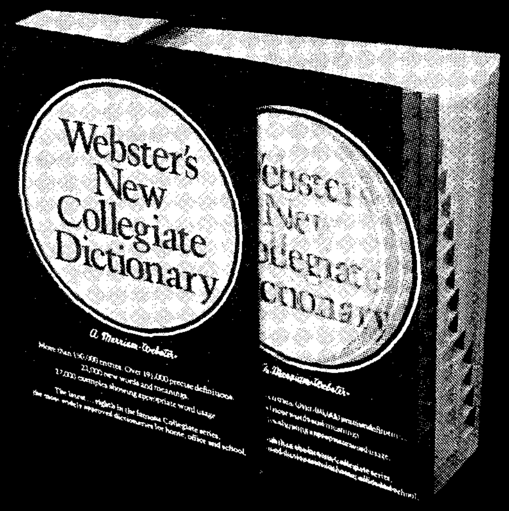

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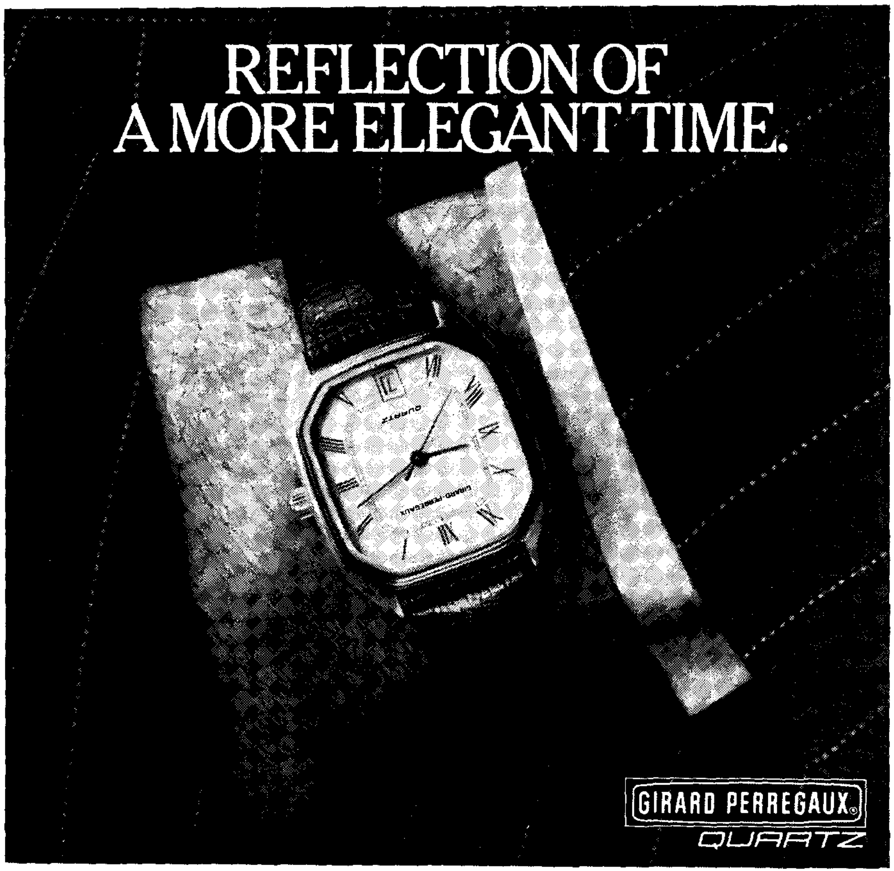

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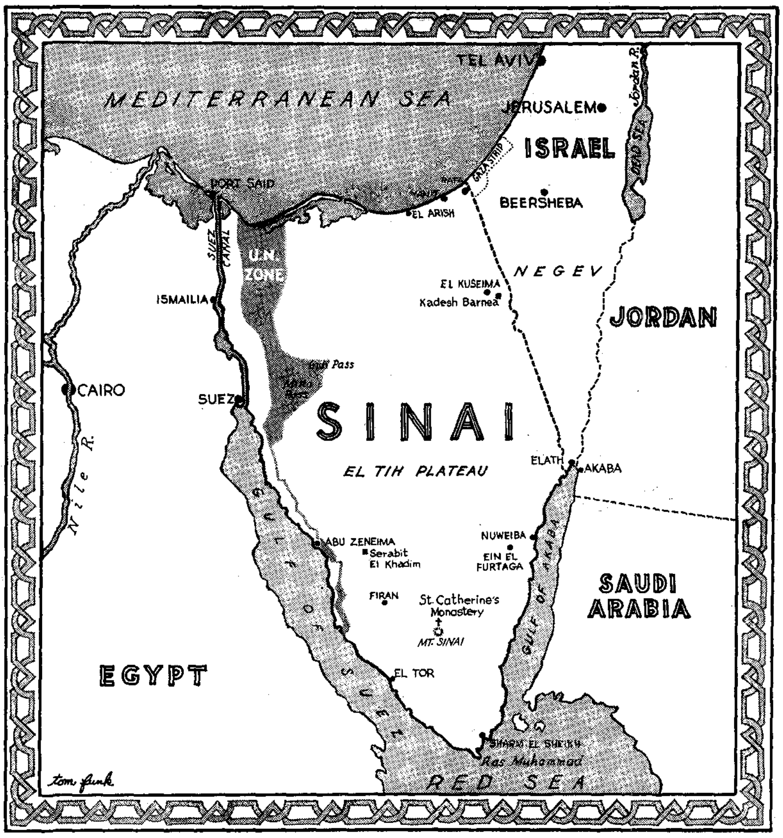
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE WILDERNESS—I



On any map of the Middle East, the Sinai Peninsula sits dead center, an almost perfect inverted isosceles triangle, a sharp wedge that seems to cleave Africa from Arab Asia. Depending on one's political persuasion, it can be seen in several other contexts: as an eastern arm of Egypt, holy Egyptian soil, severed from its motherland only a little more than a century ago by the Suez Canal; as a natural and logical southern extension of Israel, a massive broadening of the Negev Desert; as a northern adjunct of Saudi Arabia, separated from that immensity by the narrow Gulf of Akaba; or, simply, as an ancient land bridge connecting East and West, a handy route for caravans and invading armies. From any point of view, Sinai is a familiar, if not always clearly perceived, place name. It has been a common word on the front pages of newspapers for decades. Every Sunday-school student knows it as the "great and terrible wilderness" of the Exodus, as the earthly home of Jehovah, and as a birthplace of monotheism and of Western law. Scholars know it as a setting for the development of our alphabet and as a land trampled by history. Yet geographically the Sinai evokes an image of vague, uninhabited desert, a lunar wasteland of sand and rock that, by accident of its location, has come to hold great significance for many cultures.

The Sinai is more a wilderness than a desert. Its aridity and area are dwarfed by the intensely desertic vastness of the neighboring Arabian Peninsula; the Sinai triangle covers twenty-three thousand five hundred square miles—about the size of West Virginia—but within that space is a surprising variety of terrain. A fifteenth-century monk named Felix Fabri, one of a long line of pilgrims who have explored the holy ground, wrote that "every day—indeed, every hour—you come into new country, of a different nature, with different conditions of atmosphere and soil, with hills of a different build and color, so that you are amazed at what you see, and long for what you will see next." The northern base of the inverted triangle runs along the Mediterranean Sea in a gentle arc for about a hundred and fifty miles, from the Gaza Strip (technically, a part of Palestine) to Port Said-Port Fuad, the northernmost point of the Suez Canal. For approximately fifteen miles south of the Mediterranean coast, there is the popular conception of a desert, full of silken, shifting dunes, oases of waving date palms, and marshy salt flats. Like all deserts, this one advances by a process of sandy erosion, in some sections creeping southward by as much as a mile and a half every ten years. This northern desert region, paradoxically, supports most of the Sinai's seventy-five thousand residents, forty thousand of whom are Bedouins. It also contains the main caravan route between the Levant and the Nile Valley—the Via Maris.

From the Mediterranean coast south, the peninsula gradually narrows for two hundred and forty miles until both isosceles legs meet at the upside-down apex at Sharm El Sheikh,* which intrudes itself into the head of the Red Sea. The left, or western, leg of the triangle abuts on the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Suez, while the right, or eastern, leg follows the Gulf of Akaba up to the Elath-Akaba area. For a hundred and fifty miles south of the northern desert strip, the terrain is mostly a gravel-and-limestone escarpment, ending abruptly at the forbidding El Tih ("the wandering") Plateau. Several roads and camel tracks cut through this middle wilderness with varying degrees of navigability, two of the most notable and navigable being the Gidi and Mitla passes, which played so large and crucial a part in the recent Sinai wars. In this central region, the fewest and poorest Bedouins live, with little to sustain them beyond the knowledge that this is their accepted territory.

The southernmost third of the Sinai, from the El Tih Plateau to Sharm El

*The difficulty of transliterating Arabic words, particularly place names, into other languages is as old as the words themselves. For instance, "Sharm El Sheikh" can be transliterated into English, with excellent justification for each spelling, as "Sharm e Sheikh," "Sharm ash Shaykh," "Sharm E-Sheikh," "Sharm Esh-Sheikh," "Sharm a-Sheikh," or any combination of these spellings with an "e" substituted for the "a" in "Sharm" and the final "h" dropped in "Sheikh." The basic reason for this confusion is that there are just three vowel sounds in Arabic, and their English equivalents are strictly a matter of how the individual English ear hears them and how various local Arabs choose to pronounce them. (The word "Bedouin," which will appear with some frequency herein, is actually a French transliteration of the Arabic word-sound "Badawi," meaning desert dweller; the Sinai Bedouin refers to himself as something closer to "Buhdwi.") Some Arabists have invented signs for transliterating consonant, vowel, and glottal sounds, but this system (which includes the disturbing "q" not followed by a "u") serves only to complicate matters further. The best system, I believe, is to approximate the Arabic sound with the simplest, most conventional, and least eye-disturbing English spelling; thus, "Bedouin" rather than "Badawi," and "Akaba" not "Aqaba."

Sheikh, is the most dramatic and beautiful part of the peninsula. The irregular tableland, slowly tilting upward as the peninsula narrows, at last erupts in startling, craggy brown, gray, and red granite mountains, the tallest, Mt. St. Catherine, being 8,651 feet high. Mt. Sinai (or Gebel Musa, the Mountain of Moses) is 7,497 feet. Just about everything that makes the Sinai a household name happened in this third of the peninsula: the revelation of the Burning Bush; the wandering in the wilderness; the lawgiving; the theophany of Jehovah before Moses and the doubting Israelites; the flight of Elijah from Ahab and Jezebel. Here, too, are luxuriant oases; glittering sand and coral beaches; history oozing from the stones of such places as the Egyptian Temple of Hathor, at Serabit El Khadim, and the fourth-century St. Catherine's Monastery; spectacular dry wadis that during the brief winter rainstorms can become thrashing Monongahelas; and, as often happens in the Middle East, oil.

Historically, the Sinai is a paradox. This seemingly worthless, underpopulated, undercultivated piece of gritty real estate has been the most besieged territory in the world—at last count, the battleground for at least fifty invading armies since recorded history began—surpassing even war-weary Belgium for the dubious title. It has been touched in one way or another by most of Western and Near Eastern history, both actual and mythic, and its sand and rock have been sacred to disparate cultures. The reason for its historical stature, of course, is its strategic position between East and West: the land an army must invade, conquer, and occupy in order to seize a grander prize somewhere else. As a result of this unhappy situation, it has been occupied by some alien force ever since the Early Bronze Age, about five thousand years ago.

Traces of Early Bronze Age domestic ruins and pottery shards at Wadi El Sheikh, in the south-central Sinai, indicate a self-sufficient settlement life there, with the raising of sheep and goats, the dexterous use of tools, and, possibly, copper mining and smelting. But by then the Sinai had experienced its first invasion and occupation, by Mesopotamian Semites who had infiltrated from the northeast. Among other things, these Semites gave the Sinai its name. From the Chaldean city of Ur, the legendary home of the patriarch Abraham, came a cult that wor-

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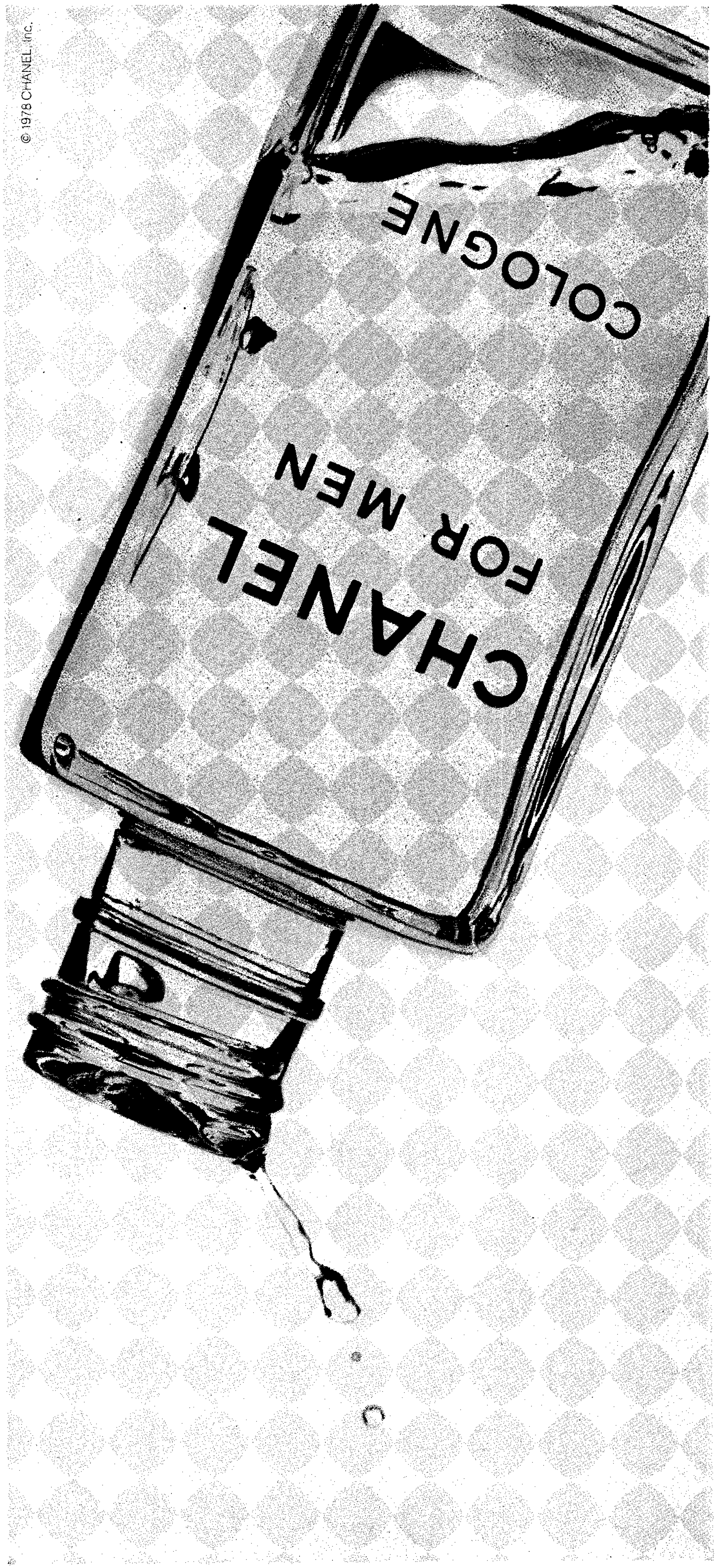

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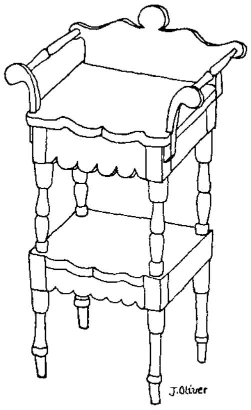
shipped the moon god Sin, a deity of the Sin, Shamash, and Ishtar trinity (the moon, the sun, and Venus). Some scholars speculate that Yahweh (Jehovah) was once regarded as a moon god and that the early Hebrews were moon worshippers. Naram-Sin, a king of Akkad (c. 2200 B.C.), was so named because his conquest of Elam, a flourishing civilization north of the Persian Gulf, was considered the result of favorable lunar influences. He later conquered lands to the west called, according to a deciphered Assyrian fragment, Maganna ("the country of copper") and Milukhkha ("the country of blue stone"). Perhaps these territories, rich in copper and turquoise, were collectively named Sin—and, eventually, Sinai—after the deity that made the triumph possible. It is undoubtedly a coincidence, but a fascinating one, that the peninsula named for a moon god looks like nothing so much as the surface of the moon.

The primitive people of the Sinai during the Semitic conquest were known by various names in early history and legend. Generally, they were called the Mentu, but as lore was piled upon lore, they were known, by turns, as Horites (from "*hor*," the Hebrew word for "mountain"), Rephaim (a race of giants), Amalekites (a wandering barbaric people, "the first of the nations," according to the Bible), Edomites (the cursed descendants of Esau), Thamudites (perhaps the progenitors of the brilliant Nabateans), and Midianites (nomads from the Arabian Peninsula who foraged in the Sinai). The peninsula was ethnologically Semitic, but soon it became geographically Egyptian. The Egyptians had a threefold purpose in colonizing the Sinai: to keep the northern desert (the Shur, or "wall," as they called it) a fortified buffer against invaders; to use the northern and central routes through the Sinai as military and trade highways; and to work the copper and turquoise mines at Serabit El Khadim, in the mountains across the Gulf of Suez, conscripting the vanquished Semitic population as slaves. ("Serabit El Khadim" means "heights of the slave.") Throughout the early dynasties, the Egyptians expanded the lucrative mining operations. At first, they were influenced by their slaves and adopted a version of the moon cult, performing sacrificial rites to the Egyptian moon god Thoth, who was represented on mine walls as a baboon- or ibis-headed figure. Later mine inscriptions depicted the early pharaohs as "smiters of the barbarians" (which is to say, the enslaved Semites) and masters of all Egypt. Seneferu and Cheops plundered the mines and vowed to protect the divinity of the Sinai.

When the Hyksos, a Semitic people (one theory holds that they were Hebrews), invaded Egypt through the Sinai and ruled the Nile Valley, from c. 1700 to 1580 B.C., the Sinai mines fell into disuse. The Hyksos concentrated on keeping the peace in Egypt proper. However, during the Eighteenth Dynasty, the foreign rulers were overthrown and Egyptian expeditions to the Sinai resumed. A magnificent temple was built at Serabit to honor Hathor, the Goddess of Turquoise (as well as of Love, Mirth, and Joy), who was represented by the features of a cow. Precious gifts were sent from the pharaohs to "Mother Hathor, Mistress of Turquoise," and the Sinai turquoise, in turn, was transported to Nilotic temples. A huge complex grew around the sacred house of Hathor, including a courtyard, pylon, sanctuaries, purification baths, porticoes, steles, a High Place of Burning, and a barracks area for the Egyptian soldiers who policed the slaves and protected the mines from marauders. At some point during this period, an extraordinary intellectual event occurred at Serabit. The Semitic slaves inscribed on the mine walls some markings, related to Proto-Canaanitic symbols, that were a major departure from the hieroglyphics the Egyptians had carved. Instead of being merely pictures representing words, these were symbols representing basic consonantal sounds, from which an infinite variety of new words could be constructed. They evolved into the Proto-Sinaitic alphabet, the key link, many epigraphists believe, between Egyptian hieroglyphics and the Phoenician alphabet, from which our own alphabet was derived.



Probably during the reign of the Pharaoh Ramses II, c. 1300 B.C., the Egyptians' Hebrew slaves revolted, and, fleeing east out of Egypt to freedom, they gave the Sinai its most celebrated and holy moment. The moment was, according to Scriptural tradition, really forty years of Exodus and wandering through the "great and terrible wilderness." At this point, the history of the Sinai becomes totally mythic, the Scriptures and their multifarious interpretations being the sole sources. Personages, place names, routes, and chronologies have for millennia been open to dispute and theory, but one salient fact remains: the Hebrews, having fled from Egyptian bondage, slowly and painfully made their way across the Sinai, finally arriving in the Promised Land, well to the north, as a triumphant, unified, jurisprudent, monotheistic, and chastened people. They started out as Hebrews, became Israelites, and ended up as Jews.

For the next thousand years or so—until the Ptolemaic Dynasty, of a few hundred years before the birth of Christ—Egyptian fortunes fluctuated in the Sinai and elsewhere. Egypt colonized the East and was colonized in turn. A grand succession of invasions and retreats took place, all of them through the ravaged Sinai. Babylonians, Persians, and Greeks all had their day against the Egyptians, slowly breaking the majestic power of the pharaohs and controlling the trade routes between East and West.

From the fourth century B.C., the Ptolemies showed some revived interest in the peninsula, mounting expeditions and building a few ports along the Mediterranean coast. While there, they encountered the Nabateans, an enterprising Semitic people from east of the Jordan River who had seized Akaba from their base in Petra and were using the Sinai to establish and control trade, even opening a land route from Akaba to Gaza. Along the trade routes, they left souvenirs of their presence by what have become known as Sinaitic Inscriptions—mostly Aramaic graffiti of salutation, warning, and advice. The Nabateans held their own against the Ptolemies, but they were eventually conquered by the Romans in A.D. 106.

During the era when Egypt was a Roman and Byzantine dependency—from 30 B.C. to A.D. 640—the Sinai grew in military, commercial, and social stature. The Romans maintained military posts along the Mediterranean coast at intervals of fourteen miles (the length of a day's march by a Roman legion), and traces still remain of some of these fortified positions. In those days, the Pelusiac, or eastern, arm of the Nile flowed through Kantara and entered the Mediterranean at a busy port called Pelusium. Farther east were Galss (also known as Mt. Casius), where Pompey the Great, fleeing Julius Caesar, was assassinated, by order of

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| Merlo | 220 |
| Moreno | 228 |
| Resistencia | 711 |
| Rosario | 41 |
| Sante Fe | 42 |
| **AUSTRALIA** | **61** |
| Adelaide | 8 |
| Brisbane | 7 |
| Canberra | 62 |
| Hobart | 02 |
| Melbourne | 3 |
| New Castle | 49 |
| Perth | 9 |
| Southport | 75 |
| Sydney | 2 |
| Townsville | 77 |
| **AUSTRIA** | **43** |
| Baden bei Wien | 2252 |
| Bludenz | 5552 |
| Graz | 316 |
| Innsbruck | 5222 |
| Kitzbuhel | 5356 |
| Klagenfurt | 4222 |
| Krems/an der Donau | 2732 |
| Linz | 732 |
| Neunkirchen | 2635 |
| Salzburg | 6222 |
| St. Polten | 2742 |
| Vienna | 222 |
| Villach | 4242 |
| Wels | 7242 |
| **BAHRAIN** | **973** |
| All points | * |
| **BELGIUM** | **32** |
| Antwerp | 31 |
| Bruges | 50 |
| Brussels | 2 |
| Charleroi | 71 |
| Courtrai | 56 |
| Ghent | 91 |
| Hasselt | 11 |
| La Louviere | 64 |
| Liege | 41 |
| Louvain | 16 |
| Malines | 15 |
| Mons | 65 |
| Namur | 81 |
| Ostend | 59 |
| Verviers | 87 |
| **BELIZE** | **501** |
| Belize City | * |
| Belmopan | 08 |
| Dangviga | 05 |
| Independence | 06 |
| Orange Walk | 03 |
| Punta Gorda | 07 |
| San Ignacio | 09 |
| **BRAZIL** | **55** |
| Belem | 91 |
| Belo Horizonte | 31 |
| Brasilia | 61 |
| Campinas | 192 |
| Curitiba | 412 |
| Fortaleza | 85 |
| Goiania | 62 |
| Juiz do Fora | 32 |
| Londrina | 432 |
| Niteroi | 21 |
| Pelotas | 532 |
| Porto Alegre | 512 |
| Recife | 81 |
| Riberao Preto | 166 |
| Rio de Janeiro | 21 |
| Salvador | 71 |
| Santo Andre | 11 |
| Santos | 132 |
| S. Bernardo do Campo | 11 |
| Sao Paulo | 11 |
| **CHILE** | **56** |
| Chiquayante | 42 |
| Concepcion | 42 |
| Penco | 42 |
| Recreo | 31 |
| San Bernardo | 2 |
| Santiago | 2 |
| Talcahuano | 42 |
| Valparaiso | 31 |
| Vina del Mar | 31 |
| **CHINA, REP. OF** | **86** |
| Changhua | 47 |
| Fengyuan | 45 |
| Kaohsiung | 7 |
| Lotung | 39 |
| Pingtung | 87 |
| Taichung | 42 |
| Tainan | 62 |
| Taipei | 2 |
| Taitung | 89 |
| Taoyuan | 33 |
| **COLOMBIA** | **57** |
| Armenia | 60 |
| Barranquilla | 5 |
| Bogota | * |
| Bucaramanga | 71 |
| Cali | 3 |
| Cucuta | 70 |
| Ibaque | 82 |
| Manizales | 69 |
| Palmira | 31 |
| Pereira | 61 |
| **COSTA RICA** | **506** |
| All points | * |
| **CYPRUS** | **357** |
| Famagusta | 31 |
| Kyrenia | 81 |
| Larnaca | 41 |
| Limassol | 51 |
| Morphou | 71 |
| Nicosia | 21 |
| Paphos | 61 |
| **DENMARK** | **45** |
| Aalborg | 8 |
| Aarhus | 6 |
| Copenhagen | 1 or 2 |
| Esbjerg | 5 |
| Haderslev | 4 |
| Holstebro | 7 |
| Nykobing | 3 |
| Odense | 9 |
| Randers | 6 |
| Sonderborg | 4 |
| **ECUADOR** | **593** |
| Ambato | 2 |
| Cuenca | 4 |
| Esmeraldas | 2 |
| Guayaquil | 4 |
| Ibarra | 2 |
| Loja | 4 |
| Machala | 4 |
| Manta | 4 |
| Portoviejo | 4 |
| Quito | 2 |
| **EL SALVADOR** | **503** |
| All points | * |
| **FIJI** | **679** |
| All points | * |
| **FINLAND** | **358** |
| Epoo-Ebbo | 15 |
| Helsinki | 0 |
| Jyvaskyla | 41 |
| Kuopio | 71 |
| Lahti | 18 |
| Oulu | 81 |
| Pori | 39 |
| Tampere | 31 |
| Turku-Abo | 21 |
| Vantaa | 14 |
| **FRANCE** | **33** |
| Bordeaux | 56 |
| Clermont-Ferrand | 73 |
| Dijon | 80 |
| Grenoble | 76 |
| Le Havre | 35 |
| Lille | 20 |
| Lyon | 78 |
| Marseille | 91 |
| Nice | 93 |
| Paris | 1 |
| Reims | 26 |
| Rennes | 99 |
| Toulouse | 61 |
| St. Etienne | 77 |
| Strasbourg | 88 |
| **GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REP.** | **37** |
| Berlin | 2 |
| Dresden | 51 |
| Erfurt | 61 |
| Gera | 70 |
| Halle/Saale | 46 |
| Karl-Marx-Stadt | 71 |
| Leipzig | 41 |
| Potsdam | 33 |
| Rostock | 81 |
| **GERMANY FED. REP. OF** | **49** |
| Aachen | 241 |
| Augsburg | 821 |
| Berlin | 30 |
| Bochum | 234 |
| Bonn | 2221 |
| Bremen | 421 |
| Dortmund | 231 |
| Duisburg | 203 |
| Dusseldorf | 211 |
| Essen | 201 |
| Frankfurt | 611 |
| Hamburg | 40 |
| Hannover | 511 |
| Heidelberg | 6221 |
| Karlsruhe | 721 |
| Kiel | 431 |
| Mannheim | 621 |
| Munich | 89 |
| Numberg | 911 |
| Oberhausen | 208 |
| Stuttgart | 711 |
| Wiesbaden | 6121 |
| Wuppertal | 202 |
| **GREECE** | **30** |
| Argos | 751 |
| Athens | 1 |
| Corinth | 741 |
| Hydra | 298 |
| Larissa | 41 |
| Rhodes | 241 |
| Sparta | 731 |
| Thessaloniki | 31 |
| Tripolis | 71 |
| Volos | 421 |
| **GUAM** | **671** |
| All points | * |
| **GUATEMALA** | **502** |
| Amatitlan | 33 |
| Antigua | 32 |
| Guatemala City | 2 |
| Quatzaltenango | 61 |
| Villa Nueva | 31 |
| **HAITI** | **509** |
| Cap Haitien | 3 |
| Gonaive | 5 |
| Port-au-Prince | 1 |
| **HONDURAS** | **504** |
| All points | * |
| **HONG KONG** | **852** |
| Castle Peak | 12 |
| Cheung Chau | 5 |
| Fan Ling | 12 |
| Hong Kong | 5 |
| Kowloon | 3 |
| Kwai Chung | 12 |
| Lamma | 5 |
| Lantau | 5 |
| Ma Wan | 5 |
| Peng Chau | 5 |
| Sek Kong | 12 |
| Sha Tin | 12 |
| Tai Po | 12 |
| Ting Kau | 12 |
| Tsun Wan | 12 |
| **IRAN** | **98** |
| Abadan | 631 |
| Ahwaz | 61 |
| Esfahan | 31 |
| Hamadan | 261 |
| Kermanshan | 431 |
| Mashad | 51 |
| Rasht | 231 |
| Shiraz | 331 |
| Tabriz | 41 |
| Teheran | 21 |
| **IRAQ** | **964** |
| Baghdad | 1 |
| Basrah | 4021 |
| Dewanyia | 3662 |
| Hila | 3022 |
| Mosul | 6081 |
| Najaf | 3333 |
| **IRELAND, REP. OF** | **353** |
| Cork | 21 |
| Drogheda | 41 |
| Dublin | 1 |
| Dundalk | 42 |
| Galway | 91 |
| Kilkenny | 56 |
| Sligo | 71 |
| Tralee | 66 |
| Waterford | 51 |
| Wexford | 53 |
| **ISRAEL** | **972** |
| Afula | 65 |
| Bat lam | 3 |
| Dimona | 57 |
| Haifa | 4 |
| Holon | 3 |
| Jerusalem | 2 |
| Nazareth | 65 |
| Rehovot | 54 |
| Tel Aviv | 3 |
| Tiberias | 67 |
| **ITALY** | **39** |
| Bari | 80 |
| Bologna | 51 |
| Catania | 95 |
| Florence | 55 |
| Genoa | 10 |
| Palermo | 91 |
| Naples | 81 |
| Milan | 2 |
| Rome | 6 |
| Turin | 11 |
| **JAPAN** | **81** |
| Amagasaki | 6 |
| Chiba | 472 |
| Fukuoka | 92 |
| Hiroshima | 822 |
| Kanazawa | 762 |
| Kawasaki | 44 |
| Kitakyushu | 93 |
| Kobe | 78 |
| Kumamoto | 963 |
| Kyoto | 75 |
| Nagasaki | 958 |
| Nagoya | 52 |
| Okayama | 862 |
| Osaka | 6 |
| Sakai | 722 |
| Sapporo | 11 |
| Sendai | 222 |
| Tokyo | 3 |
| Yokohama | 45 |
| Yokosuka | 468 |
| **KENYA** | **254** |
| Kabete | 2 |
| Kiambu | 284 |
| Kikuyu | 283 |
| Kisumu | 35 |
| Mombasa | 11 |
| Nairobi | 2 |
| Nakuru | 37 |
| Shanzu | 11 |
| Thika | 151 |
| Uthiru | 2 |
| **KOREA** | **82** |
| Inchon | 32 |
| Jeon ju | 52 |
| Kwangju | 62 |
| Masan | 73 |
| Mokpo | 63 |
| Pusan | 72 |
| Seoul | 2 |
| Taegu | 82 |
| Taejeon | 42 |
| Ulsan | 74 |
| **KUWAIT** | **965** |
| All Points | * |
| **LIECHTENSTEIN** | **41** |
| All Points | 75 |
| **LUXEMBOURG** | **352** |
| All Points | * |
| **MALAYSIA** | **60** |
| Alor Star | 4 |
| Baranang | 3 |
| Dengkill | 3 |
| Ipoh | 5 |
| Kajang | 3 |
| Kuala Lumpur | 3 |
| Port Dickson | 6 |
| Semenyih | 3 |
| Sungei Besi | 3 |
| Sungei Renggam | 3 |
| **MONACO** | **33** |
| All Points | 93 |
| **NETHERLANDS** | **31** |
| Amsterdam | 20 |
| Arnhem | 85 |
| Breda | 76 |
| Eindhoven | 40 |
| Enschede | 53 |
| Groningen | 50 |
| Haarlem | 23 |
| Heemstede | 23 |
| Hillegersberg | 10 |
| Hoensbroek | 45 |
| Hoogkerk | 50 |
| Hoogvliet | 10 |
| Leiden | 71 |
| Loosduinen | 70 |
| Nijmegen | 80 |
| Oud Zuilen | 30 |
| Rotterdam | 10 |
| The Hague | 70 |
| Tilburg | 13 |
| Utrecht | 30 |
| **NETHERLANDS ANTILLES** | **599** |
| Bonaire | 7 |
| Curacao | 9 |
| Saba | 4 |
| St. Eustatius | 3 |
| St. Maarten | 5 |
| **NEW ZEALAND** | **64** |
| Auckland | 9 |
| Christchurch | 3 |
| Dunedin | 24 |
| Hamilton | 71 |
| Invercargill | 21 |
| Napier | 70 |
| Palmerston North | 63 |
| Rotorua | 73 |
| Tauranga | 75 |
| Wellington | 4 |
| **NICARAGUA** | **505** |
| Chinandega | 341 |
| Granada | 72 |
| Jinotepe | 41 |
| Leon | 31 |
| Managua | 2 |
| Masaya | 71 |
| **NORWAY** | **47** |
| Bergen | 5 |
| Drammen | 3 |
| Fredrikstad | 32 |
| Haugesund | 47 |
| Oslo | 2 |
| Sarpsborg | 31 |
| Skien | 35 |
| Stavanger | 45 |
| Tonsberg | 33 |
| Trondheim | 75 |
| **PAPUA NEW GUINEA** | **675** |
| All Points | * |
| **PERU** | **51** |
| Arequipa | 542 |
| Callao | 14 |
| Chiclayo | 7423 |
| Chimbote | 4432 |
| Cuzco | 8423 |
| Huancayo | 6423 |
| Ica | 3423 |
| Lima | 14 |
| Piura | 7432 |
| Trujillo | 44 |
| **PHILIPPINES** | **63** |
| Angeles | 55 |
| Bacolod | 34 |
| Baguio | 442 |
| Cebu | 32 |
| Davao | 35 |
| Iloilo | 33 |
| Manila | 2 |
| San Fernando, Pampanga | 45 |
| San Pablo | 43 |
| Tarlac | 47 |
| **PORTUGAL** | **351** |
| Almada | 19 |
| Barreiro | 19 |
| Braga | 23 |
| Coimbra | 39 |
| Evora | 69 |
| Guimaraes | 23 |
| Lisbon | 19 |
| Montijo | 19 |
| Porto | 29 |
| Setubal | 15 |
| **SAN MARINO** | **39** |
| All Points | 541 |
| **SAUDI ARABIA** | **966** |
| Abha | 7 |
| Al Khobar | 31 |
| Dhahran | 31 |
| Jeddah | 21 |
| Khamis Mushait | 7 |
| Mecca | 22 |
| Medina | 41 |
| Najran | 7 |
| Riyadh | 1 |
| **SINGAPORE** | **65** |
| All Points | * |
| **SOUTH AFRICA** | **27** |
| Bloemfontein | 51 |
| Cape Town | 21 |
| Durban | 31 |
| East London | 431 |
| Johannesburg | 11 |
| Pietermaritzburg | 331 |
| Port Elizabeth | 41 |
| Pretoria | 12 |
| Uitenhage | 422 |
| Welkom | 17 |
| **SPAIN** | **34** |
| Barcelona | 3 |
| Bilbao | 4 |
| Cadiz | 56 |
| Granada | 58 |
| Las Palmas/de Gran Canaria | 28 |
| Madrid | 1 |
| Malaga | 52 |
| Palma de Mallorca | 71 |
| Pamplona | 48 |
| Santander | 42 |
| Seville | 54 |
| Valencia | 6 |
| **SWEDEN** | **46** |
| Boras | 33 |
| Goteborg | 31 |
| Helsingborg | 42 |
| Linkoping | 13 |
| Malmo | 40 |
| Norrkoping | 11 |
| Stockholm | 8 |
| Sundsvall | 60 |
| Uppsala | 18 |
| Vasteras | 21 |
| **SWITZERLAND** | **41** |
| Aarau | 64 |
| Baden | 56 |
| Basel | 61 |
| Berne | 31 |
| Biel | 28 |
| Davos | 83 |
| Fribourg | 37 |
| Geneva | 22 |
| Interlaken | 36 |
| La Chaux-de-Fonds | 39 |
| Lausanne | 21 |
| Lucerne | 41 |
| Lugano | 91 |
| Montreux | 21 |
| Neuchatel | 38 |
| St. Gallen | 71 |
| St. Moritz | 82 |
| Solothurn | 65 |
| Winterthur | 52 |
| Zurich | 1 |
| **TAHITI** | **689** |
| All Points | * |
| **THAILAND** | **66** |
| Bangkok | 2 |
| **TURKEY** | **90** |
| Adana | 711 |
| Ankara | 41 |
| Bursa | 241 |
| Diyarbakir | 8311 |
| Eskisehir | 221 |
| Gaziantep | 851 |
| Istanbul | 11 |
| Izmir | 51 |
| Kayseri | 3511 |
| Konya | 331 |
| **UNITED ARAB EMIRATES** | |
| **ABU DHABI** | **979** |
| Abu Dhabi Town | 2 |
| Al Ain | 3 |
| Jebel Dhana | 5 |
| **AJMAN** | **971** |
| All Points | 5 |
| **DUBAI** | **978** |
| Aweir | * |
| Falaj Amala | 96 |
| Khawanij | * |
| **FUJAIRAH** | **971** |
| All Points | 1 |
| **RAS-AL-KHAIMAH** | **971** |
| All Points | 7 |
| **SHARJAH** | **971** |
| All Points | 5 |
| **UMM-AL-QUWAIN** | **971** |
| All Points | 69 |
| **UNITED KINGDOM** | **44** |
| Belfast | 232 |
| Birmingham | 21 |
| Bolton | 204 |
| Bradford | 274 |
| Brighton | 273 |
| Bristol | 272 |
| Cardiff | 222 |
| Coventry | 203 |
| Edinburgh | 31 |
| Glasgow | 41 |
| Leeds | 532 |
| Leicester | 533 |
| Liverpool | 51 |
| London | 1 |
| Manchester | 61 |
| Newcastle upon Tyne | 632 |
| Nottingham | 602 |
| Portsmouth | 705 |
| Sheffield | 742 |
| Southampton | 703 |
| **VATICAN CITY** | **39** |
| All Points | 6 |
| **VENEZUELA** | **58** |
| Barquisimeto | 51 |
| Cabimas | 64 |
| Caracas | 2 |
| Ciudad Bolivar | 85 |
| Cumana | 93 |
| Maracaibo | 61 |
| Maracay | 43 |
| San Cristobal | 76 |
| Valencia | 41 |
| **YUGOSLAVIA** | **38** |
| Belgrade | 11 |
| Ljubljana | 61 |
| Maribor | 62 |
| Mostar | 88 |
| Novi Sad | 21 |
| Rijeka | 51 |
| Sarajevo | 71 |
| Skoplje | 91 |
| Split | 58 |
| Zagreb | 41 |

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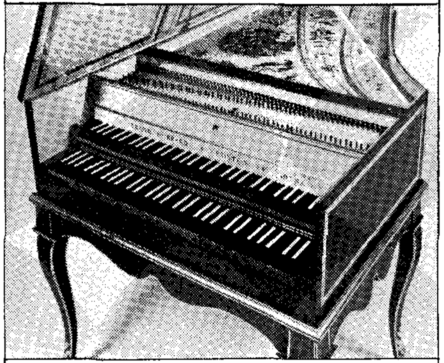

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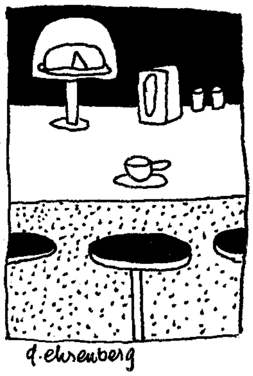
Ptolemy XIII; Ostracine, later called Filusiat (meaning "money") by the Arabs, because of the profusion of Roman coins found there; Rhinocolorum, now known as El Arish, the current population center of the Sinai; and Raphia, present-day Rafa—the last outpost before Gaza and Palestine proper. With these Sinai fortifications, the Romans were able to hold their Middle East possessions in a suppressive grip, though they apparently could not prevent Jesus, Mary, and Joseph from trekking across the Sinai to Egypt to escape Herod's wrath and journeying back after Herod's death.

During the decline of the Western Roman Empire and the ascendancy of the Eastern Byzantine Empire, the Sinai reached yet a new zenith of vitality, and the reason was, in a word, Christianity. In the fourth century, Emperor Constantine and his mother, Empress Helena, embraced Christianity and decided, for both tactical and religious reasons, to develop the Holy Land and the Sinai. A wind of Byzantine influence and culture swept the peninsula; Rhinocolorum, for instance, boasted a cathedral, a monastery, and a convent, and the city itself covered an area of eight square miles. Other cathedral cities sprouted at Ostracine, Pelusium, and near the site of the Biblical Kadesh Barnea, where the Hebrews spent most of the forty years of their Sinai wandering. It was a time of general prosperity for the Middle East, and the surplus population—particularly the more eccentric element—took to the desert as a means of acquiring sanctity and freedom from nonbelievers or oppressors. As early as the second century, many of these desert escapists headed from the Holy Land through the Sinai to Wadi Firan, a verdant, water-blessed valley in the southwestern part of the peninsula. Mostly anchorites searching for a retreat, they accepted the place as the life-giving Elim mentioned in Exodus, where there "were twelve wells of water and three-score and ten palm trees," and they then revered nearby Gebel Serbal as "Mt. Sinai." They were at constant odds with the local nomads—the "Ishmaelites" or "Saracens," as they called them—but they not only survived, they thrived. Firan blossomed into a cathedral city and the seat of a bishopric, which included other hermit settlements, as far off as Gebel Musa—the site, according to the Christians, of God's addressing Moses from the Burning Bush. In 327, the elderly Empress Helena undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. She visited the Gebel Musa settlement and, impressed to find that an actual bramble bush grew there, she ordered a small chapel to be built around it, dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Soon, in the active imaginations of the early Christians, Gebel Musa supplanted Gebel Serbal as the true Mt. Sinai. About 530, the small chapel was enlarged by Emperor Justinian into a formidable church, fortress, and monastery, and centuries later it was rededicated to St. Catherine, the virgin martyr of fourth-century Alexandria. It has been inhabited by monks and pilgrims for more than sixteen hundred years—which makes it one of the oldest continuously occupied buildings in the world.

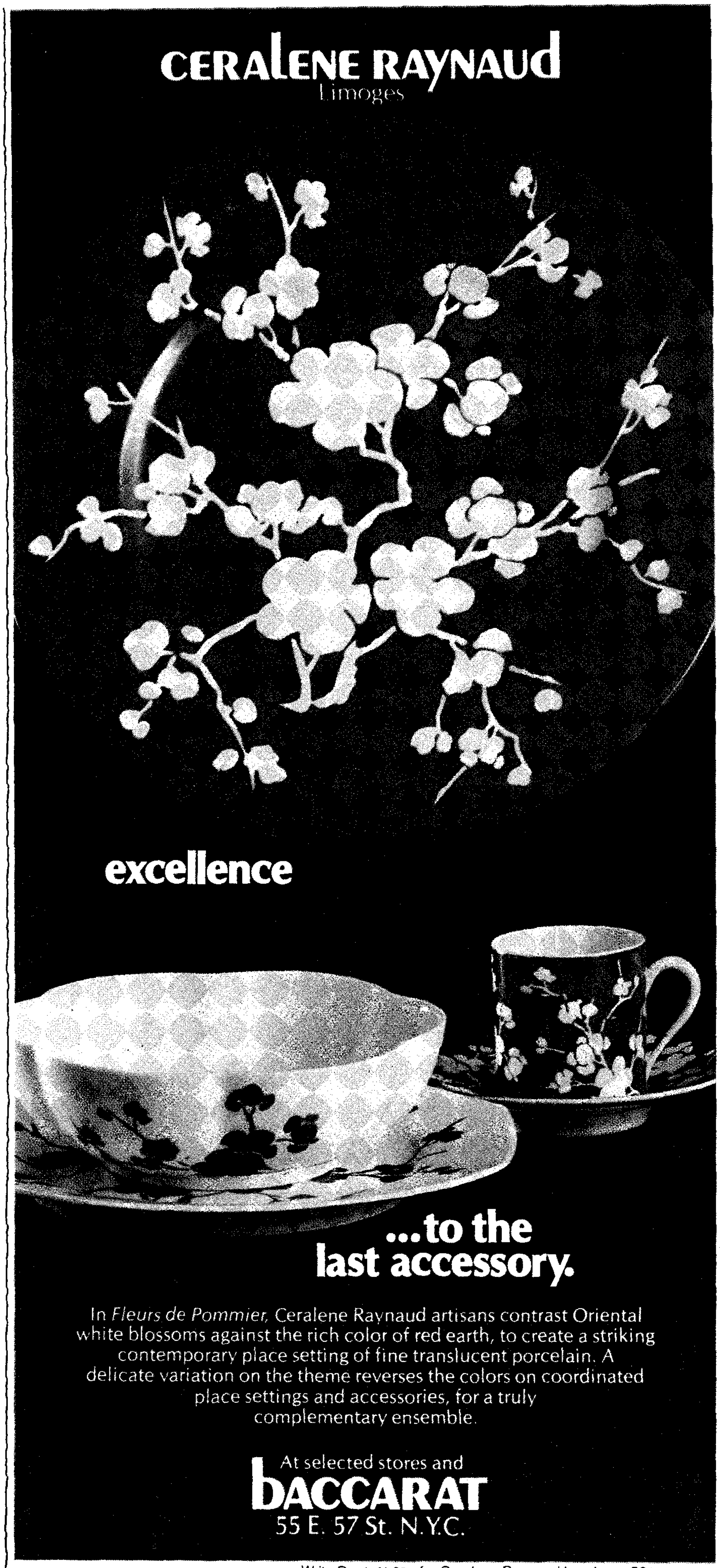


By shrewdness, good fortune, and a lot of prayer, the Sinai Christians outlasted the boiling forth from Arabia of the Muslim hordes in the seventh century. As the Arabs rode pell-mell through the Sinai on their frenetic quest to convert the world to the new religion of Islam, they devastated almost every semblance of previous culture in their path. The cathedral cities, with the nigh-miraculous exception of the monastery-fortress at Mt. Sinai, fell, usually after light resistance. Pelusium was valiantly defended by Roman mercenaries (the regular troops were in Rome, defending that hapless city) but succumbed to the relentless Arabs after a long siege. The natives of the Sinai abandoned most of their pagan superstitions and welcomed their Bedouin cousins from across the Gulf of Akaba, embracing the attractive religion. It was and is a religion tailored for desert dwellers, and the Bedouins found a glorious new way of life for survival in the Sinai wilderness. The fact that they, direct descendants of the original Arabs of the desert, were among the earliest promulgators of Islam has sustained them, and given them a sense of superiority over all other Muslims, to this day. From the onset of Islam, the Sinai Bedouins were charged with the responsibility of protecting the hajj routes through the peninsula to Mecca.

The Muslim conquests inevitably clashed with Christianity, and the ensuing convulsion was the Crusades, which cursed the Sinai—increasingly denied to Christian pilgrims—with another hundred years of invasion, occupation, and mayhem. The prime object of the Crusades was to capture Jerusalem from the infidel Muslims and transform the Holy Land into the Kingdom of Jerusalem—a goal that was bloodily attained in 1100. A slice of the Sinai, from Rafa to Akaba, was included in the Frankish Kingdom, and the old Roman fort at Ostracine was captured and held for many years. After Amalric I, as King of Jerusalem, invaded Egypt four times through the Sinai in the 1160s, the Egyptian and Syrian Muslim powers merged to strengthen their stand against the Christians. Amalric was routed at Cairo by the forces of the charismatic Saladin, who pursued the retreating Crusaders as far as Gaza. By 1182, Saladin had led his howling forces across the central Sinai in the last great campaign against the Christians, which concluded with the fall of Jerusalem and a shaky peace at the end of the twelfth century.

FOR almost three hundred years following the final collapse of the Crusades, at Acre, the Sinai rested unsteadily in the hands of the Mamelukes—the military clique, made up originally of converted slaves, that ruled Egypt. It was a period of relative peace—the East-West trade routes were reopened and thriving—with only occasional forays by foreign and Bedouin raiding parties to exact tribute. But at the beginning of the sixteenth century the ambitious Ottoman Empire decided to take the Sinai and Egypt, the ultimate prize for so many conquerors. In 1517, the forces of Sultan Selim I invaded Egypt by the Via Maris and brought the area under Turkish rule. In the Sinai, the Ottomans built new forts at El Arish, in the desolate interior at Nekhl, and at Akaba, which they used as stepping stones for the further conquest of the Hejaz and the holy Muslim cities. With all the occupied territories divided up into tightly run Ottoman administrative divisions, Turkish rule in the area lasted for four hundred years.

All was not serene, however. First, there was conflict with Portugal over the sea routes for trade with the Far East. The Portuguese defeated the Turks in Indian Ocean battles, and as a result the Sinai ports withered from a lack of shipping. Then, more important, in 1798 Napoleon invaded Egypt and, six months later, the Sinai, to lay open the Levant and the rest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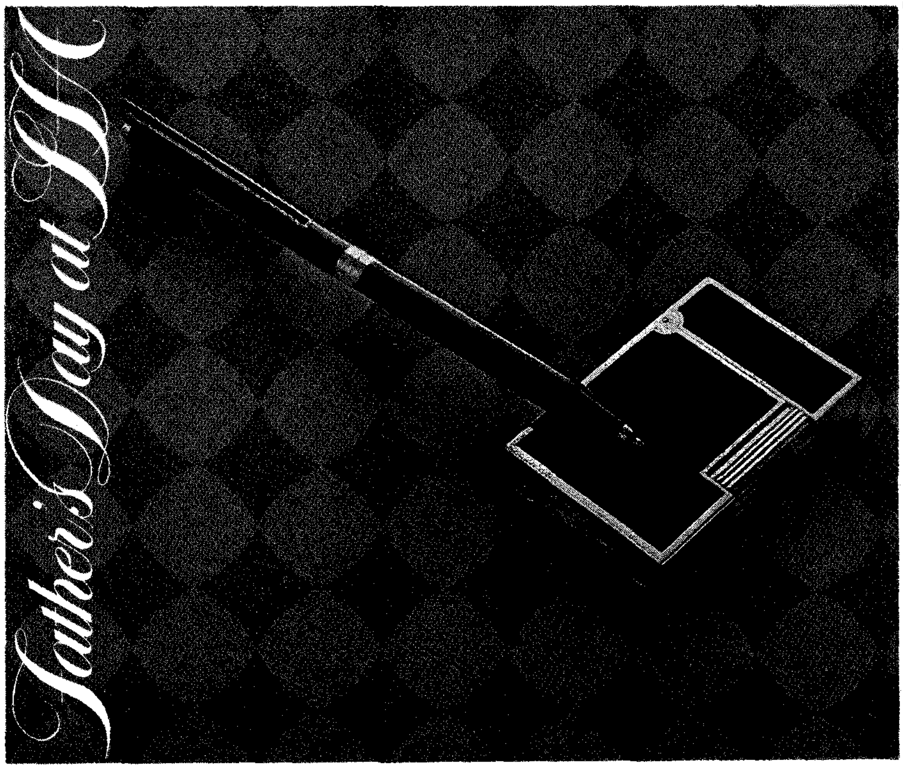

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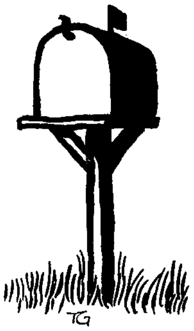
of Asia. With ten thousand soldiers, including camel cavalry, he tore across the northern Sinai, routing the Turks from El Arish and ending up at Acre. At Acre, he was stopped by the Turks and the British fleet. He fell back to El Arish, where plague, exhaustion, and thirst decimated his troops, and then to Cairo. Finally, in 1801, the French Army left Egypt altogether. In its own way, the broiling Sinai was as formidable a foe for Napoleon as the frigid Russian countryside.

The opening of the Suez Canal, in 1869, and the slow disintegration of the Ottoman Empire through palace intrigues, nationalistic rebellions, and internal corruption brought a subtle British hegemony to the western Sinai, along with a not so subtle sense of British imperial importance. The canal itself, the Red Sea, and the Gulf of Akaba became the main arteries for the newly introduced steamships, which were the instruments of communication and trade throughout the British Empire, especially with India. As far as the British were concerned, the Sinai was strategically vital to the maintenance of those arteries. By 1906, Britain had made it clear to the militarily weaker Turks that it wanted the boundary line separating Egypt from Ottoman territory to run north to south from Rafa to Akaba, thus effectively usurping the entire Sinai from Ottoman rule. Turkey offered a compromise proposal—a boundary line from El Arish to Sharm El Sheikh—but eventually it accepted the British ultimatum, recognizing the new line as merely an administrative division, not an international border between the Ottoman Empire and Egypt.

TO complicate matters further, Zionism, formulated by the Austro-Hungarian Jewish journalist Theodor Herzl, emerged at the end of the nineteenth century as a passionate alternative for European Jews fleeing the pogroms. Since the Zionists were having little success in convincing the Turks that Palestine (or the Sanjaks of Jerusalem, Nablus, and Acre, according to the Ottoman designations then) was the natural homeland for the Jewish people, they suggested that the northern Sinai might make a likely surrogate homeland, with garden cities sprouting under Jewish hands along the Mediterranean coast from El Arish west to Egypt. For a while, the British were attracted to the notion, even sending an expedition of three Britons and four Jews to the region in 1903. But when they realized the difficulty of obtaining enough water for garden cities there, they soured on the idea.

The British fascination with the Sinai was not confined to diplomats and military figures. The holy ground that had seen the Exodus and so many other historical and religious migrations drew a procession of slightly balmy British explorers, who—often with little more than a pith helmet, a light cotton suit, a water bottle, a few camels, a bemused Bedouin guide, and scant knowledge of Arabic—wandered into the wilderness, sometimes, amazingly, meeting each other on some deserted camel track. (The tradition of such haphazard exploration was started, actually, by a celebrated Frenchman, Alexandre Dumas *père*, who in 1839 visited the alleged locations of the Exodus and wrote a book about it called "Impressions of Travel in Egypt and Arabia Petræa.") All the British explorers were impelled to write their own books on the subject of the Sinai, and so the English-speaking world was treated to shelves of tomes such as M. J. Rendall's "Sinai in Spring; or, The Best Desert in the World," Arthur W. Sutton's "My Camel Ride from Suez to Mt. Sinai," and Alexander W. Kinglake's "Eöthen." Even an American, the Reverend D. A. Randall—a clergyman from Columbus, Ohio—was captivated by the Sinai. He intrepidly entered the desert, emerging some months later with notes for a book, which, in time, bore the spectacular title "The Handwriting of God in Egypt, Sinai and the Holy Land: The Records of a Journey from the Great Valley of the West to the Sacred Places of the East." Of course, some British explorers were serious archeologists, Egyptologists, and Arabists—men of such standing as Sir William Flinders Petrie, Sir Charles L. Woolley, Edward H. Palmer, and the young T. E. Lawrence. Several of them had an ulterior motive for going into the Sinai—namely, to spy on the Turks, using archeology and surveying as their cover. For instance, the Woolley-and-Lawrence expedition in early 1914 to the Turkish fringes of the Sinai was ostensibly undertaken for scientific research but was actually launched at the instigation of Lord Kitchener, the British Secretary of State for War, who was concerned about the German-inspired Turkish buildup in the area. The Turks easily saw through the ruse, and Kitchener finally called off the "survey," but not before (if one is to believe anything that T. E. Lawrence ever wrote) Lawrence had walked to Akaba and then floated on a raft of empty ten-gallon drums through shark-infested waters to Gezirat Fara'un, to reconnoitre the Turkish positions.



Lord Kitchener was well advised to be concerned about the German-Turkish buildup, because when the First World War broke out, in July of 1914, the Suez Canal was a principal objective of the Central Powers, which sought to stop the flow of colonial troops and supplies from reaching Europe. The Sinai was administered at that time by a British governor, Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Parker, who commanded only some Bedouin Camel Corps policemen, with headquarters at Nekhl. It was obvious that Turkey would soon enter the war on Germany's side, and the British reasoned that if the Turks invaded the Sinai the peninsula would have to be evacuated, because it could not be adequately defended, but that the Sinai itself, by virtue of its rough terrain and inhospitable expanse, would function as a natural barrier to protect the canal. (Kitchener, however, once asked archly whether the British troops were defending the canal area or the canal area was defending the British troops.) Just before Turkey formally entered the war, in October, 1914, it sent patrols into the Sinai interior, organizing Bedouins as spies along the way, and then advanced in force on El Arish and Nekhl. The Camel Corps was routed, and the police posts were destroyed. It was the start of a long, gory, and mercurial battle for the peninsula—the worst that the Sinai had experienced in its long, gory, and mercurial history.

The Turks launched major attacks on the canal through the central Sinai, relying on gravel highways, railroads, and water pipelines, slowly constructed by German engineers, to facilitate their plodding advance. When they finally attempted to storm the canal itself, early in 1915, it was clear to the British that the Sinai was no longer the great natural barrier it had once been considered. Although these Turkish assaults were ultimately beaten off, the British realized that they could not hold the canal indefinitely without holding all of the Sinai, too. An Egyptian Expeditionary Force, made up mainly of colonial troops under Sir Archibald Murray, painfully took back territory

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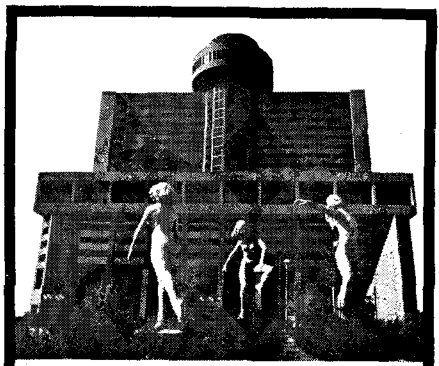

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in the north from the Turks. Murray's men pulled behind them, as they advanced, a railroad and a pipeline of sweet water from the Nile (via Kantara, the biggest military city in the world at that time), but they were turned back with heavy casualties at Gaza, as a result of some British troops having been withdrawn to fight in France and fresh Turkish reinforcements arriving. (The Gaza battles marked the first appearance of tanks in desert warfare.) Then, in June of 1917, Murray was replaced by General Edmund Allenby, who was ordered to capture all of the Sinai, all of Palestine, and as much of the rest of the Levant as he possibly could.

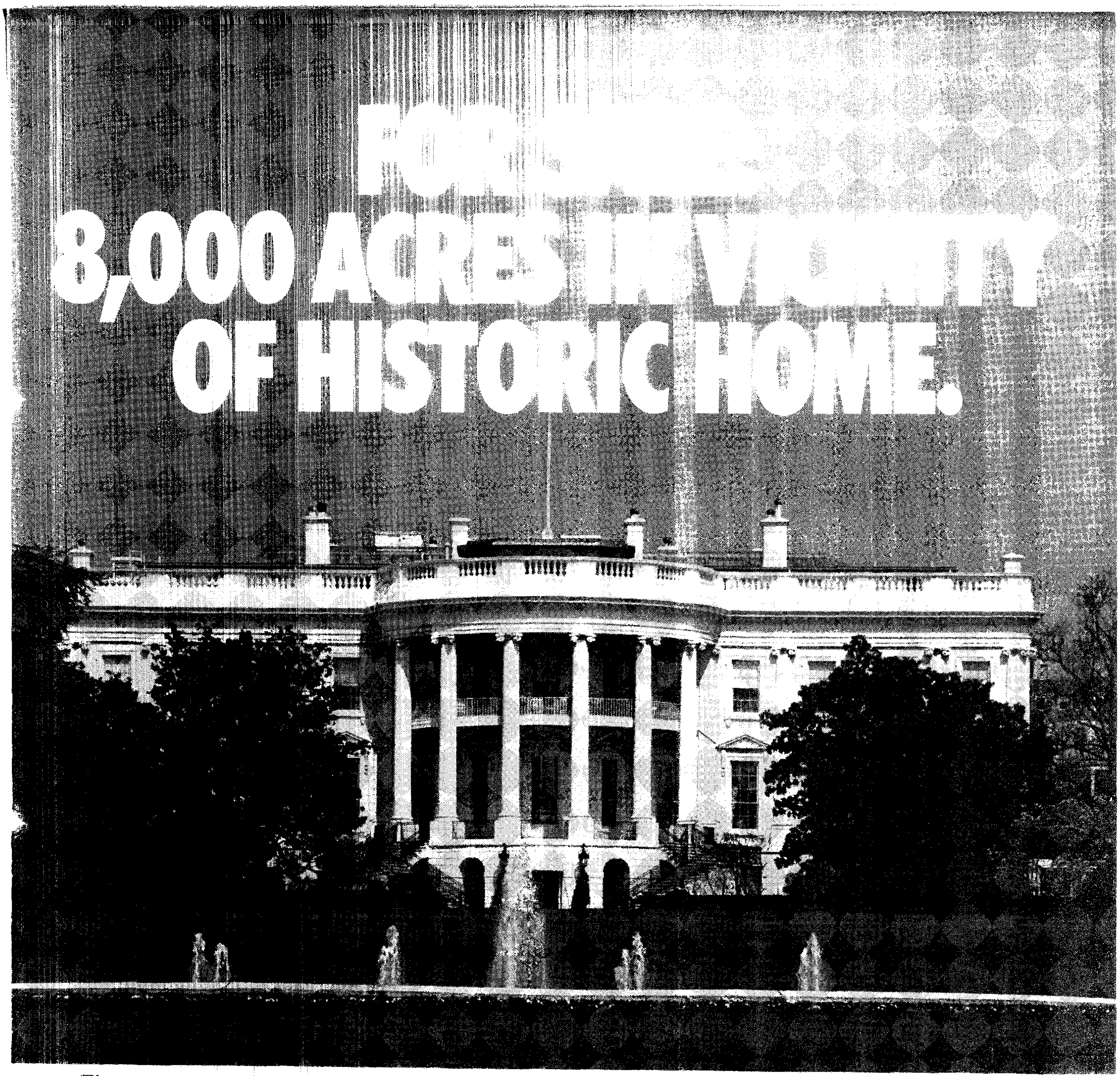
The panache of Allenby—riding through the desert in his open command car, bird-watching along the way, hiring a French chef to prepare meals for him in the field—had an invigorating and legend-encouraging effect on his troops and on the Sinai Bedouins. A Bedouin prophecy held that the Turks would be driven from Jerusalem only when "the prophet of the Lord brought the waters of the Nile to Palestine," and as Allenby finished the tasks of laying the sweet-water pipeline from the Nile, and laying the tracks and ties of what would later be called the Allenby Railroad, the prophecy seemed to be fulfilled. (It didn't harm his deiform image with the Bedouins that his last name could be transliterated into Arabic as "Allah En Nebi," or "the Prophet of the Lord.") In any event, by brilliant stratagems, dogged fighting on the part of British regulars and colonials, and heroic tenacity, Allenby found himself being handed the keys to the city of Jerusalem by the mayor in December of 1917, just four months after the pipeline carrying Nile water arrived at Rafa, on the Palestine border. The victorious Allenby was accompanied into Jerusalem by T. E. Lawrence, who was freshly returned from his guerrilla actions behind the Turkish lines and his momentous capture of Akaba from the drowsy Turks manning the fort there, and who was soon to be known worldwide as "Lawrence of Arabia." The Sinai and a good part of the rest of the Middle East were safely in British hands.

Just a month before Allenby strode triumphantly through the Jaffa Gate, Arthur Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary and former Prime Minister, issued his controversial declaration that favored the establishment in Palestine (as the British were now officially calling the three Turkish sanjaks and the land across the Jordan) of a national home for the Jewish people, without prejudice to the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities there. The Balfour Declaration had the immediate local effect of a skunk at a garden party—so much so that Allenby refused to allow its text to be published in Palestine for weeks—and it almost immediately set off the Arab-Jewish nationalistic turmoil that exists to this day. As the British and French arbitrarily carved up the Middle East to pay off old debts to various factions and chose sides on the question of Zionism, the Sinai was inexorably snared in the events.

WHILE the debate concerning the future of the Sinai and Palestine crackled, the British judiciously decided to hold on to the peninsula as a separate province—neither, in truth, a part of Egypt nor a part of the Palestine Mandate (the territory granted to England by the League of Nations). It was administered under an organization called the Occupied Enemies' Territory Administration, with Lieutenant Colonel Parker as the governor until 1923 and Major Claude Jarvis taking over the command from 1923 to 1936.

The British plan was to maintain the status quo in the Sinai until some permanent solution could be found for the troublesome peninsula. It wasn't easy. The Bedouins, in particular, were restive, because during the anarchy of war they had been entranced with what to them was that all too rare ideal human condition of *mafish hakuma,* "no government," and they could pretty much run things their own way, for a change. With discarded weapons littering the area, ammunition galore, and heady rumors of Arab nationalism abounding, they dreamed of new glory and plunder, without having to toil in menial service, which is beneath Bedouin dignity. Intertribal raids, mostly for livestock, were commonplace, and hashish smuggling, from Turkey and Syria to Egypt via the Sinai, was the main commerce of the area—a kind of cottage industry. The British and their native policemen had their hands full.

But then the Second World War turned things around and made the area militarily significant once again. For the second time in twenty-five years, the British Army occupation swelled. Most of the hot action was, of course, in the western desert of Egypt, holding back the Germans at El Alamein, so the Sinai was spared



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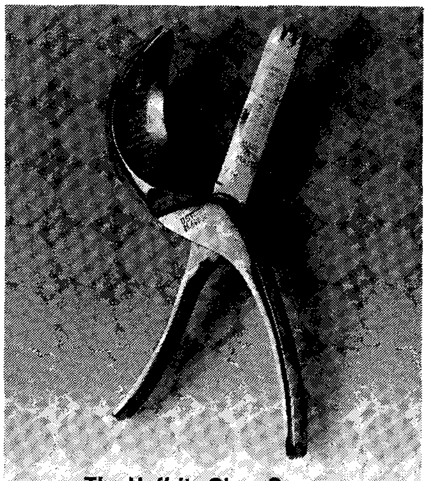
another round of war's ravages, reverting to its role as strategic buffer and logistics base. With the end of the war, however, the complexion of the entire Levant changed radically: the pitiful survivors of European Jewry struggled against the power of the British Army and the enraged Arabs to settle in Palestine; Arab nationalism simmered as the old, tired colonial powers gave up, one by one, their Middle East possessions; and, with the blessing of the British, Egypt, which was the most populous and most dynamic of all the Arab states, took undisputed control of the Sinai right up to the Palestine border. Clearly, a confrontation between Arab and Jew was not far off.

On May 14, 1948—after the United Nations General Assembly had endorsed a plan for the partition of Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab state (with Jerusalem designated as a separate entity), after the Arabs had rejected the partition plan and were massing their armies to "drive the Jews into the sea," and after Britain had decided to throw up its hands over the whole ugly mess and end its Palestine Mandate—the State of Israel was declared, a harsh fact of life in the fantasy-ridden Middle East. Israel was immediately attacked from all sides, with Egypt sending its Army through the Sinai to occupy the Gaza Strip and put pressure on the Israeli settlements in the Negev. Palestinian Arabs fled to neighboring states, both to escape the warfare and to await the promised Arab victory that would present them with a *Judenrein* nation. The Israelis managed to hold their own; in fact, after a short U.N.-arranged truce, they actually took the offensive, and by January, 1949, they had driven the British-equipped and -advised Egyptian Army out of the Bir Asluj-Auja El Hafir area on the Negev-Sinai frontier and were poised to take, as well, Rafa, El Arish, and the Gaza Strip from the stunned Egyptians. The great powers, alarmed at this totally unexpected turn of events, put heavy pressure on Israel to withdraw its forces from the Sinai. Israel complied, stating for the record that it didn't covet any Egyptian territory. For its part, Egypt was in no condition to continue the fighting, and in February of 1949 it signed an armistice agreement with Israel, as did Jordan, Lebanon, and Syria, ultimately. Egypt retained the Gaza Strip and all of the Sinai.

THE 1949 armistice agreements solved nothing. Arab hostility to Israel increased, with border skirmishes and terrorist attacks (in large measure from the Gaza Strip) heightening the tension to a sometimes unbearable level. As the great powers lined up on one side or the other, it was obvious that there would be more war, with the Sinai as the convenient strategic battleground—an immense playing field, as always, for deadly games. Between the 1948-49 Israeli War of Independence and the present, no less than four more savage collisions have taken place in the Sinai between Israel and Egypt: the 1956 Sinai Campaign, the 1967 Six-Day War, the 1969-70 War of Attrition, and the 1973 Yom Kippur War. Each had its own peculiar *casus belli;* each inflicted its own peculiar brand of destruction on the peninsula, its people, and the combatants; each elevated the dreadful art of desert warfare; and each, in the greater scheme of things, changed only lines on the map.

The 1956 Sinai Campaign won for Israel virtually all of the peninsula, but just for a short time. American and Russian pressure soon brought about the substitution of a U.N. Emergency Force for the Israeli occupation troops. The Sinai returned to Israeli hands eleven years later in the lightning Six-Day War, and while the Arabs licked their humiliating wounds the victors jubilantly fortified, settled, and developed their new territory, three times the size of Israel proper. They held it gamely through the bloody War of Attrition, and it wasn't until Anwar Sadat, who succeeded to the Egyptian presidency after Gamal Abdel Nasser's death, made good his threat to regain the Sinai that the Israelis yielded somewhat. The surprise invasion across the Suez Canal which began on October 6, 1973—Yom Kippur, the sacred Jewish Day of Atonement—gave Egypt a foothold in the western Sinai, although an extremely costly one in lives, devastation, and world tension. After a ceasefire was arranged, another U.N. Emergency Force was sent into the Sinai, and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger proved useful to both sides with his diplomatic shuttling, which, in January of 1974, brought about a separation-of-forces agreement known as Sinai I.

The separation-of-forces agreement gave Egypt an approximately five-mile-wide strip of the western Sinai, along the canal, with only a thinned-out military presence allowed in the strip. Farther east into the peninsula was another five-mile strip, serving as a U.N. buffer zone, abutting on yet



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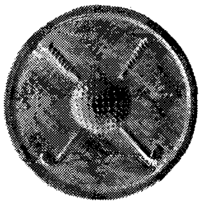

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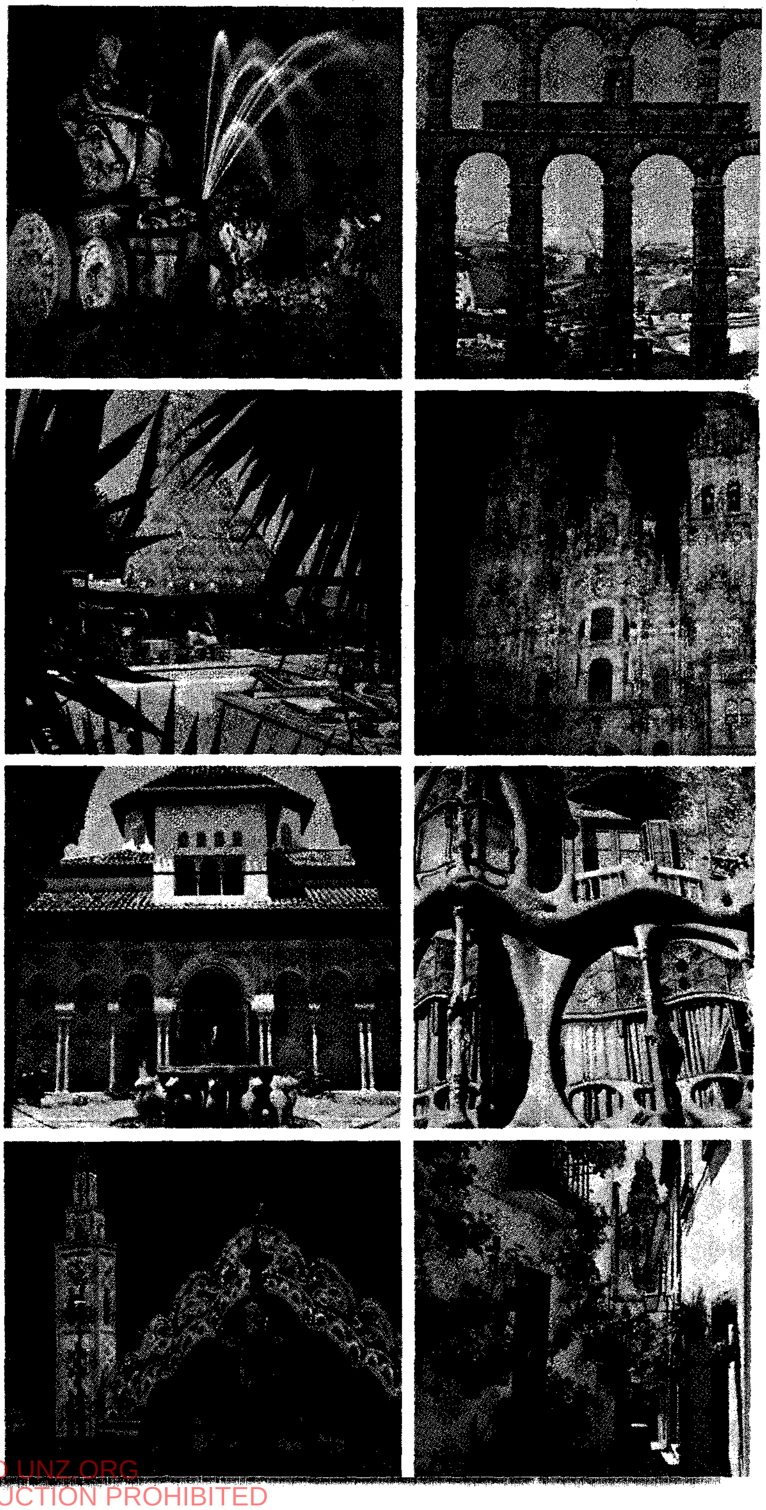
The Cathedral in Seville, built to commemorate conquest of the Moors, is one of the largest and most striking Gothic buildings in the world.



# more tourists in the world.

# more Europeans try in the world.

In Barcelona stands Gaudi's Sagrada Familia. A church that's almost Art Nouveau. But because it's so stylized, actually defies classification.

What makes Spain so attractive to Europeans, though, is the same thing that makes Spain attractive to anyone who travels. And this includes more than just history and art.

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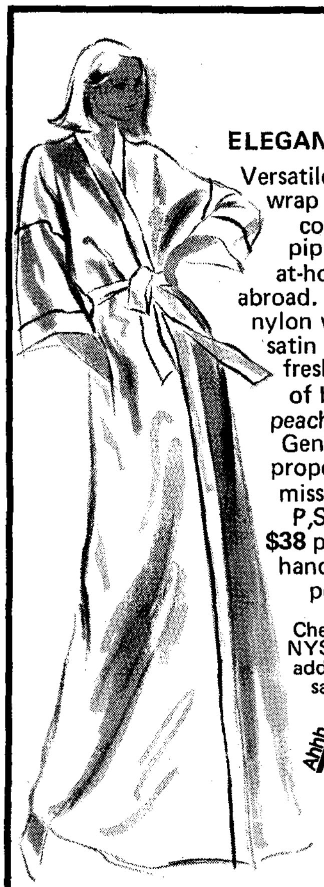

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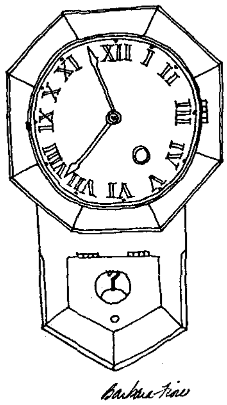
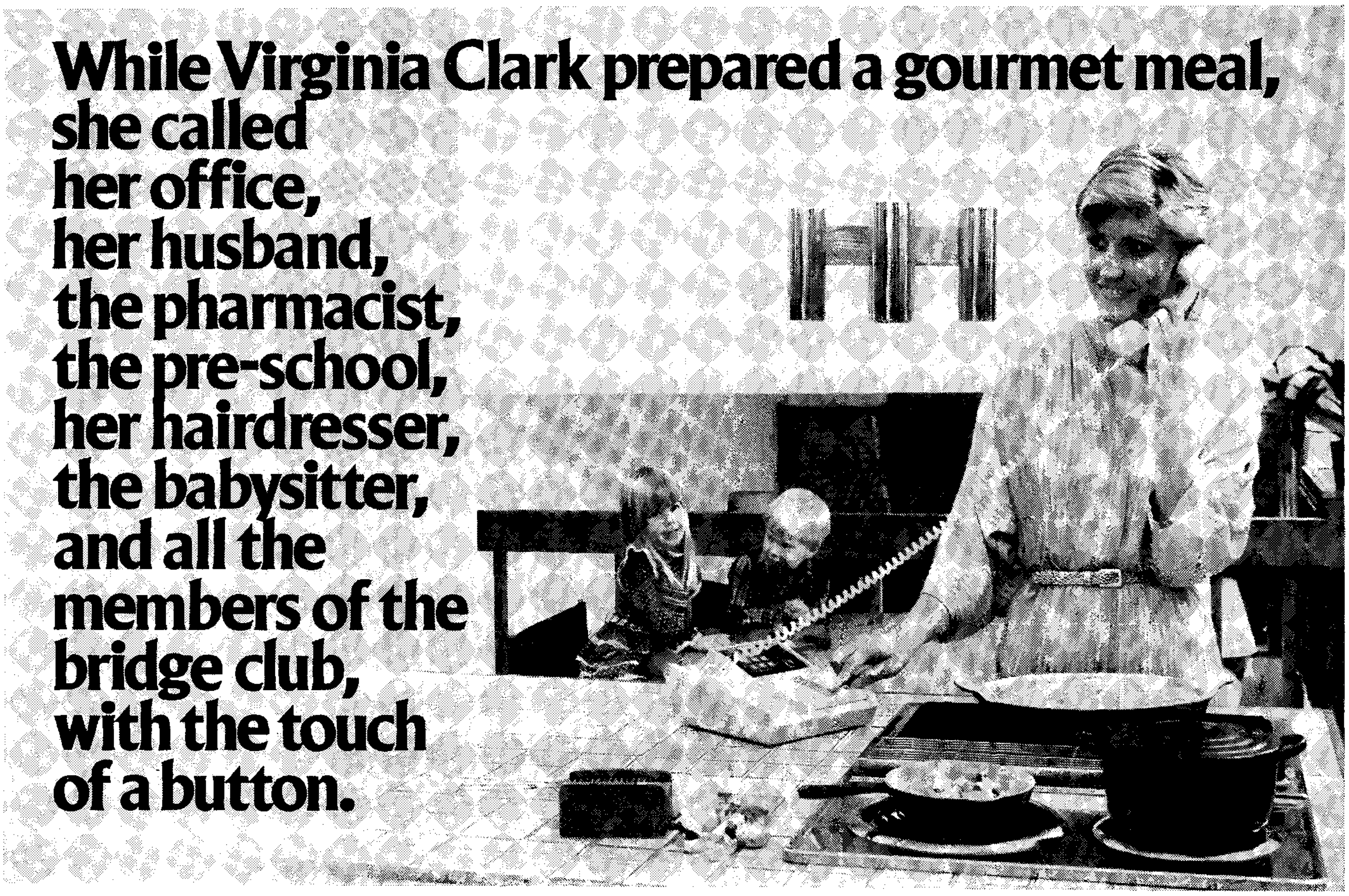
another five-mile strip, containing thinned-out Israeli forces. East of that strip, the Sinai was occupied Israeli territory, as it had been before the 1973 war. After a good deal more shuttling, Kissinger worked out an interim agreement known as Sinai II, in September of 1975, which slightly enlarged the Egyptian thinned-out-forces strip; granted an Egyptian civilian-administered region south to Abu Rudeis and within the widened U.N. buffer zone; provided for an electronic early-warning system manned by American civilians at the Gidi and Mitla passes, in the U.N. zone; permitted one Egyptian and one Israeli surveillance station at the passes; and moved the Israeli thinned-out-forces strip farther east. For Israel's part, it had to give up more Sinai territory, including the precious Gidi and Mitla passes and the Abu Rudeis oil fields. For Egypt's part, it won back only a sliver of the western Sinai (though a valuable sliver), and it received generous American aid toward reopening the blocked Suez Canal, which, under the terms of Sinai II, was available to nonmilitary Israel-bound cargo. Both sides were assured that neutral U.N. military and American civilian presences would separate them, and that the agreement was to be regarded as a significant step toward a "just and lasting peace," to remain in force until superseded by a new agreement. All in all, Sinai II worked out well.

The problem of the Sinai—and perhaps much of the Arab-Israeli conflict as well—seemed to be on the road to a miraculous resolution with Sadat's startling and courageous peace initiative in November of 1977. By the time he had flown from Cairo (carefully skirting the Sinai) to Jerusalem, to address the Knesset, Israel's parliament, the euphoria was so high that all things appeared possible. However, between then and the Camp David talks of September, 1978, the issue of peace between Egypt and Israel—essentially rooted in the Sinai Peninsula—had been thrown together with other, less soluble issues, foremost among them being the future of the Palestinians. As far as the Sinai itself was concerned, it emerged that neither side was all that willing to compromise—Israel insisting on holding on to strategic settlements in the Rafa area, near its border, Egypt loath to give up even one grain of holy Sinai sand. The Sinai, then, remained what it had been from the earliest moments of its history: a fortified, occupied, blood-soaked triangle of wilderness, meaning many things to many people.

The revived optimism for a solid peace treaty after the September, 1978, Camp David talks quickly fizzled, once Sadat and Begin had returned to their respective countries and scrutinized the fine print and subtle shadings of the so-called framework agreements. Not even the presentation of the 1978 Nobel Peace Prize to the two leaders brightened things. In fact, public opinion in both Egypt and Israel turned a hundred and eighty degrees, from euphoria to pessimism, as each nation's distrust of and doubts about the other's real intentions grew. When Egypt, under pressure from other Arab governments and dissatisfaction at home, hedged on such draft-treaty matters as exchanging ambassadors before self-governing Palestinian councils had been established in the occupied territories and the supersession of the peace treaty over previous defense agreements with other Arab states, the Israeli attitude hardened. Other apparently minor questions thickened into ponderous issues. Many Israelis wondered, not silently, Why should we give up hard-won, tangible land for airy promises of peace from a shaky dictator? And the Egyptians saw themselves being viciously ostracized by their allies and benefactors just for an accommodation with their old, erratic enemy. The upheaval in Iran and the consequent halt of Iranian oil shipments, upon which Israel had been dependent, further complicated the touchy situation; the Sinai wells became all the more valuable to the Israelis. A new, confusing vocabulary of terms—such as "linkage," "annexes," "side letters," and "American tilting"—darkened the glow of Camp David. Like two petulant boys on a teeterboard, Sadat and Begin each attempted to give the other a hair-raising ride—with President Carter occasionally lending his weight to Sadat's end of the seesaw—before they would ultimately alight, shake hands, and make up. Just when the teeterboard seemed about to collapse under the strain, Carter made his eleventh-hour trip to Cairo and Jerusalem, in March of 1979, and exacted compromises from both of the still petulant parties. The





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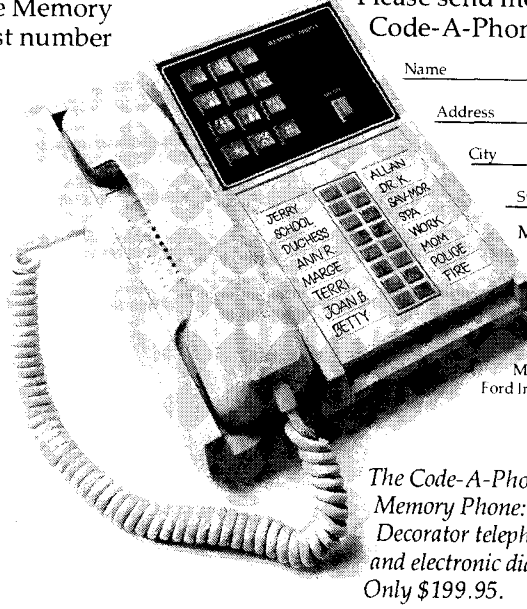

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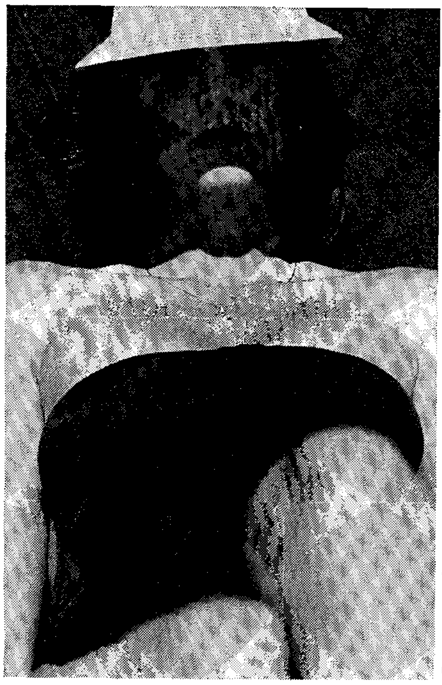

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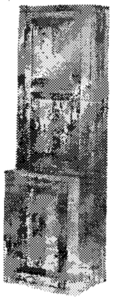

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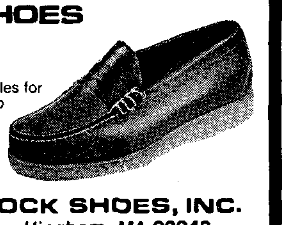

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seesaw continued to quiver up to the very last minute—2 P.M., March 26, 1979—when the final treaty drafts were signed, in Washington, by Sadat and Begin, with Carter adding his all-important signature as witness.

At that magic and yet curiously joyless moment, official peace came to the Sinai, but no one can say how durable will be the treaty—a finely detailed, heavily amended document that neatly sidesteps the crucial issues of the Palestinians and Jerusalem. Will the scrupulously phased three-year timetable for the total withdrawal of Israeli forces and settlers from the Sinai disintegrate at the first false move? Can Sadat survive the virulent attacks of his fellow-Arabs? Would Sadat's successor respect the treaty? Will lip service paid to the future of the Palestinians and Jerusalem suffice? Or will the waging of peace prove so enchanting that nothing can loosen the new bonds between two peoples hungry for tranquillity? Is peace catching? Millions on opposing sides of these questions wait with crossed fingers.

Somehow lost in all the centuries of wrangling over the Sinai is the more basic question of who really owns it. In truth, the Bedouins and the citizens of the towns own the Sinai. The Bedouins relish the anarchic condition of *mafish hakuma*, yet in all the centuries of their occupation by outsiders they have experienced "no government" for just a few precious years. But somehow they survive, the Bedouins, for the most part, carrying on with their essentially Bronze Age way of life as though nothing has happened. They have been overlooked in all the squabbling, but they are as integral a part of the Sinai as the strategic passes, the drifting dunes, the flinty plains, and the mauve mountains. They are the living remnants of history.

THE fascination that the Sinai has held over the past five millennia for such disparate groups as wandering Semites, ascetic Christians, and eccentric Englishmen rubbed off on me from the first moment I saw the place. Deserts, any deserts, fascinate—the harshness of life, the reliance on mere subsistence, the raw beauty of the terrain and its people—but for me there was more than strong attraction to the Sinai. I felt an eerie instantaneous connection with the land and the Bedouins. It was the fall of 1969, and I was in Israel to report for this magazine on the War of Attrition, being waged with varying degrees of heat in the Golan Heights, in the Jordan Valley, and along the Suez Canal. On an arduous trip into the Sinai to witness the action at the Bar-Lev Line, I first experienced that strange connection, in spite of the devastation and chaos all around me. No atavistic vision or sense of déjà vu captured me; rather, it was the ordinary sights—a glimpse of a black-gowned Bedouin woman moving as if on tiny wheels across a distant dune, heading, seemingly, to nowhere from nowhere; the stark abruptness of the mountains; the omnipresent ruins of history preserved by the hot, dry environment. I promised myself that I would come back in more placid times, explore the entire peninsula, and get to know its people.

For various reasons, I could not revisit the Sinai until the early spring of 1978. As it turned out, there hadn't been such an opportune moment to travel in the Sinai for years, and rarely had the peninsula been the center of such attention. However, one can no longer do as the Victorian explorers did—simply hire a few camels and a Bedouin guide, and prowl the wilderness. The exigencies of contemporary politics and travel in the Middle East are such that elaborate arrangements must be made. First, I found, there was the matter of permissions and visas. My plans had to be spelled out in detailed letters to the Israeli government (Israeli-held Sinai is, strictly speaking, a military zone, and the Israelis want to know where you will be at any given moment), the Egyptian government (there was some hope of my being permitted to cross directly into Egyptian-held Sinai through the U.N. zone, and this scheme necessitated a good many more documents and discussions than the usual visa application), the United Nations Secretariat (journalists can visit the U.N. zone, but they must be escorted by U.N. personnel at all times), the U.S. State Department's Sinai Support Mission (journalists are not particularly welcome to spend more than a few hours at the early-warning stations of the American-operated Sinai Field Mission, and I proposed to spend a couple of days there), and, last, the Greek Orthodox Church (which oversees the monks of the St. Catherine's Monastery, who, because of rampant tourism in the monastery area, are extremely touchy about the number and quality of travellers staying on the hallowed grounds).

Then, most urgent for my journeys into the Sinai was the hiring of a guide, really a Sinai expert, who was fluent in English, Arabic, and Hebrew, who knew the unmarked tracks of the wil-

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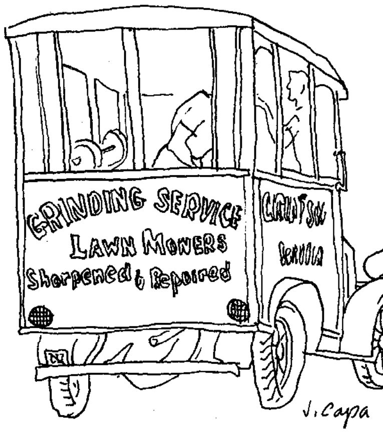
derness, and who, above all, was available. The Israeli Consulate in New York put me in touch with a likely candidate—an American-born Israeli with the unexpected name of Dr. Clinton Bailey. The Consulate informed me that he was a lecturer in Bedouin studies at Tel Aviv University and had travelled extensively in the Sinai for the past ten years, living with and learning from the Bedouins. Also, he was the owner of a four-wheel-drive Land-Rover, which was indispensable for the kind of journeying I intended. He seemed perfect for my purposes; however, in the winter of 1978 he was still recovering from a bad bout of hepatitis. But after an exchange of several letters, Bailey (and his physician) agreed that he could make the trip with me into the Sinai at the beginning of April.

So, armed with an accordion envelope full of documents and letters of introduction, a sleeping bag, my trusty U.S. Army rucksack laden with miscellaneous camping equipment, and the perhaps naïve will and romanticism of a Victorian explorer, I arrived in Jerusalem on Tuesday, March 28th, ready for anything. My hotel was the towering Jerusalem Plaza, whose Miami Beach opulence would have quickly discouraged any nineteenth-century British adventurer and sent him packing back to London. Once I had settled into my eighteenth-floor room at the Plaza (for all its garish irrelevance to the delicate beauty of Jerusalem, it affords a spectacular view from its upper floors of the Dead Sea and the Moabite Mountains beyond), my first order of business was to meet with Dr. Bailey, whose house was just a few minutes' walk from the hotel. Fortunately—since we would be spending twenty-four hours a day together—we hit it off right away. For one thing, it turned out that Bailey had been a freshman at Dartmouth when I was a senior there, and, although I hadn't known him during my college days, we had many Hanover, and other, acquaintances in common. (Bailey, the tall, curly-haired son of well-to-do parents in Buffalo, New York, was something of a playboy in his youth. He had left Dartmouth after only one year and had sporadically attended several other colleges. Then, after serving a hitch in the U.S. Navy, he experienced a sudden realization of his Jewishness, and headed for Israel, where he became a serious student of Arab history and culture at the Hebrew University. He had rounded off his education with a Ph.D. from Columbia University's Middle East Institute in 1966.) More important, we both felt a strong sense of connection with the Sinai and its people.

Drinking strong coffee over large maps spread out on the living-room floor of Bailey's pleasant, Bedouin-artifact-filled house—which he shares with his three sons and his lovely Sabra wife, Maya, who calls him by his Hebrew given name, Itzhak—we made detailed plans for our expeditions. I would go on two Sinai journeys with him in his Land-Rover. The first, and shorter, one would begin on Monday, April 3rd. It would cover the northeast quadrant of the peninsula, from the Bir Asluj-Auja El Hafir area, near the Negev-Sinai border, to the barely accessible Kadesh Barnea, of Biblical fame, via El Kuseima, and would culminate in a visit to the city of El Arish, where the monthly meeting between the Bedouin sheikhs of the northern Sinai and the Israeli military governor was scheduled for Tuesday, April 4th. The second trip would begin on Friday, April 7th, and would take in the entire central and southern regions of the peninsula. I had already arranged for two later journeys—both without Bailey—covering, in one, the United Nations and Sinai Field Mission zones of the western Sinai and, in the other, the Egyptian-held area along the Suez Canal. So, all in all, there would be four distinct Sinai journeys through virtually the entire peninsula.

As a pale-orange dawn broke over the color-mimicking Jerusalem limestone on Monday morning, I descended by elevator from my room at the Plaza, hunched under the weight of an Australian bush hat and a rucksack full of camping equipment. The early-rising guests at the hotel, mostly committed joggers or Orthodox Jews on their way to synagogues for morning prayers, didn't quite know what to make of me. The "Israeli Breakfast" spread of fish, fruits, eggs, cheeses, yo-



gurts, breads, juices, and coffee was just making its overwhelming appearance in the cavernous dining room, served by Arab waiters and busboys. Even with the eyes of all my fellow-breakfasters on me, I managed to cadge a half-dozen hard-boiled eggs and a few soft rolls for snacks along the road. Having travelled through the desert before, I knew enough to drink as much fruit juice and water as I could stomach, in preparation for the dehydration ahead.

Bailey and his Land-Rover—abrim with camping supplies, a large plastic water bottle to refill the car's radiator, jerricans of gasoline, extra tires, and such miscellany as Bailey's *kaffiyeh*, Webley revolver, and canteens—arrived in front of the Plaza's main entrance at six-thirty. A knot of perplexed onlookers saw us off on the road south to Beersheba, and I thought of how those Victorian gentlemen must have felt as they left Jerusalem for the desert a century ago, with strange, wondering eyes watching them disappear down a camel track. The ancestry of the sturdy but rattly Land-Rover could be traced to the Six-Day War, of 1967, when it was "liberated" from the Jordanian Army (in which it served as the Jeep does in the American Army) by the victorious Israelis; it then passed through several owners until it arrived, battered but game, in the hands of Dr. Clinton Bailey, who had run up tens of thousands of hard kilometres in it. Sensing my doubts as we hurtled down the road to the West Bank town of Bethlehem, Bailey said, "Don't worry. It will get us there, and maybe even back again."

After racing through the tense West Bank towns, we reached the Negev, and soon we were in downtown Beersheba, a former desert crossroads that has blossomed into a city of a hundred thousand Israelis (both Jews and Bedouins), with fast-food outlets, traffic lights, rows of gas stations, and one of the largest prostitute populations in Israel—a frontier town gone mad. From Beersheba south to the old Sinai frontier at Nizana, in the Bir Asluj-Auja El Hafir area, there was little on the desert floor but the detritus of war, some of it dating back to Byzantine fortifications. This parched Negev expanse had been the main armor-and infantry-training ground for the Israel Defense Forces before they captured the Sinai in 1967. Since 1967, parts of the Sinai have been used for training maneuvers—"another reason why we should hold on to the Sinai," Bailey said. A few soldiers lounged

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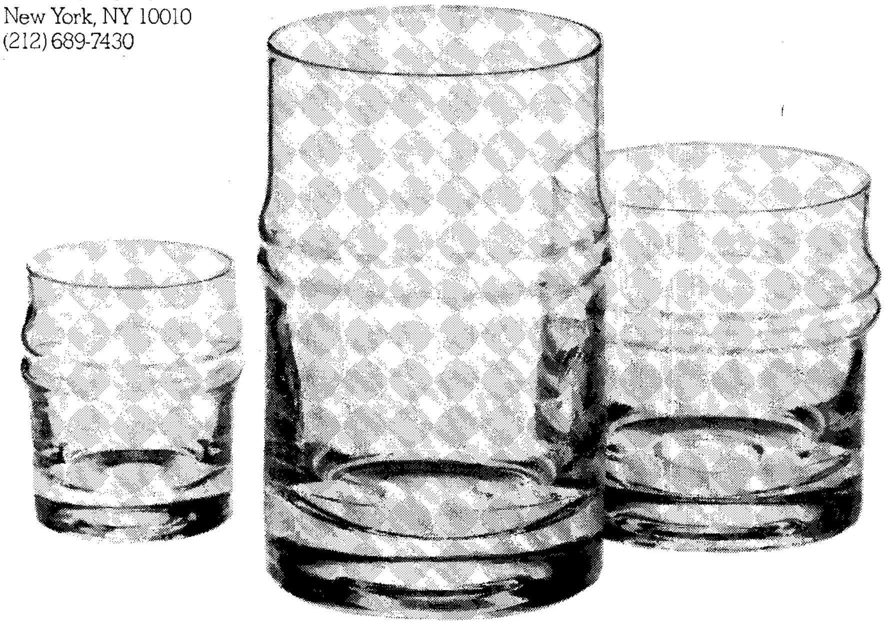

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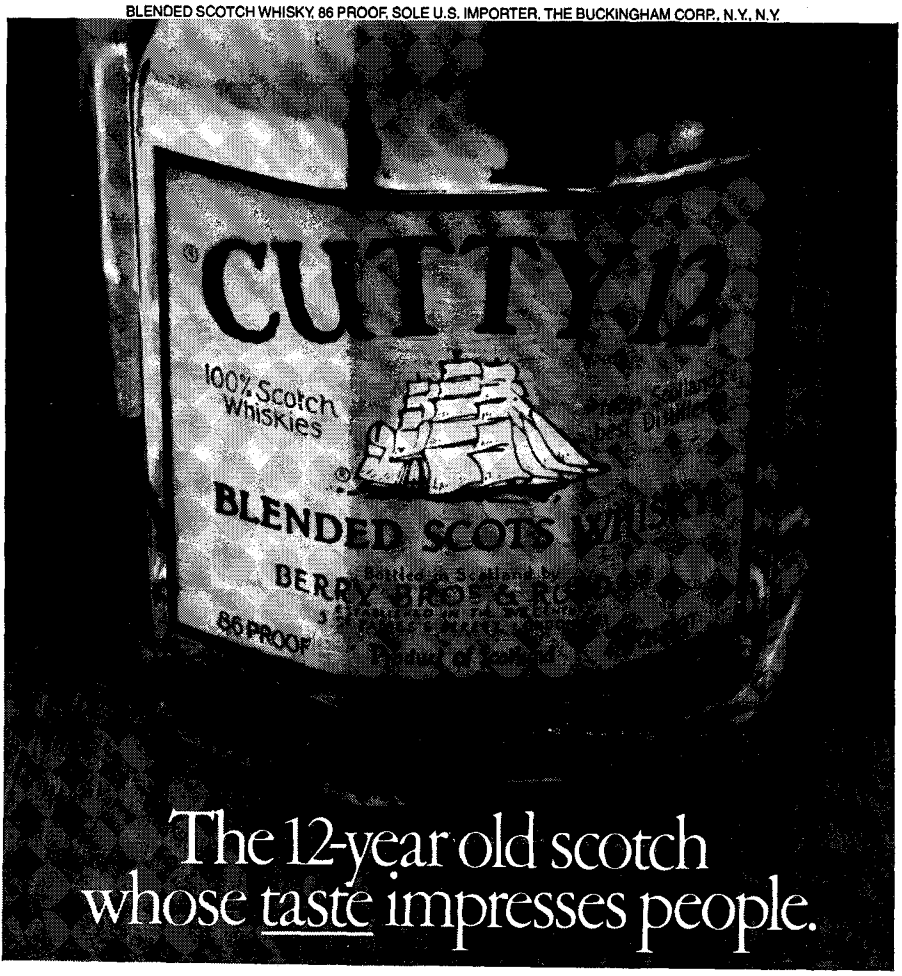

outside their tents and barracks, some of them Bedouins who had enlisted in the Israel Defense Forces as desert trackers—an inherent Bedouin talent. (It has been said that the sand is to the Bedouin what the morning newspaper is to the Englishman—news and gossip, but with fewer misprints.) Several of the trackers were black, the descendants of slaves from Africa who had been put on the auction block in Arabia and travelled with Bedouin tribes, performing the menial work. The five hundred or so black Bedouins in the Sinai are free now, but they are still considered outcasts—"below the salt," as the British put it—not allowed to intermarry with lighter-skinned tribal cousins. Every black is referred to, within his tribe, as an *abd*, or "slave," even though he no longer technically fits that classification. The Bedouins are perhaps the only people in the world who still refer to blacks as "slaves."

The good paved road to Nizana was originally constructed by the British after the First World War as part of the Ismailia-Beersheba Highway. Alongside the highway were the remains of the Ottoman railroad to the Sinai, which the Turks painstakingly built under the direction of German engineers—so painstakingly, in fact, that they gave the British time to mobilize and counterattack. The well-preserved arched-stone railroad trestles over the wadis demonstrated how fine the German engineering technique was, notwithstanding the poor German military timing. Then, suddenly, there was Nizana—the border post between Palestine and the Sinai, the Turkish-British frontier of 1906, with a depot, a water tower, and a crumbling police station still standing—and just beyond it a coil of barbed wire marking the old border, the Sinai. For some reason, it looked strikingly different from the Negev—more pristine, more majestic, more polychromatic, more timeless. The contrast reminded me, in essence, of the geographic puzzle that presents itself whenever I cross the line from Connecticut to Massachusetts on Interstate 86; as if by divine command, the red earth and puny scrub of Connecticut immediately change into the dark, rich soil and majestic pines of Massachusetts.

WE stopped to explore the frontier post and stare at the ruins of a Byzantine city on an adjacent hilltop. To the banshee accompaniment of two Israeli Phantom jets turning south just over our heads, I read a bullet-riddled metal sign in English, erected by the Israeli government:

THIS VILLAGE NOT ● FROM
BIBLICAL KADESH BARNEA IS THE
ORIGINAL SITE OF THE BYZANTINE
CITY OF ●

THE TURKS USED THE STONES
FROM ITS RUINS TO BUILD
THEIR ARMY ENCAMPMENT ON
● HILL

WHEN THE BRITISH MANDATE
TERMINATED IN PALESTINE ON
THE 15TH OF MAY 1948 ●
WAS SEIZED BY THE ●PTI●
ARMY.
IT WAS CAPTURED ● ● ●
DEFENCE FORCES IN DECEMBER
1948, AND ● THE EGYPTIAN-
ISRAEL ARMISTICE AGREEMENT,
●AS DECLARED A DEMILITARIZED
ZONE.
AN EGYPTIAN BATTALION SEIZED
CERTAIN STRATEGIC HEIGHTS IN
THE ZONE IN OCTOBER 1955.
THEY WERE DRIVEN OFF BY ISRAEL
FORCES IN A DARING NIGHT
ACTION AT THE BEGINNING OF
NOVEMBER.
ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS
IN THE ● BROUGHT TO LIGHT
SOME ●APYRI FROM THE
7TH CENTURY B.C.E.

The name of the Byzantine city erased by an anonymous bullet was Nessana, according to artifacts found years ago in its ruins. It was part of a complex of Negev and Sinai Byzantine outposts, most of which were built on top of Nabatean settlements, predating the fourth-to-sixth-century Byzantine constructions. Shivta, for instance, a city with three churches south of the Beersheba-Nizana road, made good use of the clever Nabatean system for gathering and storing every drop of runoff water. A site much farther south, near the Sinai hamlet of El Kuntilla, was discovered in the nineteenth century by Professor Edward Palmer, a British Arabist and historian, who erroneously believed it to be the Roman fortress of Gypsaria. Recent findings there, by Professor Zeev Meshel, of Tel Aviv University's Department of Archeology, indicated that it was an 800 B.C. Judean religious center, erected on the land route from Judea and Gaza to Elath. This may have been the route for Ophir (African) gold and ivory brought, via Elath, to the Jerusalem temple. Shells uncovered there from the Red Sea back up that speculation. Phoenician inscriptions on the walls at the Kuntilla site perhaps demonstrate the theory that Phoenicians could have hauled disassembled ships made of Lebanon cedar down the Sinai from Gaza to Elath for King Solomon's fabled Red Sea fleet. (The First Book of Kings implies that Solo-

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mon made an agreement with Hiram, King of Tyre, to outfit him with such cedar ships.) In any case, the Kuntilla site is definitely Jewish in origin, not Roman, according to Professor Meshel. Archeology is not really an exact science, and, in the eyes of some cynics, it tends to follow nationalistic predilections.

"WELL, let's go to the Sinai," said Bailey. We clambered back into the Land-Rover and, with the hot hum of the midmorning desert all around us, drove across the frontier. It not only looked different, it was different. The road, far less travelled, was rough in spots, with drifting sand treacherously covering parts of it. Large mountains, ochreous in the bright sun, rose out of the south; one of the highest in the area, Gebel Halal, is considered by some Biblical historians (they are the believers in the northern-route theory of the Exodus) to be the true Mt. Sinai. The Israelis had recently, and unsuccessfully, prospected for oil there. A lone date palm was off in the dunes near a swatch of arable land on which a Bedouin had attempted to grow watermelon. Genista, a form of pale-green broom, sprouted in clumps. Its spiny branches are used by the Bedouins to cover their *arishas*, or arbor booths, which provide temporary shade or more permanent summer shelter. At a dot on the map called Umm Katef, near a dirt track leading south to El Kuseima, we saw the *katef*, a saltwort bush whose leaves are chewed by the Bedouins as a ready source of salt. Sometimes, when the larder is especially bare, they boil the *katef* leaves for soup, into which they dip pieces of pita, or flat bread. I chewed a few leaves and found the taste salty and rather uplifting. In the Bible, Job complained that he was so filled with woe that even such as the pluckers of the saltwort, the lowest of the low, were reviling him. ("*Katef*" means "pluck." "*Umm Katef*" means "Mother of Katef." "*Umm*" or "*Abu*" ["father"] before a place name should not be taken literally; the looser meaning is "possessor of" or "characterized by.") More and more, the sand plains took on a greenish-black hue, as if they had been sprayed with some petroleum product. The dark covering was actually a layer of flintstone, which, in parts of the central Sinai, is so thick it makes the land look like a black sea—ideal terrain, Egyptian and Israeli military planners point out, for tank maneuvering.

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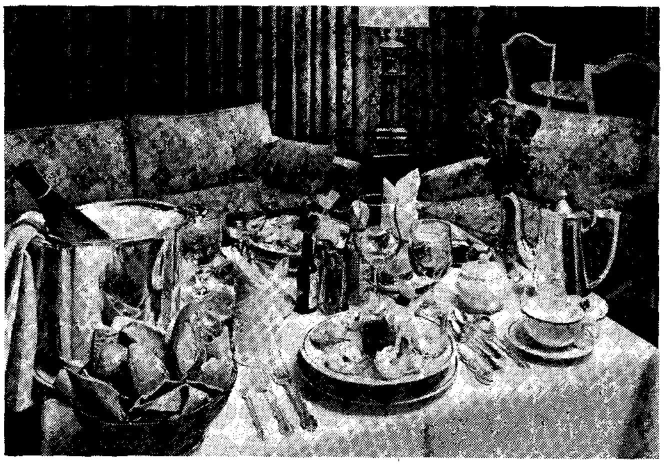

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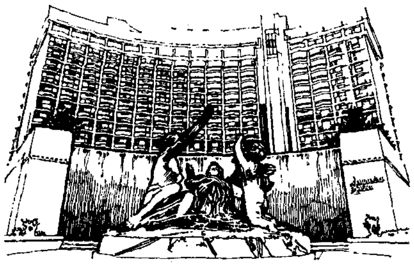

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his Land-Rover, Bailey compulsively stopped and talked to every Bedouin he spotted. (If the Bedouin was too far off to approach the car, Bailey would at the very least honk his horn in passing salute.) This was how he gathered a good deal of his data on Bedouin life and lore, and while this habit can become slightly irritating for his travelling companions, it has given Bailey a rare lofty status for an Israeli in Bedouin circles. He is known throughout the peninsula as "Doctor*r* Bayl*ee*." They would exchange *salamats* (greetings) with him all day long, if he would allow it. They admire him and trust him; some Bedouins count him among their brothers, which is high esteem indeed.

On the dirt track leading south from Umm Katef to El Kuseima, Bailey saw a family of Bedouins huddled in the stingy shade of their roadside *arisha*. He pulled over in front of them and, leaning out the driver's window, shouted, "*Salamat! Salamat!*" A veiled woman wearing her everyday black gown, decorated belt, and turquoise-and-brass jewelry; a man in a red-checked *kaffiyeh* and a soiled *galabiya* (a sort of caftan) under a suit jacket; and four dark-skinned children slowly rose as one to greet him. "Docto*rr* Bayl*ee*, *salamat!*" said the man. The woman and children hung back as the man and Bailey went through the lengthy Bedouin protocol of desert politeness. (This involves, among other ceremonial procedures, never permitting an empty moment to sully the conversation; such moments, if they do unhappily occur, must immediately be filled by a new, totally redundant round of *salamats*, demonstrating peaceful intent in a hostile environment.) At last, the man explained that he had just this morning built the genista-covered *arisha* for himself and his family, in order to await in relative shade the arrival of a travelling Israeli physician, who would examine them all in their booth. They knew the physician was due this day at this point on the road in his normal medical rounds. Some of the children, he said, were having stomach trouble. He seemed apologetic about not inviting us into his house, as it were, which is another pillar of Bedouin protocol, but the physician was due any minute now. Sure enough, as we drove off, under a barrage of *shukrans* (thanks) and salaams, we passed the physician coming the other way in a four-wheel-drive truck.

I asked Bailey to tell me more about the family.

"They are Bedouins of the Tarabin tribe," he said, wrestling with the steering wheel as we lurched over the rutted track toward El Kuseima. "The kids are darker than the parents, which might mean that they are the offspring of another wife, although I don't think the man could have afforded more than that one wife back there. As a Muslim, he's allowed four wives, but few Bedouins can support four and all the kids, too. Anyway, the Tarabin are a large tribal confederation in the Sinai—we'll be looking up their head sheikh, Suleiman Ibn Jazi, when we get to El Arish tonight—and they have spread out considerably over the years, from the southern Sinai to the north-central region and even over to the Suez area. The tribe has a lot of energy and a lot of people to feed, and that is why they have infiltrated other tribal areas. They were very tough guys once—about as tough as the notorious Howeitat tribe of T. E. Lawrence fame—but all Bedouins can be tough when they have to scratch out a living in poor conditions. The Tarabin became tamer when they expanded into Palestine and got the territory they wanted in the Negev. Before 1948, they were the biggest tribe in the Negev, but now they're mostly back in the Sinai. They still have many enemies among the other Bedouins."

For all their aggressiveness, Bailey continued, when a hot war breaks out in their region, the Bedouins stay well clear of the shooting. For them, discretion is the better part of valor. They don't like to take sides; rather, they prefer simply to be left alone while the rest of the world commits collective suicide. They have never been disciplined troops, but they are good hit-and-run raiders ("ten-minute fighters," the Australian soldiers called them), with the emphasis on plundering livestock and other valuables, not taking human lives. "There is an old Bedouin proverb," Bailey said, "that translates roughly as 'When the shooting starts, get on the backs of camels to the tops of mountains.' In other words, bug out!"

El Kuseima, such as it is, came into view at the end of the dirt track. A dusty "Beau Geste" oasis, it has been used as a police station by just about every power that has ever occupied the Sinai. Half the outpost consisted of military buildings, housing a platoon of Israeli soldiers and their equipment. A tall radio antenna and hooded machine guns were on the headquarters-building roof; nearby was a helicopter landing pad with a bright-orange windsock hanging limp in the dead air.

Trucks and Jeeps were parked in an orderly line, baking under the sun. A small white hootch bearing the legend "SALOON" lent a Wild West flavor, which Israelis seem to cultivate in the sticks. The other half of the outpost was the Bedouin side of town: a small mosque, a half-dozen low, decrepit, often roofless hootches, a water tower, and scattered shoes, sandals, plastic containers, and bits of odd metal littering the ground. Camels, donkeys, and goats wandered loose among the few date-palm, casuarina, tamarisk, and acacia trees.

Bailey explained our presence in this unlikely place to some sleepy Israeli soldiers who came out of the headquarters building to greet us, somewhat suspiciously. (As a reserve officer in the I.D.F., he had little trouble convincing them of our innocent purpose.) Then we walked over to the Bedouin side of town, where Bailey, much more at ease than he was with his fellow-Israelis, was joyfully welcomed in the usual "Doctor*rr* Bayl*ee*" manner by several men emerging from the hootches. During the *salamats* and handshakes, he introduced me as "Burt," which came out as "Boo*rr*t" from the smiling, almost toothless mouths. We accepted—had to accept—their invitation to take hot, heavily sweetened tea with them in one of the huts, which served as a small general store, offering such goods as hunks of laundry soap, plastic water bottles and sandals, ball-point pens, camel lead ropes, sacks of beans, flour, and tobacco (the sacks marked "UNRWA European Gift to Palestine"), and tins of bully beef, olive oil, tomatoes, tuna, and mackerel. After fifteen minutes or so of amenities, Bailey got to the point. He told them that we wanted to visit the two oases said to be Kadesh Barnea, the Biblical resting place of the Israelites' wandering, and that while he knew the way to one of them, Ein Kadeirat, he wasn't exactly sure how to get to the less accessible one, Ein Kadeis. A Bedouin guide who knew the region well was required, he said. A short, swarthy, mustached, chain-smoking man with an abundance of woolly black hair stepped forward. I noticed that he was wearing long underwear, a shirt, a sweater, and a *galabiya* under a grimy suit jacket, in typical Bedouin contempt for the midday heat. He was Hassan Ibn Amir, a leading citizen and property owner of El Kuseima, whose grandfather, Salim El Awamra, was a close friend of Major Jarvis, the British Governor of Sinai after the First World War. Hassan's father, Bailey further told me, in a quick aside, was that rare creature a

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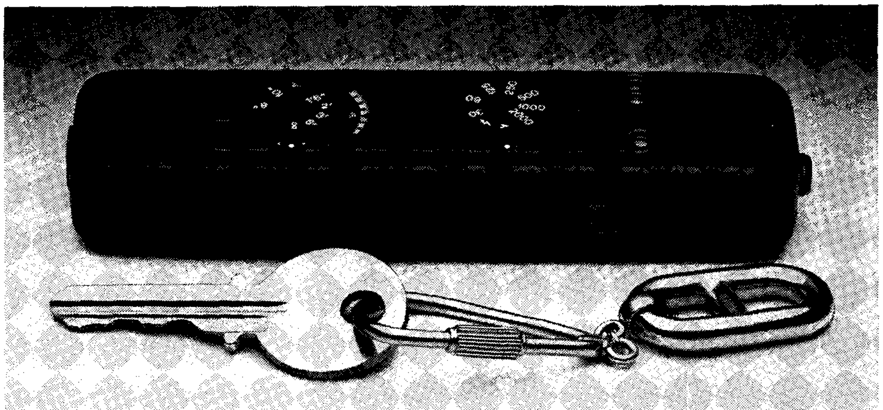
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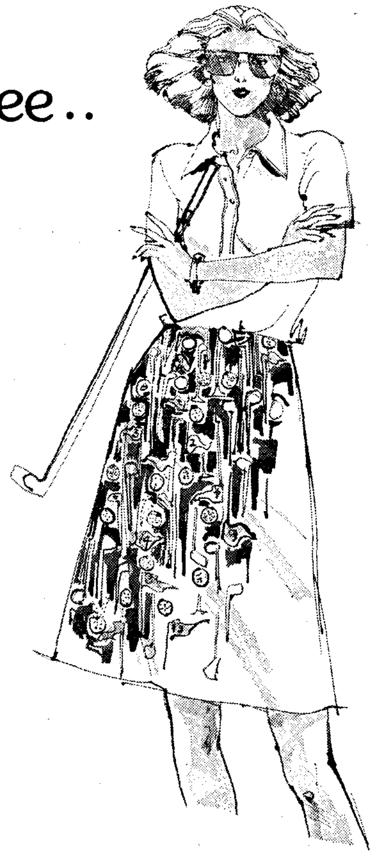

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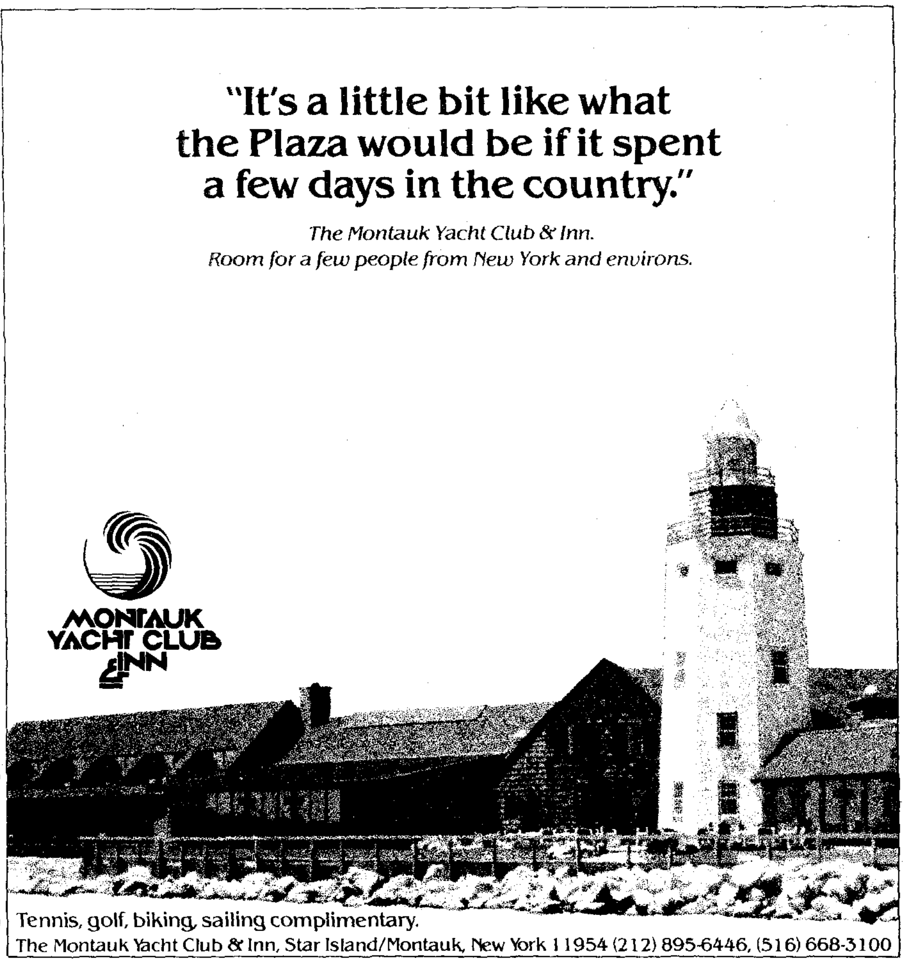
flaming Bedouin nationalist and pro-Saudi. (Sinai Bedouins generally look askance at their wealthy Saudi cousins, whose traditional desert life has been recently fouled by oil and its attendant air-conditioning, Cadillacs, and high living in expensive foreign resorts. The Saudis have lost the knack of mere subsistence in the wilderness, and with it the title of "true Arab." Only their outward trappings are Bedouin, and those are often designed by Savile Row tailors.)

The seemingly endless cups of hot tea had a diuretic effect on me, and before the three of us left for Ein Kadeirat I inquired, through Bailey, where I might discreetly find a bathroom. The Bedouins laughed and said that I could go next door to another hootch, where there would be some privacy. I took their advice and found myself in a roofless square house, really just four battered walls, up to the tops of my boots in human and animal waste coated with regiments of hungry Sinai flies. This impromptu latrine was obviously part of the municipal establishment—an informal compost bin for general use, a natural extension of Bedouin town life. I recalled something that Bailey had told me earlier: that the secret of getting along with Bedouins was not to be a missionary, not to criticize or patronize them for any behavior alien to Western life; rather, one must accept them for the timeless, proud, earthy people they are. To do otherwise is to loathe them and, in the end, to be their enemy.

IT has been said that the Exodus is the most contentious event in the Old Testament, and one of the larger points of contention among Biblical historians concerns what and where Kadesh Barnea is. According to the Bible, Moses and the Israelites wandered through the western and central Sinai wilderness for at least two years; after the theophany and lawgiving at Mt. Sinai, they made their way northeastward toward Canaan, stopping to rest for, some say, thirty-eight years at an oasis of abundance called Kadesh Barnea, so close to and yet so far from their promised goal. For centuries, tradition had it that Ein Kadeis was the primary site of Kadesh Barnea, if for no other reason than the similarity in names. The Book of Numbers states unequivocally that there were 603,550 men of fighting age (less the Levites) in Moses' census taken during the second year of the wandering; with women, children, and livestock thrown in, it would have been unlikely for Ein Kadeis, a bubbling spring and stream surrounded by some thistle and palms, to support this unwieldy host. (Sir William Flinders Petrie cleared up some of the contradictory arithmetic by pointing out that the Hebrew word "*elef*," used in the Bible to number the Israelites in thousands, can also mean "family." By Petrie's calculation, the Israelite host would have been roughly six hundred families—a more reasonable body to be trooping about the desert, with only one judge, Moses, to settle all their important disputes and just two midwives to help with childbirth.) Ein Kadeirat, on the other hand, is a large and lush oasis several miles north of Ein Kadeis, with remains of ancient dams, reservoirs, and irrigation systems. It could comfortably support six hundred families for thirty-eight years, if they spread out a bit and rationed the natural resources.

The Israelites' extended stay at Kadesh Barnea, in the Wilderness of Zin, included several momentous Biblical events. It was there that the Twelve Tribes pitched their tents in formal order about the holy Tabernacle, the model for the latter-day Jerusalem Temple. It was there, too, that Moses sent out a reconnaissance party, one key man from each tribe, "to spy out the land of Canaan." The dozen reconnoiterers returned to Kadesh Barnea after forty days with a huge cluster of grapes, pomegranates, and figs as proof that the Promised Land "floweth with milk and honey," so to speak. However, they added, there were giants, the sons of Anak, blocking the way, next to whom the Israelites were "as grasshoppers." Of the twelve spies, only Caleb and Joshua suggested that they take on the giants and head forthwith into the Promised Land; the other spies—indeed, all the other Israelites—fearfully murmured and rebelled against Moses, Caleb, and Joshua for misleading them: a common reaction during the forty years of wandering by the volatile, "stiff-necked people." Since in God's eyes this lack of resolve showed treachery toward Him, He commanded that all those over the age of twenty, save Caleb and Joshua, continue to roam the wilderness "until your carcasses be wasted." Only the young and pure would enter the Promised Land—thus the explanation for the thirty-eight-year stay at Kadesh Barnea, where the Israelites lived the life of Bedouins, strengthening their moral and physical fibre for the big move ahead. Laws, worship, and discipline were tightened (as an example,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a man caught gathering sticks on the Sabbath was executed by stoning), and open rebellion was dealt with sternly by the Lord, who caused the earth to open and swallow the leaders and fire to consume their followers.

Even Moses himself, human being that he was, was not immune to God's wrath. When he was instructed by the Lord to *tell* a rock to yield water during a drought, Moses, perhaps absent-mindedly, *struck* the rock twice with his rod, as he had successfully done earlier, near Rephidim. Water gushed,* but the Lord saw the act of striking as a breach of faith in the divine power to bring forth water by words alone. As punishment for this transgression, He condemned Moses and his brother Aaron never to enter the Promised Land (Moses' sister Miriam had already died at Kadesh Barnea). Through these severe object lessons, the Twelve Tribes were welded into a disciplined, faithful army, capable after long, hard decades of conquering Canaan, albeit from the eastern side of the Jordan River.

MY reasons for visiting Kadesh Barnea were threefold: to see the rarely visited place with my own eyes, to check out the various theories connected with its history, and to gain some experience travelling in harsh desert country, in preparation for the harsher desert country ahead. So Bailey, Hassan, and I, crowded together in the front seat of the Land-Rover, bumped down the rough track toward El Kuntilla, passing a clinic, a school, an abandoned U.N. outpost, and, very gingerly, a poorly marked uncleared minefield. Near the side of the track was a freshly bulldozed area that was supposed to be the site of a new Israeli settlement, called Moshav Kadesh Barnea, a pet project of Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon; however, Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, the official technically in charge of the Sinai, had just recently forbidden any more work to be done on the settlement, in order to calm Sadat's fears after the peace initiative. The repercussions of this intra-Cabinet struggle were still resounding in the Israeli press.

After a few kilometres, we turned east to Ein Kadeirat, following an open aqueduct built by the British, which carried the cool Kadeirat spring water to El Kuseima. We stopped for a moment to give some sugar wafers to two beautiful Bedouin children playing beside the aqueduct. Wide-eyed at our largesse, they overcame their shyness and asked for more, which Hassan firmly vetoed, shooing them off. As a respected leader of the five hundred or so Bedouins of the territory around El Kuseima, he does not like to see begging, particularly by children. At Bailey's prodding, Hassan told us more about himself and the local Bedouins. He inherited some farmland from his father and owns a share of the general store in El Kuseima, where we had tea. Originally, the local Bedouins were members of the Kadeirat tribe, named after an ancestor called Kadeir, and they belonged to the Tiyaha tribal confederation, which occupies most of the extremely desolate El Tih Plateau, of the central Sinai. But the Kadeirat were conquered by the Tarabin in a brutal invasion of the Negev and the eastern Sinai two hundred years ago, and they have been more or less under Tarabin influence ever since. Much of their tribal land is now owned by the Sherafa, people of the Sherifs, a holy family of Mecca and descendants of the Prophet Muhammad. A hundred and fifty years ago, they fled Mecca during a blood feud and came to the northern Sinai as merchants. They loaned money to the Kadeirat, and when the Bedouins couldn't repay the debts much of their land was usurped by the Sherafa, who still live a life of ease as absentee landlords and merchants in El Arish. (The Sherafa also spread out over other parts of the Middle East, becoming a powerful force in Jordan and heading the right-wing, fundamentalist Muslim Brotherhood there.)

Ein Kadeirat, looking for all the world like an idealized mirage of a desert oasis, came suddenly into view just ahead. A wide variety of brush and shade trees, including pine, casuarina, tamarisk, date palm, and acacia, grew thick along the lively rivulet that led from the spring's source to the aqueduct. Some camels and goats, both white and black, were nibbling happily at grass and wild flowers, and grayish-brown birds, the small Sinai desert larks, were buzzing us overhead. There was even evidence of crops growing in *bustans*—modest Bedouin gardens. It was lush, all right, and it must have seemed like yet another divine miracle to Moses when he first came upon it with however many murmuring Israelites in his charge. Like those very Israelites, we raced for the spring's source, now enclosed in a three-sided stone trough, and since it was upstream of the dung litter from the animals, we didn't hesitate to wash our hot faces and fill our canteens in the silvery water. "Good water, best in Sinai," Hassan said, flashing a great toothless smile. Deferentially, he extinguished his latest Time cigarette in the stream and then buried the butt in the sand. Refreshed, we explored some of the sights of Ein Kadeirat: an old stone-mound grave of an important sheikh, decorated with threadbare white flags, thistle, and palm fronds; nearby caves used as storehouses for produce; long-deserted archeological digs, which now offered up only a soda bottle; and a dry reservoir and dam, about the size of a country-club swimming pool. It has been said that the reservoir was originally the work of Moses or, more realistically, the Nabateans, who collected duty from caravans coming through this area around 500 B.C. Its construction was not considered good enough to be the work of Romans or Arab Muslims. The reservoir was improved with concrete sides and bottom by the British, but a broken pipe leading from the spring had left it to bake dry in the sun. In its virginal state, it could have supplied water for six hundred families and their beasts, even for thirty-eight years.

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* Pools of fossil water are numerous in various spots throughout the Sinai. Sometimes they can be accidentally found in aboveground limestone rocks; a Bedouin soldier under the British once energetically swung his shovel at a rock and almost fainted when a Mosaic stream spewed forth.

After our sightseeing, Bailey, looking tired, complained of a twinge of pain in his liver—a legacy of his hepatitis. We decided to proceed directly to Ein Kadeis, several kilometres to the south, so that we would have some time to rest back in El Kuseima before going on to El Arish for the night. Sharing the Jerusalem Plaza's hard-boiled eggs, we consulted our maps and found that there was no clear route to Ein Kadeis. We would have to go around a large sandstone mesa and over a lunarlike plain strewn with gigantic rocks, called the Boulders of Kadeis, and then hope for the best. It would be a difficult ride in the Land-Rover, but Hassan promised us that he knew the way and that we would be back in El Kuseima drinking tea at three o'clock. Bailey shrugged in a what-the-hell gesture, and off we went around the mesa to the Boulders of Kadeis.

It soon became apparent that Hassan, while a delightful and informative companion, a noble Bedouin, and a generous man, was not exactly the most knowledgeable guide. In fact, when he directed us into some shallow quicksand, both Bailey and I felt it was a case of the blind leading the blind. He was basically a farmer and mer-

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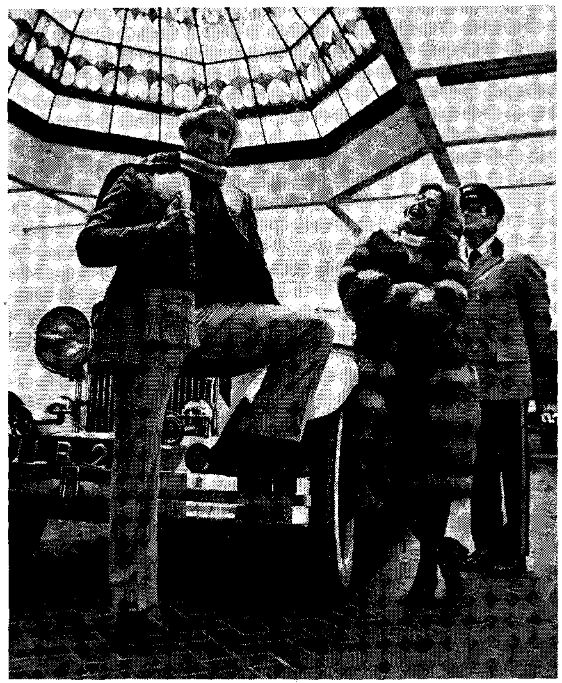
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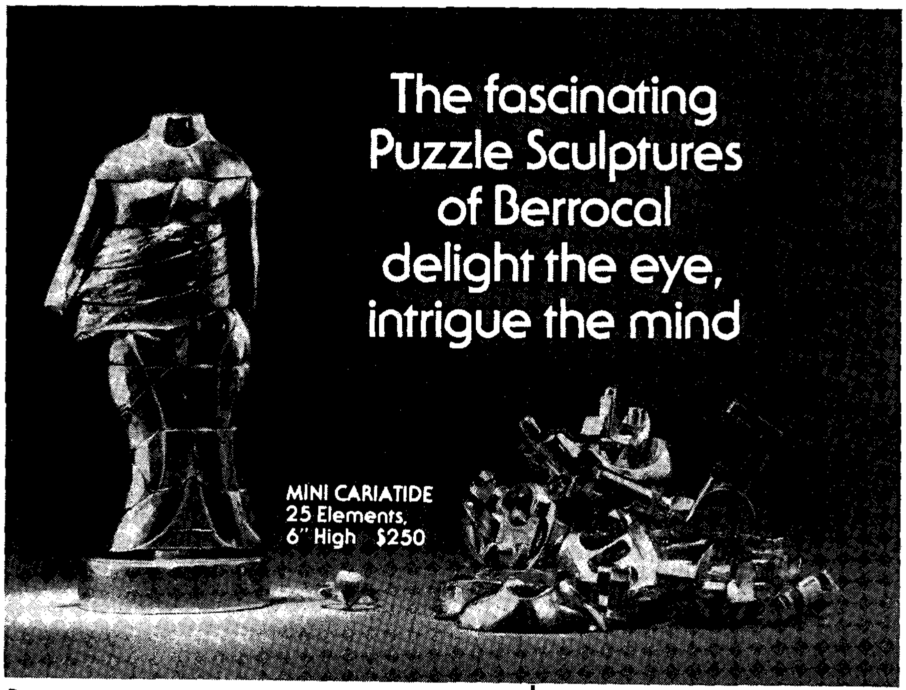
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chant, not an intuitive tracker like most Bedouins; also, it turned out that he hadn't been to Ein Kadeis in years and wasn't at all sure of the vague route. By shifting the four-wheel drive into first gear and placing flat stones under the tires, we managed to free the Land-Rover from the quicksand. The car shuddered and squealed but at last broke out of its trap, and, keeping the momentum going, Bailey veered sharply into a stony field of new daisies, which gave us somewhat better traction.

We looked around for signs of life—preferably a Bedouin who might know the shortest way to Ein Kadeis. Across the daisy field was something that appeared to be an *arisha* but on closer inspection was just a pile of scrap metal and rags. The terrain, fortunately, stayed hard and stony, and we made good progress in the general direction of our destination. Finally, a Bedouin man, accompanied by two women, three children, and a flock of goats, came into view. As soon as he saw us approaching, he went into his goat-hair tent and brought out a carpet for us to sit on, not inviting his wife, or wives, to join us in the ceremonial greetings and tea. Hassan and the goatherd got into what sounded to me like a shouting match when Hassan inquired about the route to Ein Kadeis. Bailey explained that they weren't having an argument at all but were exchanging information normally; the shouting was the result of the goatherd's not having spoken to another man for a long time, and he was simply showing his enjoyment of this unexpected conversation by strenuously exercising his vocal cords. He was a handsome man, similar in appearance to Hassan except that he had more teeth and a dingy turban. Out of respect for his visitors, he often kissed his own right hand, as a sign of humility. The stentorian directions he gave Hassan were in terms of landmarks all but invisible to non-Bedouin eyes—a distant shrub, another tent, a dim white spot of limestone on a far-off hill. "Kadeis is three fingers to the right of the white spot," he told Hassan, sighting by his own three fingers and then checking his calculations with Hassan's three fingers.

WITH *shukrans* and blessings of peace, we roared off across the boulder plain, trying to keep the white spot in view as a reference point as it kept disappearing in the glare. Some hares, precisely the color of the sand, scampered ahead of us, and we found that we could almost stay even with them in ordinary rear-wheel drive. However, the Boulders of Kadeis became bigger and more concentrated. We bashed into a few, gnashing our teeth and hoping that we hadn't knocked a hole in the oil pan, and before long the going was so rough that Hassan had to leave the Land-Rover and walk in front of us, pointing out the way of least resistance and occasionally pushing a huge rock out of our path. Bailey, who was in more or less constant pain now, cheered himself up by recalling a Bedouin poem about a debased warrior who was reduced to wandering over the Boulders of Kadeis. It ended, according to Bailey's translation, as follows:

And after I was a wolf who would prey
 inside camps
And sat high in the saddle like the hero
 Jiddaya
I am now but a walker with shattered
 bones
Stumbling and rising on paths strewn
 with stones.

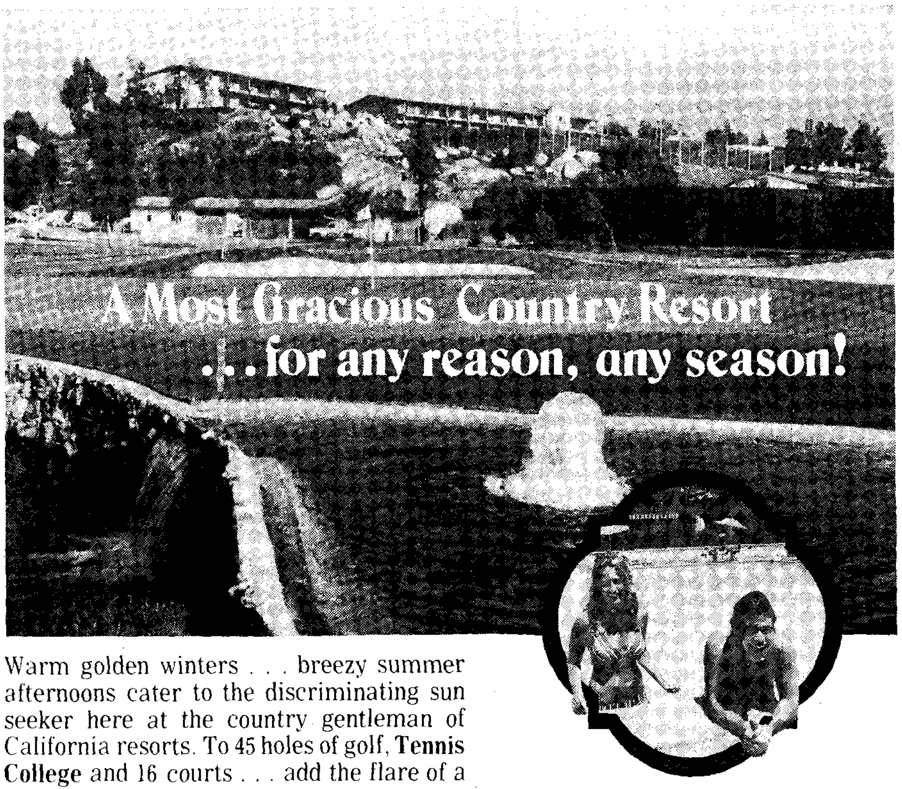
Struggling with the steering wheel, he recited those last lines again in Arabic and English, chuckling quietly when he had finished.

Our progress decreased to the discouraging rate of about ten yards a minute and then, after another floundering half hour, to zero yards. Hassan sheepishly turned toward us and held his palms outward in that universal gesture of despair. It was our first critical moment: Do we give up and turn back or press on by shanks' mare? Hassan and I were for continuing, if Bailey felt up to it. Bailey admitted that he had probably taken on too much for his first Sinai outing since his sickness, but, he said, we had already come so far and he had never seen Ein Kadeis—we might as well go on by foot. It seemed, even allowing for the mirage effect of the midday sun on the desert plain and on our brains, to be at least ten kilometres to the white spot, over very harrowing terrain. We would need plenty of water, a few snacks for quick energy, and some protection against God knew what. So, toting full canteens, Jaffa oranges and sugar wafers in a musette bag, and Bailey's pistol, we struck out for Ein Kadeis, lurking somewhere on the shimmering horizon. It was hot, sweaty hiking, worse even than some hot, sweaty forced marches I had barely survived in the U.S. Army. I think we all regretted our decision after the first few kilometres.

Not surprisingly, the conversation, between gasps, turned to desert travel. I mentioned that T. E. Lawrence wrote, in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," that it was best to move at a steady, slow pace for as long as possible, without sleep; holding to such a regimen, Lawrence claimed, he had crossed the Sinai from Akaba to Suez, with the help of camels, in fifty hours. Other Sinai explorers had written of being ruled by the sun ("The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven . . . you look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster," said Alexander Kinglake) and of experiencing the visual and aural phantasms one would expect of proper English gentlemen—a village church, a fresh lake, the ringing of vesper bells. Professor Palmer saw green oases and grazing camels in his mirages, which dissolved into a "tremulous vapor" as he approached them. Bailey said that it was extremely important to keep a flowing "Bedouin gait," not unlike that which Hassan was maintaining as he seemed to float over the desert a few yards in front of us. Also, you must eat little and sip water at regular intervals, never dehydrating yourself more than what you hope is eight per cent, since it is very difficult to make up that eight per cent before illness sets in. The way to tell if you are overdehydrating is to notice the color of your urine; if it is dark yellow or light brown, you are in trouble.

I wondered whether the famous white spot, which seemed to be farther away than ever, would dissolve into a "tremulous vapor" and I would be moved to run screaming and frothing into the hills, never to be seen again. Just when I figured this to be more than an outside possibility, Hassan excitedly pointed at some animal dung in the middle of a narrow, shallow wadi. He trotted ahead and found more droppings, then even more, which seemed to mark a trail, he thought, to a watering hole. We followed him with fresh spirit, and, magically, the white spot became before our unbelieving eyes a veritable limestone vein in a rock face. We saw in rapid order some damp ground, a few blades of grass, a tiny stream, and then a rank mud puddle filled with dung. Slimy sedge grew in patches around and in the puddle, and swarms of gnats hung over it. At the other end of the puddle was a more lively stream that led to a stone-covered trough, a *kadus*, which Bailey had said was probably the root of the oasis's name. "Kadeis," Hassan announced, flashing another of his glorious, triumphant smiles.

Hassan and Bailey drank slowly and steadily from the stream. I finished off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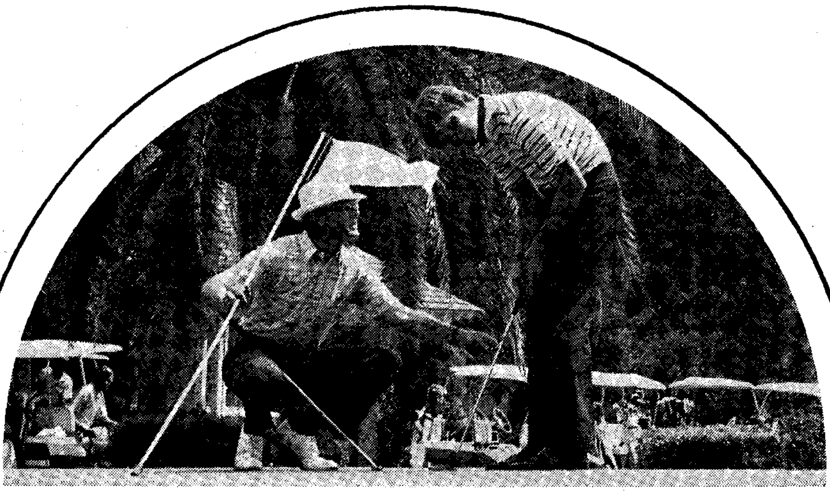
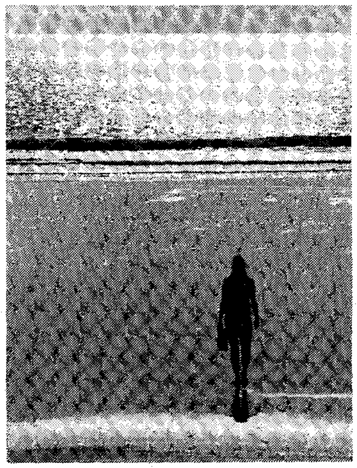
my good stuff from Ein Kadeirat and then, playing it safe, filled my canteen with five halazone water-purification tablets and the doubtful stuff from Ein Kadeis. (I reasoned that I hadn't yet acquired a Sinai intestinal-tract lining.) We splashed water on our faces, rested a bit, and then looked around. It was obvious that Ein Kadeis could not possibly have sustained more than a dozen Israelite families for any appreciable length of time. Bailey conjectured that this meagre oasis was merely an adjunct of Ein Kadeirat, which, together with lesser wells and verdure in the vicinity, constituted the Biblical Kadesh Barnea. Perhaps, Bailey said, the Israelites used Ein Kadeis just as a headquarters. Odd helter-skelter piles of sun-bleached stones near the stream marked the graves of local Bedouins, but there was no telling from the stone markers how old the graves were. Bedouins tend to bury their dead near water because the bodies must be washed. The graves themselves are, by tribal law, as deep as a man is tall.

As we hiked back to the Land-Rover—each of us, for his own reasons, buoyed at having made it to Ein Kadeis—we were accompanied by scurrying platoons of a small green lizard called the *jarari* ("little runner") by the Bedouins. They are cute, friendly creatures, even when they are constantly underfoot. Since we were able to spy the Land-Rover for most of the way, the return trek seemed shorter and less taxing. Nevertheless, we didn't arrive at the car until four o'clock—two hours behind schedule. Bailey was quite pale and I was thoroughly bushed. Even Hassan seemed tired, not being used to this sort of activity. The Land-Rover was like a mobile blast furnace, but still it was good to be off our feet.

HASSAN's promised tea party at the general store began at five o'clock and grew to a dozen Bedouin men, as well as Bailey, Hassan, and I. We all solemnly shook hands and traded what seemed like hundreds of *salamats*, after which there was a reciprocally advantageous exchange of information between the Bedouins and Bailey—the former telling the latter tales of local lore and the latter telling the former gossip about various Sherafa he had met throughout the world. As we were saying our thanks and goodbyes, I gave Bailey some Israeli money to pass on to Hassan as a tip for his services. Hassan adamantly refused to accept the cash—I was "Boorrt," his friend, he said—but after much discussion he agreed to let me purchase from the store a fine hand-woven camel lead rope, called a





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*rasan.* (It was a compromise weighted in my favor; I don't own a camel, but the *rasan* became an interesting and handsome decoration for my living-room wall.)

Some of the Bedouin hospitality had infected the Israeli soldiers at the nearby outpost. Bailey and I dropped by there to tell them we were leaving for El Arish, and the soldiers on K.P. filled our arms with Jaffa oranges, white bread, and several containers of a kind of half-yogurt-half-sour-milk, which is thin enough to sip through a straw. The Bedouin sweet tea and the Israeli yogurt-and-sour-milk combined alimentally and symbolically to refresh us after our long, hard day—which figured to be longer and harder still when we discovered that the left rear tire of the Land-Rover was totally flat.

Considering the beating the car had taken, we were lucky to have just a flat (the puncture in the side of the thick tire was from either a stilettolike acacia thorn or a piece of barbed wire). A Bedouin mechanic who worked at the I.D.F. outpost had just come off duty, but he cheerfully volunteered to change the tire for us. The changing of the tire developed into a village event, with Hassan, his friends, Bedouin kids, Bedouin women (making their first appearance of the day, having returned from foraging the livestock outside of town), and male and female Israeli soldiers all kibitzing and staring at one another. I passed out oranges and sugar wafers to the kids, who, in the presence of their elders, accepted them with stiff formality. At seven o'clock, the taskmaster sun extinguishing itself in a fast dim behind a western hill, the Land-Rover once again ready for travel, our handshakes and thanks repeated to Hassan and the others, we drove north through the darkening desert toward Abu Aweigilla and El Arish.

Perhaps because of the cool dusk or the wholesome snack or the onset of yet another expedition, both Bailey and I found our second wind. This new burst of energy arrived not a moment too soon; the road north to El Arish was covered over in parts with fine, often deep sand—perilous at times, since we had to build up speed and plow on through in four-wheel drive, skidding and weaving wildly. And it was doubly worrisome in that a terrorist could easily have planted land mines in the soft stuff—a favorite Palestine Liberation Organization tactic. We needed all the alertness and concentration we could muster to make headway.

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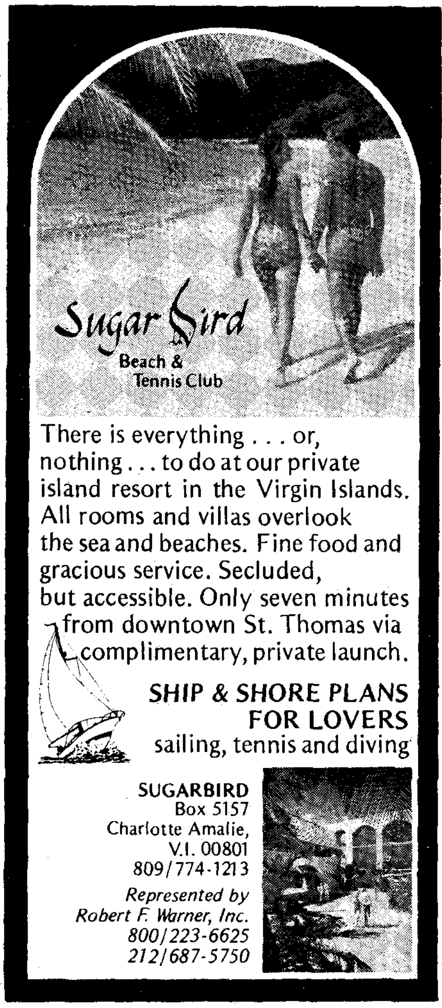
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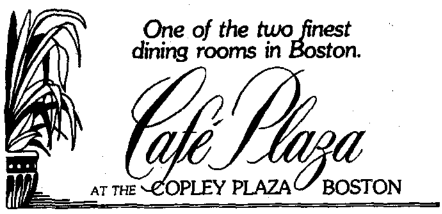
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gilla, the moonless night sky abruptly sprouted stars, as only a desert sky can, the North Star in the inverted Little Dipper's handle directly in front of the windshield. To the west, slowly descending parachute flares, dropped at intervals for I.D.F. night maneuvers, added to the celestial show. At a crossroads, we were halted by some soldiers manning a checkpoint. The soldiers warily shone their flashlights onto our faces and asked Bailey where he was from. I was astounded to hear him reply "Sde Boker"—a Negev community made famous as David Ben-Gurion's home, where Bailey had actually spent eight years, helping to found the Institute for Desert Research. After we were allowed to proceed, Bailey explained that he had told the soldiers he was from Sde Boker rather than Jerusalem, his real home town, because it aroused less suspicion. Jerusalemites, being presumably more sophisticated and liberal, are automatically more suspect in outlying military zones—especially when they travel with foreign journalists. There would probably be no more checkpoints until El Arish, whose lights were blurring the sky straight ahead.

EL ARISH, the provincial capital of the Sinai and the peninsula's major town, is an unorthodox place even for the unorthodox Sinai. It was founded about three thousand years ago by Actisanes, an Ethiopian ruler of Egypt, who shunted off all his deadliest enemies and confirmed criminals to the lonely spot, first cutting off their noses so that they could be identified if they escaped. Consequently, the town was called Rhinokoloura (city of "cut noses") by the Greeks and, later, Rhinocolorum by the Romans. Sitting astride the Via Maris, it became a natural battleground and war route for every invader of the Sinai—Syrians, Hittites, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Crusaders, Turks, French, English, Egyptians, and Israelis. Each army left its mark—often in the form of stragglers who intermarried with the locals (some Bosnian and Albanian colonial soldiers under the Turks were particularly eager to become Arishiya)—and the results were a gallimaufry of ethnic strains and the emergence of a singular Arabic dialect. Major Jarvis, who in his way was taken with the polygenetic quality of the place, wrote that El Arish was "populated by all those who had not the guts to go on," and that the citizens have an "extraordinarily crooked, suspicious outlook on life generally." The present population of El Arish is about thirty-five thousand people, or almost half the population of the Sinai: five thousand Palestinian Arabs, ten thousand descendants of the multifarious stragglers (the aristocracy of the town), ten thousand Egyptians, and ten thousand "desert rats" (a mixed bag of strays from all over the Middle East who came to make money as merchants)—plus, of course, visiting Bedouins and the Israeli occupation forces. The townspeople exist by fishing the Mediterranean, trading, smuggling, and date-farming.

The Wadi El Arish, the largest riverbed in the Sinai, drains the highlands from as far away as the El Tih Plateau. Its wide mouth spills into the Mediterranean just north of the town, and at times of severe flood, as in 1975, the winter torrent can wash out everything in its path, depositing, when the water recedes, new, silty real estate for those foolish enough to settle on it. Since Biblical days, Wadi El Arish has been translated into English as the River of Egypt, the word "Arish" being considered a variant of an Arabic term for Egypt; more likely, "Arish" comes from the Bedouin word "*arisha*," for arbor booth, a construction in abundance throughout the area. As the pre-treaty headquarters of the North Sinai Military Government, the city had taken on a greater political importance than it enjoyed in Ottoman days. The fact that the sleepy coastal town lived in comparative serenity under the Israeli raj, surrounded by Israeli settlements and military bases, stuck in the Egyptian craw—more so even than Gaza, which the Egyptians never really considered their national soil. During one of the periodic stalemates in treaty negotiations, Sadat hinted broadly that he would welcome some generous gesture on Israel's part—for instance, the return to Egyptian sovereignty of El Arish. Begin, who had contemplated making exactly that gesture just before Sadat appeared in Jerusalem, soon changed his mind. Sadat, he said, would get "nothing for nothing." However, it is interesting to note that the initial pullback of Israeli forces from the Sinai under the treaty of March 26, 1979, directly involves El Arish. Phase I of the withdrawal calls for an evacuation of personnel and equipment from a narrow forty-five-mile strip along the Mediterranean coast to a point slightly east of El Arish. (On May 25th, two months after the treaty signing, the town came under Egyptian control—all of it, that is, except for a military-laundry building, which will be used by

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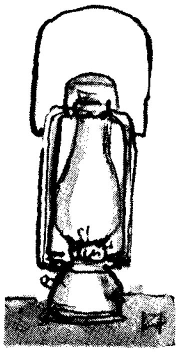
the Israelis for a while. Just before the transfer, nearby Israeli settlers rioted against the turnover of five hundred acres of their former farmland; however, with typical flexibility, the Arishiya welcomed the Egyptians as if they had never left. Sadat and Begin met in El Arish on Sunday, May 27th, in order to announce the formal opening of the border there. Both El Arish and Beersheba are designated as alternating sites for further peace-treaty discussions between Israeli and Egyptian delegations.) After nine months, the Israelis are obligated to return to Egypt two-thirds of the peninsula—from the El Arish line south to Ras Muhammad, just west of Sharm El Sheikh. Within three years, the entire Sinai, up to the old Palestine Mandate frontier, will presumably be in Egyptian hands.

As we entered the town, one thing was gnawingly clear to Bailey and me: we were starved. Our plan was to look up Bailey's good friend the Tarabin Sheikh of Sheikhs, Suleiman Ibn Jazi, at his house (and accept the certain invitation to spend the night there), but before that we thought it discreet to have our first real meal of the day. It was past nine o'clock, and only a few places were open on the main street—a couple of cafés filled with backgammon players and coffee drinkers; some shops, empty except for the owners; a well-lit mosque. Fortunately, what Bailey called "the best restaurant in El Arish" was still open for business along the rialto. It was a nameless sidewalk café, its edible offerings (mostly lamb and vegetables) hanging al-fresco and fly-covered near a charcoal brazier. But the smell of sizzling lamb made it seem like the old Chambord. We ordered large bottles of Israeli Gold Star beer, shish kebab, salad with chick-peas, and warm pita. While we greedily devoured the meal, various town Arabs—some with red hair and blue eyes, indicating, perhaps, a certain Crusader dalliance—wandered by, staring at us curiously. Bailey patted the pistol in his jacket pocket and asked me to keep my eye on a sour-looking youth casually loitering behind him. "He's a P.L.O. candidate if I ever saw one," he mumbled while chewing the crisp meat. If he was a P.L.O. candidate, he must have decided that we were hardly worth his trouble; we had an uneventful and delicious repast. Only once during the meal did an I.D.F. Jeep patrol show its flag in the center of town.



Driving through the dark, unpaved alleys off the main street with a knowing hand, Bailey pulled up in front of the beige one-story house of Sheikh Ibn Jazi. We locked the Land-Rover and stumbled through a small courtyard to the door, where we were welcomed by one of the Sheikh's sons, a young man in Bedouin garb. Naturally, he asked us to come in, take tea, and stay as long as we wanted. He apologized that his father was out for the evening at a local party, but his father's house was our house. Inside, a large, rather shoddy living room held several male children, a veiled Bedouin woman (who scurried off to another part of the house when we appeared), a young girl in modern dress, and an outsize black-and-white TV set tuned to a Cairo channel. A news documentary was on, showing an impressive military parade. While Bailey chatted with the son, the veiled woman, Ibn Jazi's El Arish wife, brought in some tea in the small, clear glasses the Bedouins favor. By design or accident, her veil slipped to mouth level for a moment, and I saw that she was quite beautiful, with dark, almond-shaped eyes and high cheekbones. A guest is not supposed to notice such things, and so I quickly averted my eyes. At last, Bailey, stifling a yawn, asked if we could bring in our gear and spread our sleeping bags in the adjacent sitting room, where male Bedouin conclaves are held, feasts are presented, and guests are allowed to sleep. That request generously granted, we settled into our sleeping bags on top of stuffed mats and carpets spread about the room. I had the energy for one more question before I dropped off into the dead sleep of the totally exhausted: If the Sheikh is so powerful and prosperous, as befits his station, why does he have such a—well, decrepit house? The answer, through unstifled yawns, was that most Arabs who haven't been Westernized are not ostentatious in their house décor; they prefer to put their money in gold, jewelry, livestock, cars, and land. (Jazi made his fortune many years ago, by smuggling.) Bailey added, his voice weakening, "When you meet him tomorrow morning, you'll see he is a simple man who leads a simple Bedouin life, both here and at his tents in the desert. His wives in the desert are even racier than this one. By the way, that little girl wearing the dress, she's the daughter of one of Jazi's sons-in-law, who's in jail in Egypt for being an Israeli spy." I

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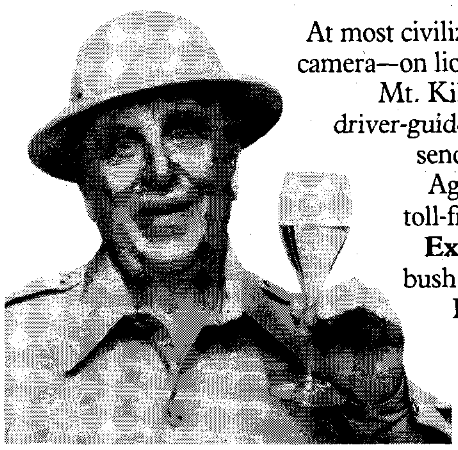

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wanted to find out more about this, but it was too late, I was already asleep.

Then, what seemed like two minutes later but was actually three o'clock in the morning: *Crash! Bang!* Girlish laughter. Loud voices. Blaring Arab belly-dance music. And, worst of all, a blinding bare ceiling light bulb rudely switched on. "Bayl*ee*, Bayl*ee!*" said a deep voice. Assuming I was in the middle of a frightful dream, I stayed turtlelike in the shell of my sleeping bag for a moment. When I dared to poke my head out, I saw a magnificent gray-mustached Bedouin dressed all in white, sporting a silver Rolex watch on his left wrist and carrying a tape recorder the size of a breadbox. He was shaking Bailey's hand and chattering in Arabic in a very loud voice. Just behind this apparition was a handsome, slightly epicene teen-age boy, who was filling the room with smoke from his cigarette and tipsily gyrating his hips to the music. The Bedouin man in white was, of course, Sheikh of Sheikhs Suleiman Ibn Jazi, returning home from his evening out on the town. The male houri, Bailey told me after the introductions were made, was Majid, a fifteen-year-old non-Bedouin waif of the El Arish streets, who had been hired to sing and dance for the guests at the late party the Sheikh had attended. Majid apparently had taken a little too much to drink at the festivities. Since he had pleased Jazi with his singing and dancing, he was plied with Kent cigarettes and protectively taken home by the Sheikh for the night. To demonstrate Majid's talents, Jazi turned up the tape recorder full blast and commanded the boy to perform to the music. Even over the screeching noise, I could hear the rest of the household stirring in other rooms. After ten unbelievable minutes of this, Jazi tired of Majid's performance and turned off the tape recorder. For his part, Majid was cross-eyed and ashen with fatigue, cigarettes, and drink. Extinguishing one last Kent in an ashtray, he wrapped himself in a blanket and fell fast asleep.

Not entirely convinced that I wasn't in the middle of a dream, I extricated myself from my sleeping bag and listened to Jazi describe the party to Bailey. With Bailey simultaneously translating, I learned that the party had come about for a typically convoluted Levantine reason. An El Arish merchant, who trucks sundry goods to Bedouins in the southern Sinai, has two wives, one of them from the Hejaz.

The beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter of the Hejaz wife, sired by an earlier husband, was ripe for marriage and was brought to El Arish to meet her stepfather's sixteen-year-old son by another wife. (Although they were step-siblings, their marriage would not be considered incest.) The purpose of the party, given by the merchant, was to break the ice between the two youngsters. Majid was hired to dance and sing, wine flowed (despite Koranic strictures against the use of alcohol), and *tout* El Arish was invited, including those two old smugglers Jazi and Breik Odeh Abu Abdullah, the hard-drinking, fun-loving Sheikh of Sheikhs of the Muzeina tribe. (The Muzeina and Tarabin are traditionally enemies, but not when they are off their own turfs.) The ice-breaking scheme was a failure, however. The girl had whispered to Jazi that her stepbrother was too young for her. She said she needed a real man to please her, not a baby—someone, for instance, like Jazi's son Ayish, a professional camel racer who works in Elath. And so the matter was left hanging. The next move was up to Ayish, although the girl cannot necessarily reject the suitor chosen by her parents unless she is willing to become an outcast. All in all, it was one hell of a bash, apparently, and Jazi would have gone on for hours telling us more about it if he had not suddenly grown sleepy. With apologies for his fatigue, he retired to his bedroom, leaving us to resume some fitful dozing to the accompaniment of Majid's erratic snoring. The last words I heard Bailey say, in answer to my unasked questions, were "Don't be a missionary."

IN spite of everything, breakfast at the Jazis' was at six-thirty. The morning sun poured in through the sitting-room windows and the household was running in high gear by the time I awoke. The house and facilities seemed even shabbier in the daylight. The bilious green walls of the sitting room, I noticed, were peeling and faded, the carpet and mats were soiled and dank. How odd that one must remove one's shoes when entering this room—not, obviously, for hygienic reasons but as a sign of respect. But there I go being a missionary, I thought. The head of the house, smiling and chipper in the same white garb of a few hours before, joined Bailey, Majid, and me in the sitting room for breakfast. Behind him were his favored son, Ayish, in jeans, red shirt, and red-checked *kaffiyeh*, and two younger sons. The Sheikh and

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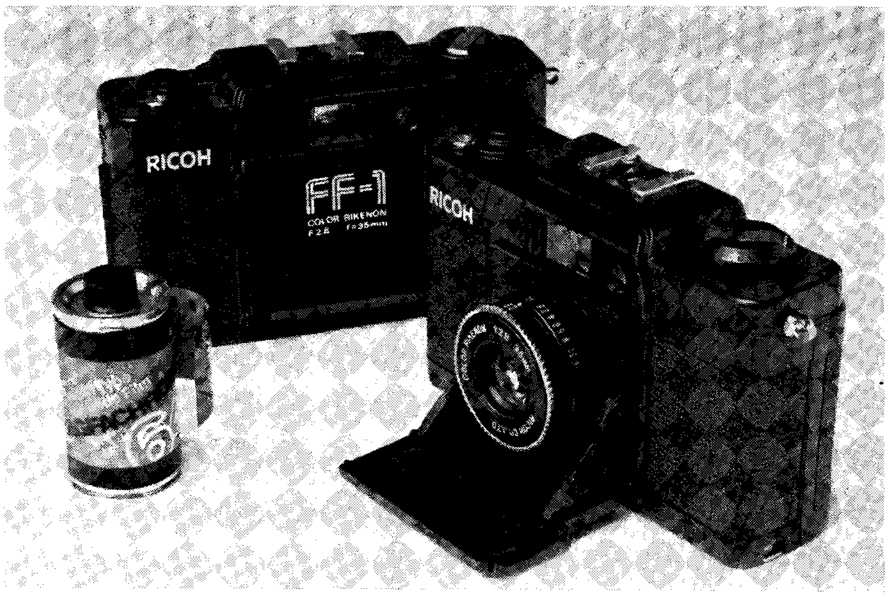

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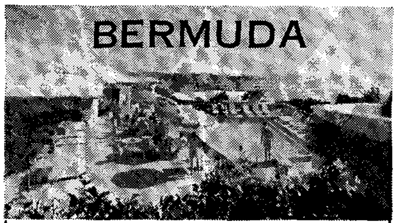

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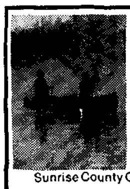

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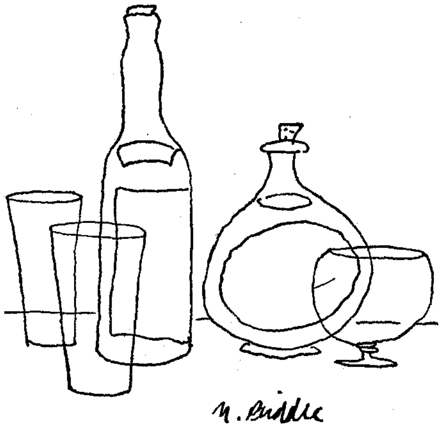
Majid were already puffing on Kents. As breakfast—hard-boiled eggs, fresh tomatoes, goat cheese, pita, and hot tea, all on a large round platter—was served by one of the younger sons, another guest dropped in. He was introduced not by name but by reputation: the best *simsimiya* (a crude triangular banjo) player in the south Sinai.

Bailey and I, as honored guests, were beckoned to be the first to attack the platter with our fingers, and then the others dug in. It was a tasty and satisfying breakfast. While we ate, Ayish talked about his work in Elath and his camel racing. He had won a recent Elath race and was rewarded with the publication of his photograph in a newspaper, a cup worth five Israeli pounds, and a purse of a thousand pounds. "The Jews are clever," Jazi said. "They give you a cheap cup, a picture, and a thousand pounds." Then Jazi produced a dog-eared letter written in English, which he asked Bailey to translate into Arabic for him. It was from a Dutch hippie who had lived in the desert with the Tarabin the year before and had been adopted by one of the Sheikh's brothers, Salim. The hippie, it turned out, was now in a Dutch jail (for unstated reasons), and he wrote movingly of how he yearned for the freedom of the Sinai and the good company of the Jazi family. The Sheikh smiled and made a clicking noise as he listened to Bailey's translation. "The Dutch boy is a Bedouin now," he said, "and Bedouins hate jail. It is not for men." He dictated an answering letter, which Bailey wrote down in English. It was full of warmth and hope, and when Jazi carefully signed it, he looked very sad. After breakfast, I wandered into the living room, where Jazi's wife was cooking at a brazier in the center of the floor. She was unveiled, but when she saw me she immediately turned her face away—not before flashing a charming smile, however. I noticed that she was wearing lovely bangles over her forehead. Bailey judiciously called me away from the living room and said it was time to drive across El Arish to our nine-o'clock appointment with the Military Governor, Colonel Moshe Dahan, at the headquarters building, on the seashore. Jazi invited us to have lunch with him, between my interview with Colonel Dahan and the meeting of the northern-Sinai sheikhs at one o'clock. We accepted, offered thanks, and left with Majid, who wanted a ride across town. Outside the house in the alley we saw the Sheikh's Mercedes-Benz sedan, with oculiform symbols covering the fenders and hood, placed there to ward off the evil eye.

On the way to the seashore, we left our punctured tire to be fixed at a garage. When Bailey asked Majid where, specifically, he wanted to go, the lad, suddenly petulant and cocky, said nowhere, really—just near a store along the beach. It was clear that he had no permanent home. We drove him to the beach, and he asked to get out of the car. He tossed us a practiced insouciant wave and sauntered toward a small store, breaking into a squirmy little dance every so often. The Arabs outside the store laughed at him.

The long El Arish shoreline, with wide stretches of clean sand, groves of leafy date palms, and picture-postcard scenes of fishermen hauling nets into their dories, is unspoiled and impressive. Only the unsettled state of the area has kept, say, an El Arish Hilton from dominating the strand. A resort developer wouldn't even have to provide beach umbrellas for his guests, since the date palms supply generous shade from the Sinai sun. (The palms are owned communally by the citizens of El Arish, who all share in the summer-harvest profits.) Just off the shoreline sits the rectangular Military Government compound, a former Egyptian Army headquarters, with rooftop machine guns pointing toward the sea. Two thunderous sonic booms from Israeli jets rattled our teeth as we drove into the compound, reminding everyone within earshot that an official state of war still existed. A guard directed us to a wardroom on the second floor, where sexy Israeli women soldiers in tight, short-skirted khaki uniforms milled about with the male soldiers, displaying the hectic informality that marks an I.D.F. post. Since we were a bit early for our appointment with Colonel Dahan, Bailey made use of the time to put in a good word for one of Jazi's relations, whose house had been raided by the police recently, who confiscated a large amount

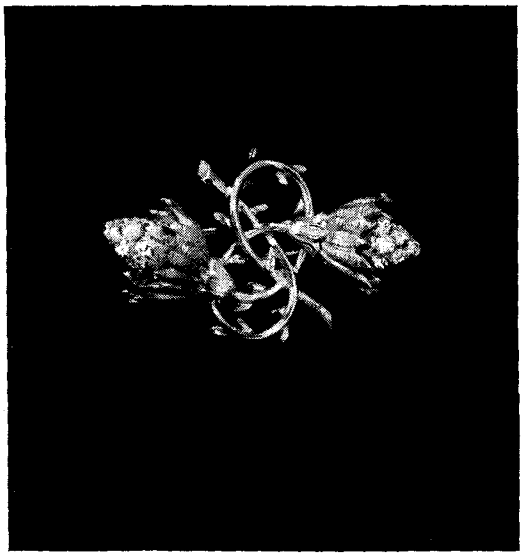


of foreign currency. At precisely nine o'clock, we were ushered into Colonel Dahan's office.

The Colonel, a gracious, open-faced Sabra of Moroccan-Jewish parentage, rose from an enormous desk (a relic of the Egyptian administration) and greeted us. Although he spoke some English, Arabic, and French (he had attended the Sorbonne), he said he preferred to answer my questions in Hebrew. I asked him what the general situation was in his jurisdiction, which runs south to the bottom of the El Tih Plateau. With Bailey translating, he answered, "It's quiet. Sinai has always been the quietest of all the occupied territories, maybe because the people here are so used to being occupied. There is an atmosphere of dislike for the P.L.O. by both Bedouins and Arishiya, especially after the Sadat initiative. The northern-Sinai residents are convinced that peace is bogging down because of the P.L.O. Most want peace with Israel. The incursion into southern Lebanon by the I.D.F. last month was actually well received here. Since Sinai II was signed, in 1975, there has been no real trouble. Before then, we had to deal with some Egyptian intelligence units and Bedouin spies."

Smuggling, which Bedouins view as merely a profitable occupation, has been a constant problem for Sinai administrators. The Colonel said there was far less now in the Sinai than there was during the Egyptian administration. While some smuggling involves goods such as tape recorders, bolts of cloth, and even burglar alarms, most of it is in hashish. The hashish used to travel northeast to southwest, from Syria and Turkey to Egypt; nowadays, however, it goes in the opposite direction, from Egypt to Israel, often accompanied by coffee, which is also glutting the market in Egypt but is dear elsewhere. It is comparatively easy for the Bedouins to transport contraband through the U.N. zone, but the I.D.F. presence beyond that zone makes smuggling difficult. The Bedouins have re-adopted an old trick they used with some success during the British occupation of the Sinai: shipping watertight rubber bags of hashish by boat along the Mediterranean coast and weighting them down with sacks of salt; if the boats are challenged, the smugglers ditch the bags in the water, the salt dissolving in a few days and causing the bags to rise to the surface, where they can be picked up at a more opportune time. The hashish is familiarly known as Sinai Sheikh.

We left the Colonel to his pre-con-



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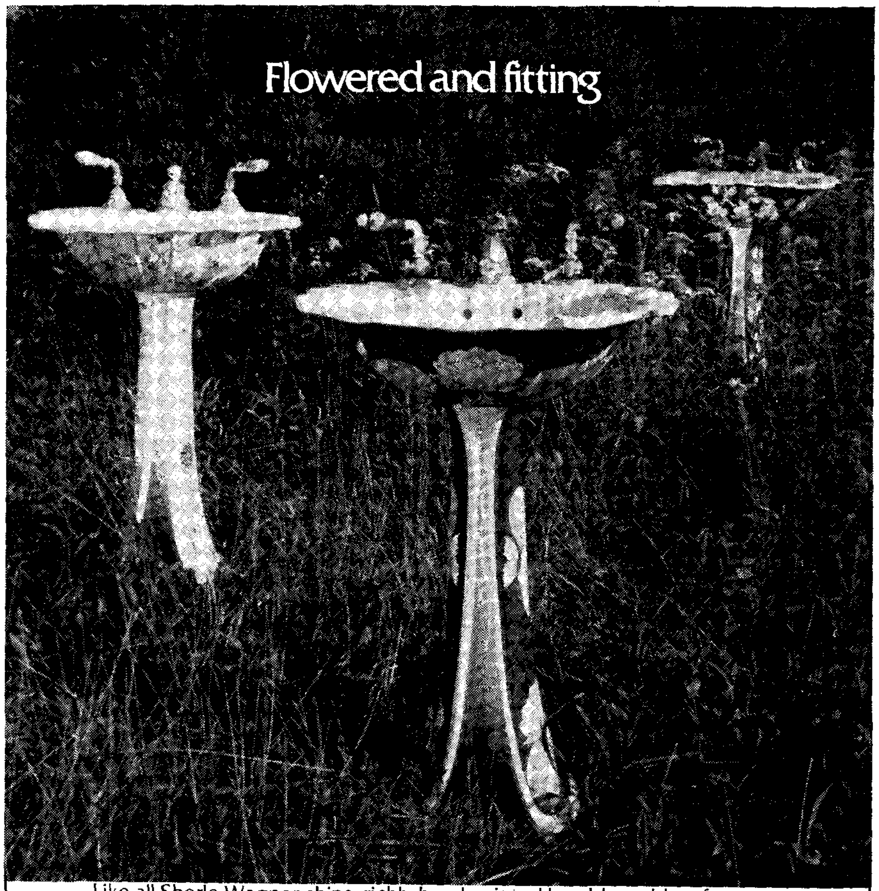

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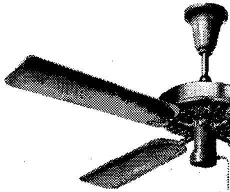

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clave duties and drove back through the town to the garage, where the repaired tire was waiting for us. In the hot late morning, El Arish falls into Levantine torpor. Citizens lie about in whatever shade is available—a rusting derelict car, a doorway, the remains of a Turkish fort. But, down the street from the garage, one incident brought the populace to life for a few wild moments. A chubby Israeli girl in tight shorts and a skimpy halter sashayed down the dusty road in front of the El Arish Preparatory Boys School, and within seconds at least twenty Arab lads, gawking and whistling, were following her, as if she had just descended into their town from Mars. Bailey asked a red-haired boy why there was so much commotion. "It is shameful," said the boy.

LUNCH at Sheikh Ibn Jazi's was no ordinary noontime snack. As soon as we entered the courtyard, I knew that something special was in the offing when one of Jazi's grandsons ceremoniously handed Bailey and me two small towels and some pink perfumed soap and led us to an outdoor spigot. After our ablutions, he took the soap and towels from us and showed us into the sitting room. There, cross-legged around a carpet, were the Sheikh and his sons. In the middle of the carpet was a round salver, looking like a platter for the world's biggest pizza, on top of which was a mountain of soft white rice and chunks of boiled goat meat, the heady juices blotted up by a thin layer of pita between the rice and the salver. The Sheikh was smiling broadly. He gestured to us to sit down in the circle and be the honored guests, which we did, first removing our shoes. He explained that just a few hours earlier he had slaughtered in the back yard his prized year-old goat, a tethered, fat, fodder-fed animal he had been saving for a special occasion, and here it now was for our delectation. Usually at such feasts, the goat's heart, lungs, and kidneys are roasted and presented to the guests as appetizers, but since the main course was all ready, there was no need for hors d'oeuvres. The tangy aroma was overpowering—it was certainly the freshest meat I would ever eat—and although I wasn't very hungry I dug in, compressing the meat, rice, and a bit of pita into a ball with my right hand and popping the result into my mouth. Our hosts joined in after Bailey and I had swallowed our first portions. The meat was a trifle gamy, as expected, tasting not unlike a freshly stewed rabbit I had once eaten in the Adirondacks. But best of all was the soppy, pungent combination of pita, rice, and goat gravy, with which I stuffed myself, washing down the heavy, golf-ball-size nuggets with hot tea. I had the feeling that the luncheon feast was laid on, somehow, to make up for the incident at three o'clock that morning. But maybe not; Bedouins, if they can possibly afford it, will find any excuse for a feast.

Suitably honored and bloated, I excused myself and attempted for several minutes to wash the goat grease off my hands with the perfumed soap. (Days later, it was still under my fingernails, despite vigorous scrubbing.) I wanted to do nothing more than sleep for a few hours, but there was the Bedouin meeting to attend in just twenty minutes. (As a southern-Sinai sheikh, Jazi would attend the conclave in the southern jurisdiction the following week.) Bailey, meanwhile, was sprawled on a mat, transcribing on his tape recorder a cassette, played on the Sheikh's machine, of a Bedouin reciting his own poetry from a jail cell in Egypt, where he was serving a term for spying. As in all recitations of rhymed-doggerel Bedouin poetry, there is a litaneutical quality, the listeners lovingly repeating the rhyming words in a trance of satisfaction. It was a relaxing, even soporific, entertainment, especially after a feast.

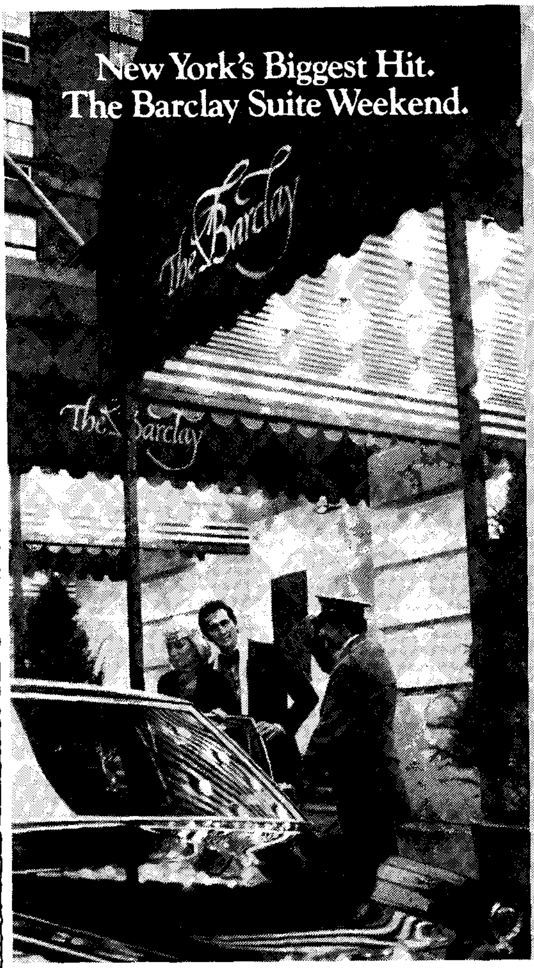
When Bailey had finished copying the tape, we shook hands all around and said our goodbyes. I told the Sheikh that my house in Connecticut was his house whenever he chose to visit me. He replied that it was a dream of his to come to America sometime. He and his sons walked us to the parked Land-Rover and stood there in a clump, waving as we drove off. I understood a little of what the Dutch hippie must have felt for the Jazis.

BACK at the Military Government compound, in a grassy, tree-shaded yard next to the main building, there was a crowd scene out of "The Desert Song." At least forty finely arrayed sheikhs, a veritable ocean of *kaffiyehs* and *galabiyas*, strolled about, chatting among themselves and with several I.D.F. officers and Israeli civilians. The civilians were intelligence agents, questioning the sheikhs for any snippets of useful information picked up in the desert. When the sheikhs spotted Bailey, many of them broke off their conversations and rushed to shake his hand. Each, it seemed, had a long story to tell him, and it wasn't until a Druse captain called them all into the conference room that Bailey could stop talking and pumping hands.

The conference room contained rows of wooden benches before a cloth-covered dais and a long table laden with fruit, cakes, and bottles of orange soda. Travel posters promoting Israeli tourism were hung here and there on the walls. The sheikhs settled themselves on the benches and waited patiently for Colonel Dahan to enter. At last, he strode in, accompanied by two other officers, and all the sheikhs rose. Dahan walked down the bench rows, shaking hands with everyone and briefly exchanging greetings, and then he took a seat at the dais. It was at once regal and cordial.

A lieutenant colonel called the meeting to order and told the assemblage (in Hebrew, translated into Arabic by the Druse captain) that some unauthorized building of houses had come to the government's attention and he wanted to remind them that this was illegal. He introduced Colonel Dahan, who, through the Druse captain, said that the new fiscal year began in April and the government was interested in furthering development projects in Bedouin settlements. (This news was met with general silence. The Colonel asked if they understood the translated Arabic and the sheikhs shouted back that they did.) The government, he continued, hoped to construct new schools, mosques, shops, clinics, and wells, and to broaden its immunization program for Bedouin children. (Murmuring of approval.) The child-mortality rate was decreasing, thanks to better medical services available to coöperating Bedouins. (Louder murmuring of approval.) And the government would offer to build houses for Bedouins, and when there were enough houses electricity would be installed. (Silence. "There goes the neighborhood," Bailey whispered to me.)

Other announcements: the Mayor of El Arish was ill and expressed his sorrow at not being able to attend the meeting; at the Negev border, three hundred head of livestock had crossed into Israel and could be legally confiscated, although the government would compensate for any losses; the wells at Auja would be available to all Sinai Bedouins, but they must not cross the border with their animals. The Colonel said he would now answer questions of common interest. There was a round of applause, and before it was over a sheikh from the Ein Kadeis region, the image of Anthony Quinn, walked up to the dais and confronted Dahan face to face. In a booming voice, he com-



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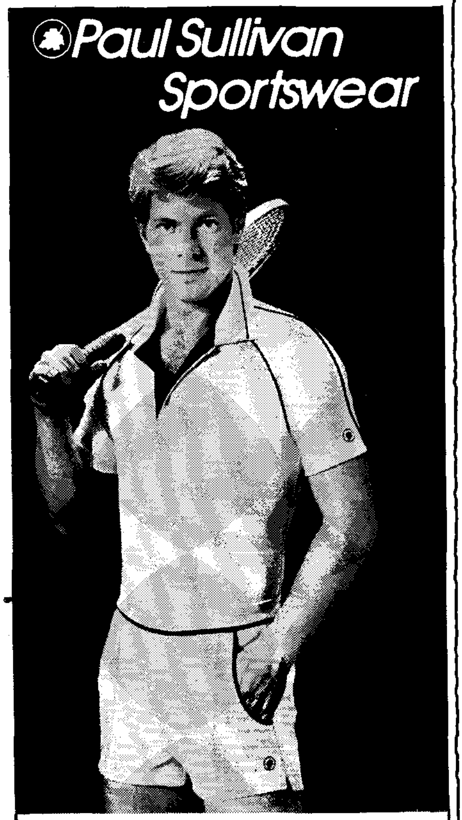

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plained that a young Bedouin tracker in the Israeli Army had grabbed the prettiest local girl, who was bewitched by his uniform and status. The sheikh demanded an investigation, and Dahan said he would look into it immediately. In the same pattern of direct talk, other sheikhs approached the dais to complain about such matters as unfair water and welfare-rations distribution ("God didn't create us all equal," the Colonel said. "We must help the neediest first"), maverick Bedouins crossing tribal lines without permission ("The chiefs get blamed," the sheikh said), infrequent medical services ("It will get better," the Colonel promised), and the afternoon monthly meetings ("If they began in the morning, we would get home earlier," the sheikh reasoned).

There were no more grievances, and the meeting simply petered out, with no formal closing. The sheikhs lined up at the refreshments table and happily downed the food, talking with each other, the officers, and, of course, Dr. Bailey. It struck me how much this give-and-take conclave resembled the British system of dealing with the Bedouins during their occupation of the Sinai, as described by Major Jarvis in his book "Yesterday and To-day in Sinai." I mentioned this to one of the I.D.F. officers, and he agreed. "But during the Egyptian occupation," he said, "there were never conclaves. They built cisterns and schools for the Bedouins here, but they didn't allow for open complaints. I think the Bedouins appreciate more our way." As the talk and the eating wound down, Colonel Dahan said he had a few last-minute announcements to make. About the Bedouin tracker and the pretty Bedouin girl, the military police in the area had been informed of the situation, and if abduction was involved the tracker would be properly punished by the authorities. As for livestock crossing the Negev line without permission, an extension of time would be granted in order to round them up and take them back to the Sinai. Also, the May meeting would begin at ten o'clock in the morning. This was greeted with applause, and the sheikhs dispersed, some to their parked Mercedes-Benz cars, some to taxis, some to pickup trucks, some to buses, some just walking off down the road. Colonel Dahan looked pleased.

THE remainder of our itinerary called for a drive along the Via Maris to the Rafa salient, where we would visit Yamit (meaning "seaside"), the hub of the new Israeli settlements in the northeastern Sinai, at issue in the possible return of the peninsula to the Egyptians; a stop at an I.D.F. base near Rafa, in order to pick up Bailey's eldest son, Michael, who was finishing up a stint with Gadna (Youth Corps), a paramilitary organization for boys and girls fourteen to eighteen years old; then a dash through the Gaza Strip and on to Jerusalem by nightfall. We gassed up and checked the Land-Rover. A khamsin—a hot, nettlesome wind blowing in from the Sahara which can drive saints to murder—was in the air and we didn't want to stop more than we had to.

Approaching Yamit, off the road through the dunes toward the sea, we saw the infamous Dayan fence, which had been erected in 1971, at great expense, to keep the Bedouins out of the Sinai settlement area. Now Bedouins were placidly grazing their animals within the chain-link-and-barbed-wire barrier. "You can't keep Bedouins out of anything by fences," Bailey said. "If they want to use the land, they'll use it." The same was true at Yamit proper, a sprawling complex of prefabricated modules, shops, plazas, and community buildings on a dune at the edge of the sea. Bedouin tents and flocks were side by side with the concrete development, which looked like a half-finished beach colony in Orange County, California. Kids in bathing suits ran about while mothers wheeled infants in strollers around the plaza. It was all super-neat, super-clean, super-new, and full of promise. Yet nobody seemed to be smiling. Arie Kagan, who runs the adjacent Field School (one of many kibbutzlike retreats throughout Greater Israel), told me that he had moved to Yamit from Tel Aviv because of the excitement of working in a pioneering town. He viewed the future with mixed emotions, hopeful about Sadat's peace initiative but disconsolate that Yamit might be under the Egyptian flag one day. "If we are Egyptian," he said, "I will go back to Tel Aviv, but I do not want to move from here." He pointed at the sand between the houses. "It is sand now, maybe grass later," he said wearily. "I don't know."

Back in 1972, Moshe Dayan, then the Defense Minister in Golda Meir's Labor Party government, submitted an ambitious proposal for a new city in occupied Sinai, to be named Yamit. The master plan (termed "creeping annexationism" by Dayan's critics) called for agriculture, industry, tour-

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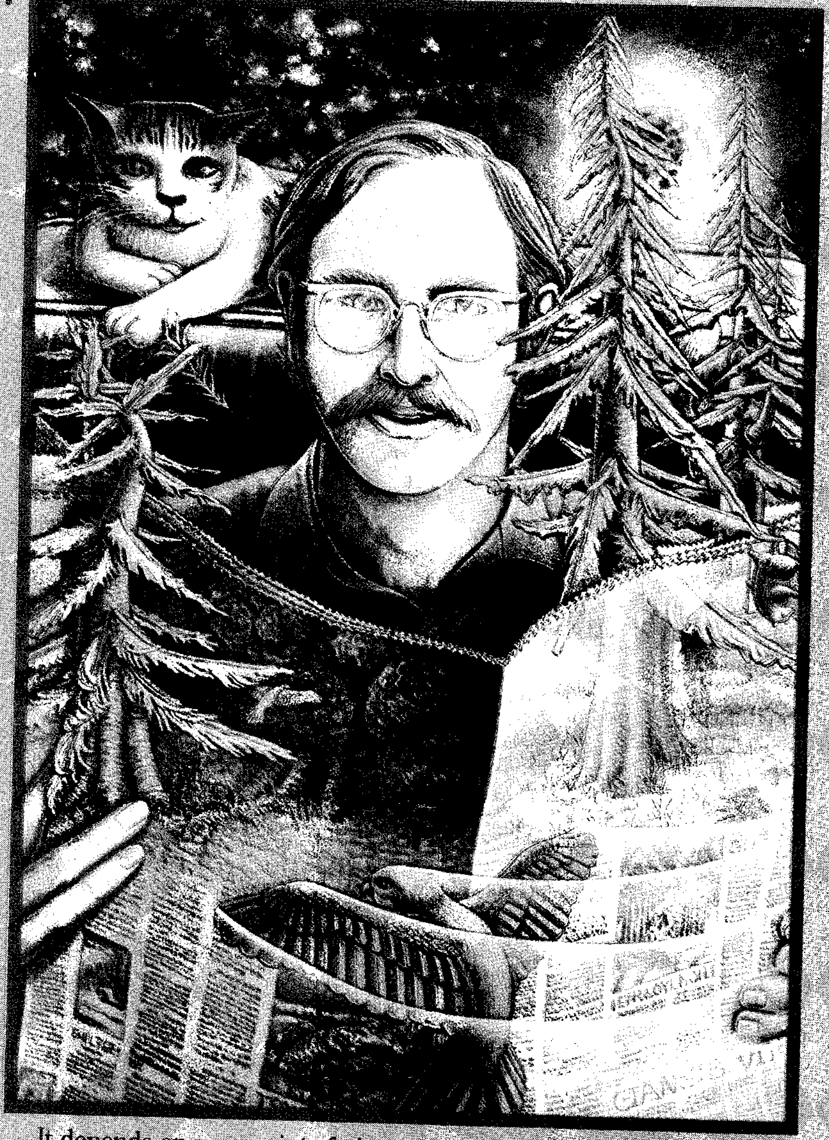

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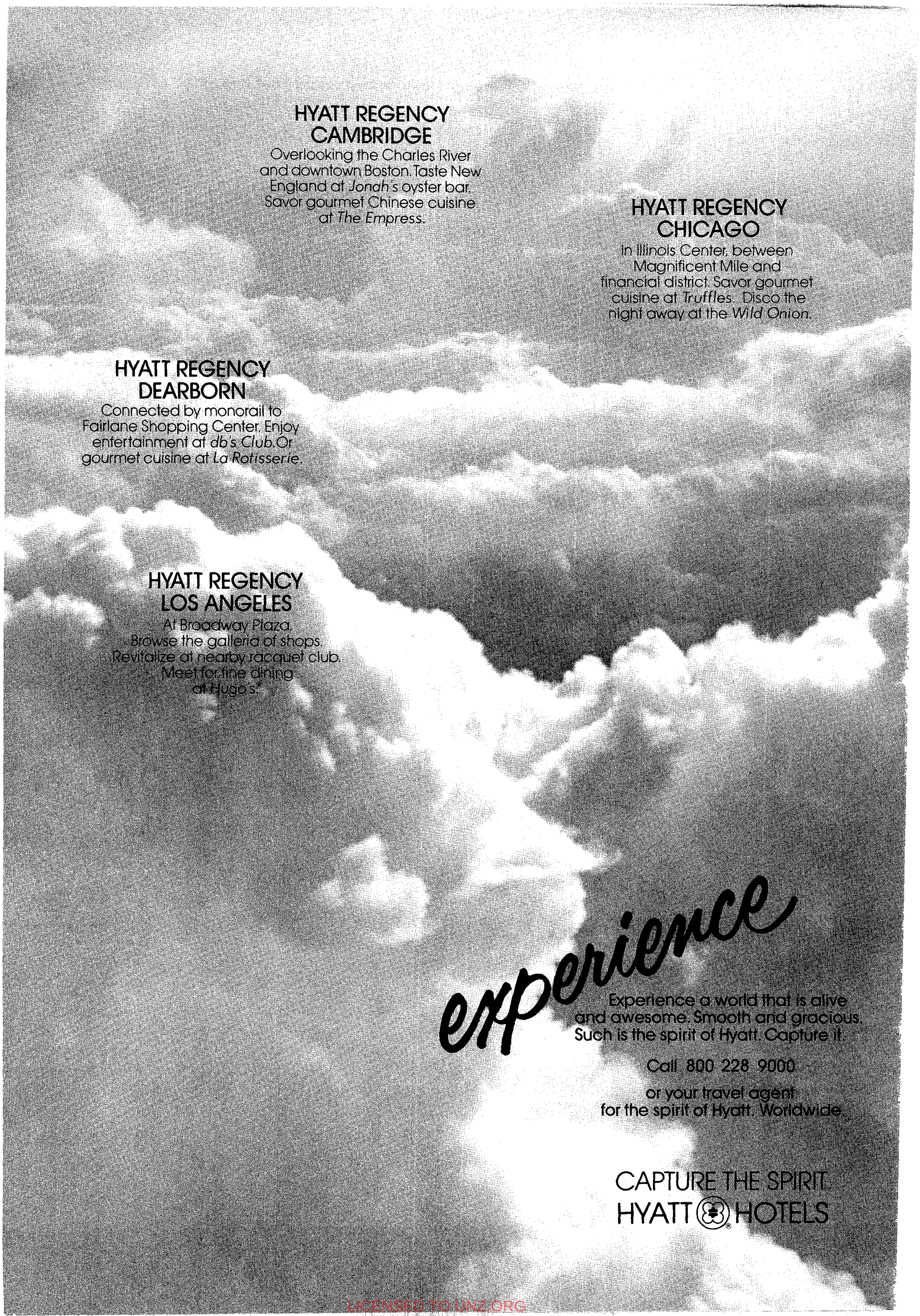

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ism services, a large seaport, and an international airport within twenty-five years, all cared for by an estimated population of two hundred and fifty thousand Israelis, making it potentially Israel's third-largest city, after Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Strategically, it would be a wall between a hostile Gaza Strip and a less hostile Sinai. The idea caught on, although on a reduced scale, and many Sabras and immigrants (including several Americans) who could afford the eleven-hundred-dollar down payment for a plot of land rushed to settle in Yamit and its cluster of satellite moshavs. (Menachem Begin himself purchased a small retirement house in nearby Neot Sinai.) Dayan ordered a security fence built around the Yamit region, ostensibly to keep terrorist infiltrators out but really to prevent Bedouins, who were attracted by all the activity, from using the land.

By the time Sadat went to Jerusalem in November of 1977, there were seventeen hundred people living in Yamit and four thousand in the entire Rafa-salient settlement area. At their talks in Ismailia on Christmas Day, 1977, Begin offered Sadat an Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai in return for a full peace treaty. However, once Begin was back in Jerusalem, he disclosed an enormous qualification: Israeli settlements in the northeastern Sinai would remain under Israeli protection even after the peninsula had been given back to Egypt. To this, Sadat replied, "I do not agree to the presence of a single Jewish settlement on my land. Let them destroy them. Neither do I allow a single Israeli civilian or soldier to remain." Those were strong words—especially alongside the U.S. State Department's announced opinion that the settlements were illegal and an obstacle to peace—and the resulting impasse went far toward contributing to the long-term breakdown in peace negotiations. As for the four thousand Israelis already ensconced in the disputed territory, they felt deserted by the very persons who had enticed them there in the first place. When Moshe Dayan, in his new capacity as Foreign Minister of the Begin government, paid a visit to the region in January, 1978, he was assailed by an angry, jeering crowd of Yamitniks. Changing his tune somewhat since 1972, Dayan told the people that "we never once proposed extending Israeli sovereignty over the Rafa salient." He did say that if peace came perhaps the settlers would be protected by the Israeli military, but, he added provocatively, they would not be under the Israeli flag. One heckler interrupted him, shouting, "We don't want to live in a ghetto! Our settlements must be an integral part of Israel!"

While I was in Yamit, I had hoped to talk with the person who had the most sensitive finger on the community's jumpy pulse—David Artom, the secretary of the nine-man Governing Council, which controls all the area within the Dayan fence. He was unavailable at the time, but I managed to reach him by telephone on the following day. "I am optimistic, no matter what," Artom told me then. "Yamit will be a city of a hundred thousand people. I firmly believe this. Look. There are three facts of life here right now. One, nobody has left Yamit since the Sadat initiative. Two, sixty-five families have moved here since then. Three, fifty-eight apartments were sold as part of our moshav plan, in fact. So I am optimistic."

Who were these people of Yamit, I asked him.

"They are not so much farmers," he said, "but many are agricultural specialists. Also, we have I.D.F. personnel from nearby bases and construction workers and other laborers for the private-enterprise industries. They can rent instead of buy, if they are essential individuals. Fifteen per cent are immigrants—from the U.S.A., Russia, Latin America, mostly—and the rest are Sabras or people in Israel for more than five years. We all get along well."

And how about the local Bedouins?

"When Yamit was started," he said, "there were hardly any Bedouins here. Since then, more and more have come from the El Arish area. Some are employed as workers in the plants or as menial laborers. We trade with them and make economic improvement for them—a better life than in El Arish. We have no security problems. There is no anger at us. We have good cultural relations, even with the Palestinian Arabs who work in our plants."

What kind of relations do the people of Yamit have with their own government?

"Ah, we are upset," Artom said, suddenly sounding less enthusiastic. "We are upset with our government, but not with Sadat. However, no Israeli government would permit Egyptian reign here. If somehow the Israelis did withdraw, then we would all have to move, but no government will dare do it. We will give up for real peace

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ninety-nine per cent of Sinai but not the one per cent here. Ninety-nine per cent is a lot to give up, after all. We do not fear the Egyptians coming up to our fences. We look forward to it. The economic coöperation will be good for all concerned. One day, we will be a city of one hundred thousand. You will see."

(Artom's optimism was misplaced, apparently. An Israeli government will indeed permit Egyptian reign in the Yamit area, when the final phase of the peace-treaty agreement takes effect, in 1982. Yamit may well be a city of a hundred thousand someday, but it will be a metropolis under the Egyptian flag. Whether any Israelis will be citizens of that metropolis depends on a stable, viable peace coming to the Sinai. Meanwhile, the people of Yamit will have three years to protest sullenly and to dismantle their homes and lives.)

WE left Yamit on a sandy bypass alongside the Allenby Railroad, a more direct route to the Rafa I.D.F. base, where Michael Bailey was waiting for a ride back to Jerusalem in his father's Land-Rover. The disagreeable khamsin was getting worse, but the sudden aroma of orange and almond blossoms from the groves along the road helped calm our nerves, and the sight of Bedouin women and girls leading their flocks to their tents for the night lent an air of pastoral peace to the short trip. At one point, we saw Bedouin boys joyfully racing their camels beside the unused tracks.

The Gadna barracks were on the fringe of the sprawling Rafa base. Sunburned, serious teen-agers in T-shirts and shorts lounged about, looking like a scrupulously posed photograph in a Zionist magazine. Bailey chatted for a few moments with a standard scoutmaster type, the leader of this Gadna unit, and then Michael, two other boys, a girl, and their rucksacks were squeezed into the Land-Rover.

It was dusk by the time we reached the Via Maris, and it was abruptly Palestine. Rafa is smack on the old Sinai-Palestine border. The timeless, pastoral Bedouins were replaced by dour, urban Palestinian Arabs, staring us down as we rolled along in front of their shanties. The Rafa refugee camp seemed slightly worse than it was when I had travelled on this very road in 1969. Yet the Palestinians were making more money now than they did then, receiving good pay for work in Israeli industries. Why weren't their houses and their temperaments in a happier state? Again, it was partly a

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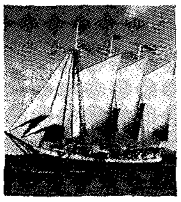

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case of the Arab putting his money into jewelry, cars, camels, land—anything but into his house. That and an undisguised loathing for everything Israeli, including our Land-Rover. I noticed that Bailey, like my driver in 1969, had increased his speed and rolled up his window.

We raced through Gaza, that dusty, miserable, crowded city, with its wicker-furniture factories, orange-processing plants, and garages humming with prosperity. There was the familiar 7-Up bottling plant, an unlikely landmark I recalled from my 1969 trip, and a sight at bus stops along the road which I had never seen before, and was stunned to see now—Israeli prostitutes peddling their wares for Arab laborers returning home from work. Bailey tsked. "Some Israeli girls put themselves through college that way," he said. "The Arabs may have lost the shooting wars against us, but they are winning the sexual ones. A Jewish woman is considered a great treat."

The burden of hate and khamsin seemed to abate once we had crossed into Israel proper, south of Ashkelon. Things looked neater, greener, cleaner, cooler. At the turnoff to Jerusalem, we let out the two Gadna boys, who were going to hitch rides north to their homes; the girl, Jerusalem-bound, stayed on. She and Michael dozed off, in spite of the noisy traffic. There was that quick and magical desert evaporation of the sun—as if a greater power had pulled a switch—and at eight-thirty Bailey deposited me, bearded and bedraggled, at the main entrance of the Jerusalem Plaza. I had been away from that touch of Miami Beach for only thirty-eight hours, but I had been to another world.

—Burton Bernstein

*(This is the first part of a three-part article.)*

•

New York (UPI)—A rare 316-year-old Japanese infantry sword with the tested ability to cut through five human bodies in one blow was sold Thursday at auction for $13,000 to an anonymous dealer.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

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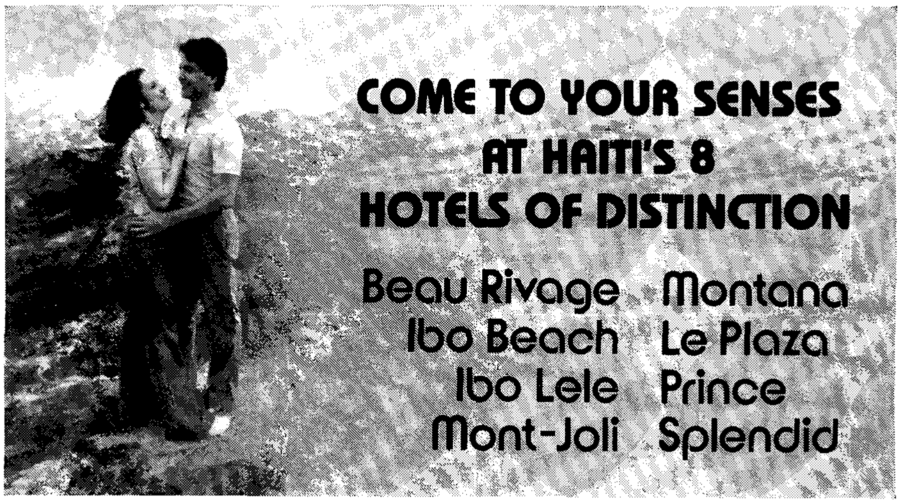

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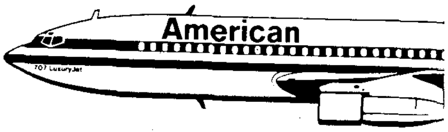

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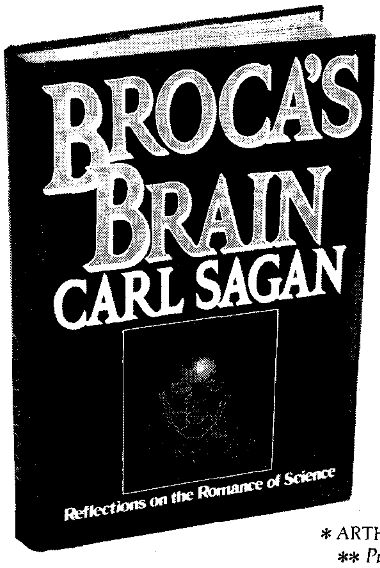

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Unpropped*

THE Metropolitan has not done Richard Strauss's "Die Ägyptische Helena" for fifty years—not since Gatti-Casazza put it on there, within five months of its première, as the first novelty of his 1928-29 season. His Helen was the glamorous Maria Jeritza, who had been Strauss's and his librettist's, Hofmannsthal's, first choice for the role. (In fact, Gatti had three Helens available in his company: Elisabeth Rethberg, who created the role, in Dresden; Jeritza, who sang the part in Vienna five days later; and Maria Müller, Berlin's first Helen.) The work lasted only one season. The concert performance brought to Carnegie Hall in April by the Detroit Symphony was welcome, even though "Die Ägyptische Helena" needs the stage, needs all the help it can get from lustrous acting and captivating scenery. With that help, as Munich and Vienna revivals have shown, it can provide a magical evening in the theatre—even if the effect of the enchantment proves as fleeting as that of the potion on which the plot depends. Yet, precisely because it is not inherently strong and good, one cannot urge companies to mount it while more important operas remain unstaged. An occasional concert performance (before Detroit's, there was one by the Little Orchestra Society, in Philharmonic Hall, in 1967) or broadcast provides the chance of hearing some rich, beautiful music and of discovering what happened between the grandiose "Die Frau ohne Schatten" (completed in 1917) and the domestic "Arabella" (1933), two Strauss-Hofmannsthal operas that have found a place in the repertory. The collaborators began, as so often, by planning a light piece—lighter than "Ariadne," almost an operetta—and ended by producing an inappropriately weighty one. But there are passages that look forward to the simpler lyricism of "Arabella."

The plot is worked up from new twists on Stesichorus' suggestion that not Helen but only a phantom image of her went off to Troy, on Herodotus' tale that during the Trojan War Helen was really in Egypt, and on Euripides' wry "Helen," which combined those ideas to enshrine a bitter moral—thousands of men slaughtered and a great city destroyed in pursuit of a phantom—in a romantic comedy of reconciliation between Helen and Menelaus. Hofmannsthal's libretto owes rather more to Euripides than has been stated: his Aithra, a kindly sorceress, derives in part from Euripides' Theonoë, a kindly seer; his Altair—demonstration of the power of Helen's destructive and corrupting beauty—derives in part from Euripides' Theoclymenus. (Hofmannsthal himself made the connection between Helen and Wedekind's Lulu.) The first twist is that Menelaus, fuddled by Aithra's drugs, is induced to believe the tale of the phantom and accept the woman he intended to kill. Act I is, in Hofmannsthal's words, "a short frivolous comedy of a husband duped by two women after undergoing terrifying adventures." But, he continued, "surely these characters were meant for more than this?" He skirted the *big* issues. Even a Shakespeare, he said, could not begin to portray Menelaus' feelings about his loved and hated, guilty, irresistible wife, regained amid the carnage she and he had caused. And Euripides' moral, crystallized in the servant's question "You mean it was for a cloud, a nothing, we did all this work?," was not matter for an operetta. ("Helen" appeared in 412 B.C., just after the Sicilian Expedition, Athens' Vietnam.) Hofmannsthal's second twist is that Helen—although "a demon," a type of "ever-deceitful womanhood"—in Act II prefers reality to a husband kept under sedation. Serene, confident in her beauty, she gives Menelaus a draught of remembrance. He raises his sword to her, and then embraces her instead. Around those situations Hofmannsthal amassed decorative elaboration in a libretto at once trivial, pretentious, elegant, and clever. The program book in Detroit included the long, important essay in which he explained and defended his "treatment." The Carnegie program book, touching a new low, offered merely a skimpy, two-hundred-word outline of the intricate plot. In neither place was it noted that this was a rare chance to hear the original "Helena," not the 1933 revision used in most modern revivals.

The performance, conducted by Antal Dorati, stressed vigor and volume at the expense of beauty and delicacy of sound. Gwyneth Jones, its heroine, was very loud, but in the octaves of the invocation "Erde und Nacht, Mond und Meer" the Menelaus, the Finnish tenor Matti Kastu, showed that he could make even more noise than she until the line rose above the staff. His singing was strong but quite unpoetic. Hers was warm and generous but often strident. There were radiant notes in the rapturous aria "Zweite Brautnacht" but also some harsh, ugly sounds. Barbara Hendricks's soprano was too light for Aithra. She had to force. (The first Vienna Aithra was Margit Angerer, later a famous Octavian, who was considered for Helen when in Dresden Jeritza proved unobtainable.) Birgit Finnilae, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White sang the Omniscient

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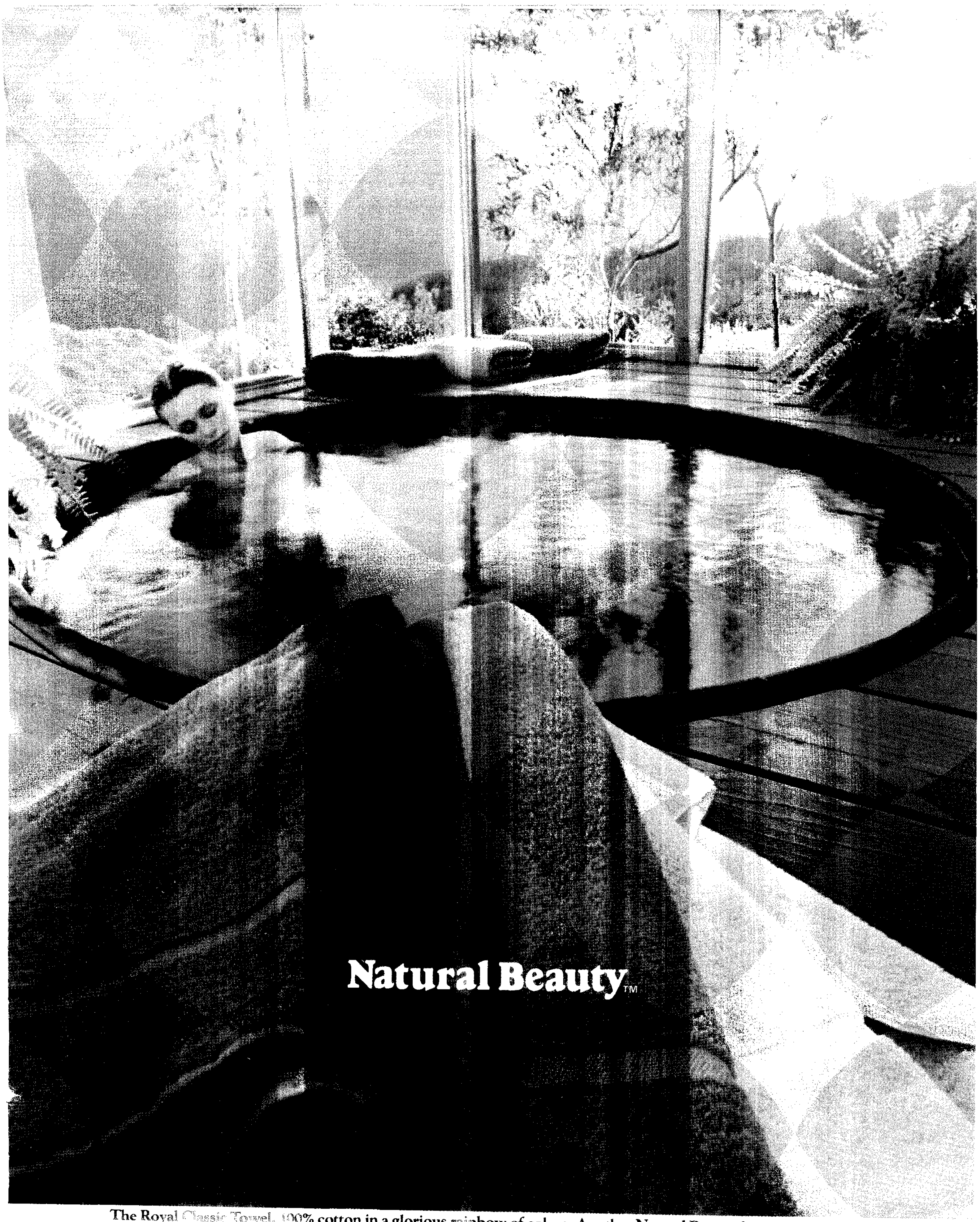

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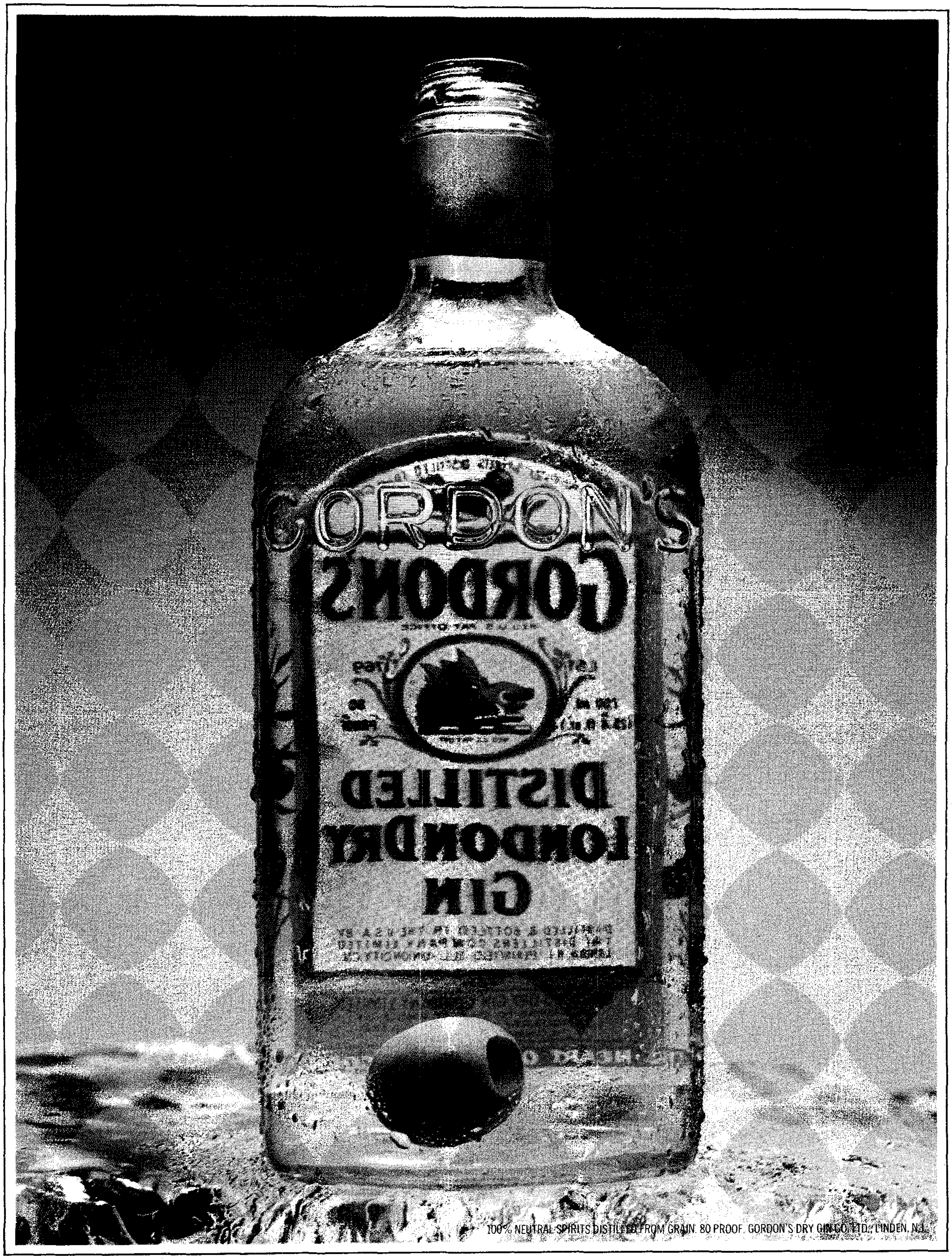

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Mussel, Da-Ud, and Altair, unremarkably. The same forces have recorded the opera, for London Records. One hopes that in a studio balance they were able to pay more attention to pure focus, phrasing, expression, and sense.

NEXT season, contemporary opera at the Met is represented by a revival of Benjamin Britten's "Billy Budd," a 1951 work, and, to some extent, by a new production of Kurt Weill's "The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," which will be nearly half a century old when it reaches the house, in November. The other new productions are of "Die Entführung," "Manon Lescaut," and "Un Ballo in Maschera." Things were not ever thus. In that 1928-29 season, "Die Ägyptische Helena," almost brand-new, was followed by the American premières of Respighi's "La Campana Sommersa" (with Rethberg, Martinelli, de Luca, and Pinza), which was a year old; Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf" (with Florence Easton, Michael Bohnen—later Tibbett—and Friedrich Schorr), two years old; and Pizzetti's "Fra Gherardo" (with Maria Müller and Pinza), less than a year old. From the previous season, Deems Taylor's "The King's Henchman," which the company had created, was carried over (with Easton and Tibbett), and so was "Turandot," another modern opera. A contemporary parallel could be a 1979-80 Met season including productions of Ligeti's "Le Grand Macabre," Penderecki's "Paradise Lost," Henze's "We Come to the River," Nono's "Al Gran Sole Carico d'Amore," and Tippett's "The Ice Break"—with Scotto and Caballé, Domingo and Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Yury Mazurok, James Morris, and Kurt Moll in the casts. Most of Gatti's 1928-29 repertory was newer then than "Mahagonny" is now; "Pelléas," "Butterfly," and "La Rondine" were newer then than "Billy Budd" is now. Twelve works—"Aida," "Carmen," "Cavalleria," "Gioconda," "Hänsel," "Lohengrin," "Manon Lescaut," "Pagliacci," "Parsifal," "Rigoletto," "Rosenkavalier," and "Tosca"—are common to both seasons. Both contain five operas by Verdi and one by Meyerbeer. But whereas in 1928-29 nine operas by Wagner, six by Puccini, and seven by Frenchmen could be heard, for 1979-80 only two by Wagner, two by Puccini, and two by Frenchmen are billed.

Many morals could be drawn, not all of them unfavorable to the present management. It is hard to believe that those earlier productions were thoroughly rehearsed. In a twenty-four-week season, Gatti did forty-seven different operas and several concerts; in the forthcoming thirty-week season the Met is to do just twenty-five. But one thing does need stressing: the present directors' reluctance to put on new operas, the leading singers' failure to clamor for them (in 1927 Hofmannsthal could report that Jeritza "pines for a *new* part"), and the public's preference for the familiar are mutually reinforcing. Until the vicious circle is broken, things can only get worse. The postwar Met circled down to become the most backward of the world's big opera houses. James Levine's task is not easy. He will have to act if he is not to be remembered as the musical director of a major company who never conducted a new opera.

Bellini's "I Capuleti e i Montecchi" is a tricky piece to bring off. Eve Queler, the conductor who made even Berlioz's "Lélio" seem shapely and coherent, didn't quite manage it, at the Opera Orchestra of New York concert performance in Carnegie last month. She is in distinguished company. Maazel, Abbado, and, on the Angel recording, Giuseppe Patanè were no more successful. In my experience, only Sarah Caldwell, at a 1975 Boston production, has led a "Capuleti" gripping from beginning to end. The opera came at a turning point in Bellini's career. Some numbers are in the forceful, declamatory manner that first brought him to prominence; others display the vein of long, lovely, tender melody for which he is esteemed today. Miss Queler, uncharacteristically, did not give enough brio to the bold, brash numbers, and she allowed her singers to drag the recitatives, with emphatic tenutos on almost every appoggiatura. (A rehearsal at which the text was spoken, not sung, might have helped to keep the show moving.) Romeo's soliloquy in the tomb lost all momentum.

The Romeo was Tatiana Troyanos, who is experienced in the part: she sang it for Miss Caldwell, and just before the Carnegie performance she had been singing it in Washington. Her account of it was serious, ardent, and impressive, but the vibrato in her heroic tones and the breathiness in her soft attacks were disturbing. Vibrato and breathiness applied with care can be valuable and potent expressive devices; when persistent, they suggest an affliction rather than an accomplishment. Ashley Putnam was in most ways an accomplished Juliet, but her tone color had too little variety, and taste deserted her

Says Jeremy Bernstein in his front-page review in *The New York Times Book Review*—

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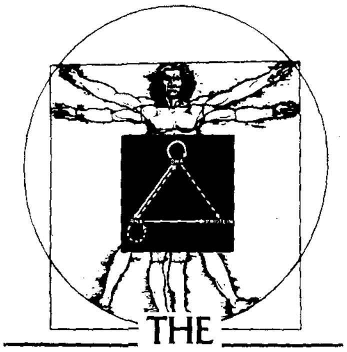

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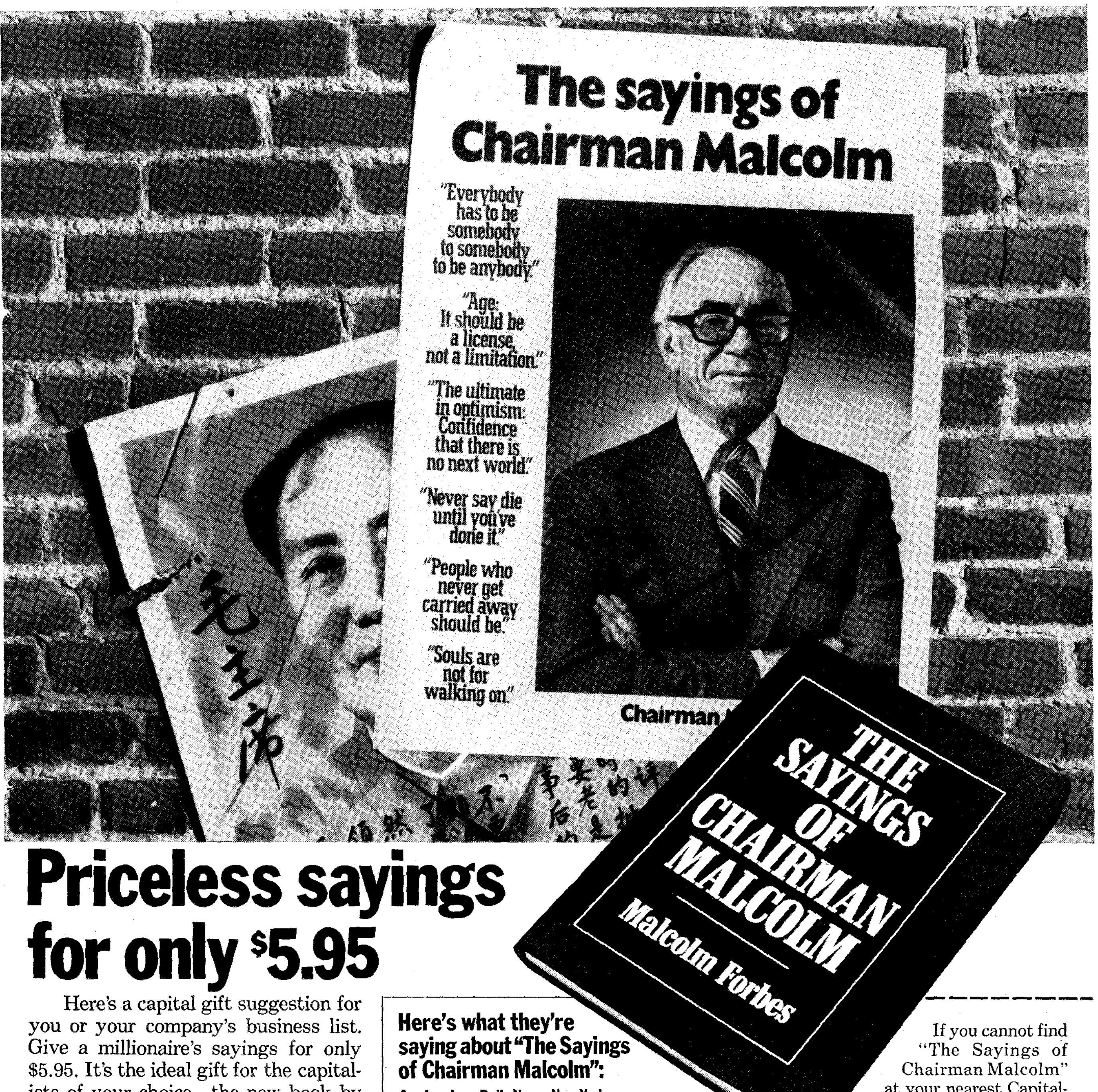
when she shrieked an unwritten E-flat *in alt* at the close of the first act and when, at the end of the second-act aria, after a similar E *in alt*, she clung to a high tonic through tonic and dominant harmonies alike. The Tybalt was Fausto Tenzi, a young Swiss tenor Germanic in timbre and callow in style. In the small parts, Boris Martinovich, the Capulet, made much of his best notes, recurrent middle C's and D's, but faded when the line went lower, and Julien Robbins was an admirable and powerful Laurence.

THE ballad opera "The Duenna" has a libretto by Sheridan and a score partly composed and partly assembled by his father-in-law, Thomas Linley, Sr. Like Sheridan's plays "The Rivals" and "St. Patrick's Day," it appeared at Covent Garden in 1775 (the year of Mozart's "Finta Giardiniera" and "Il Re Pastore"), and it had a long run. Mrs. Green, the first Mrs. Malaprop, took the title role. Soon the opera was sweeping the country; in 1779 it crossed the Atlantic, to Jamaica; in 1786 it reached New York, and the next year Philadelphia and Baltimore. Its extraordinary success is hard to understand; several other ballad operas have prettier tunes and funnier plots. The book of "The Duenna" is a fairly entertaining tangle of amorous intrigue (Prokofiev and Roberto Gerhard have based lively operas on it) but no miracle of wit or neatness. The score is a series of commonplace ditties, many of them in the jiggety-joggety 6/8 that marks English music through the centuries. When a Tommaso Giordani air lifted from "La Marchesa Giardiniera" arrives, late in Act II, it brings the first breath of able musical invention. "La Marchesa Giardiniera" was a London version, with additions by Giordani, of Anfossi's "La Finta Giardiniera." Mention of that piece gives me a chance to amplify something I said six weeks ago when reviewing the Juilliard production of Mozart's setting: that, since his recitatives for Act I were lost, those of Anfossi were often used instead. That *was* true, but the long-lost recitatives have now been found, in Brno. They appear in the Neue Mozart Ausgabe score, published last year, and were sung last month in the Munich Opera's production of the piece at the Schwetzingen Court Theatre.

The concert performance of "The Duenna"—music only, linked by narration—that the Federal Music Society put on in Alice Tully Hall last month did little to commend the work. The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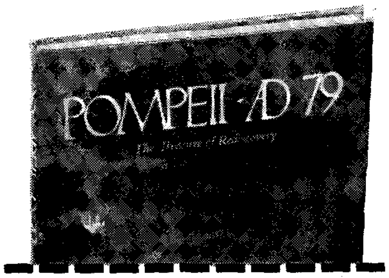

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singers were handsomely costumed but undirected; they showed almost no spark of dramatic imagination, little sense of how to put over a theatre song. Most of their words were inaudible. Only the Carlos showed any liveliness. The role was play *en travesti* by Judith Otten, a soprano, but it was created by the rather important Jewish tenor Michael Leoni, Giordani's partner for a while at the English Opera House in Dublin, and later chazzan at the Jamaica synagogue. On the bill with "The Duenna" was Paisiello's "Barber" overture, Haydn's "La Reine" symphony, and an ineptly composed cantata, "The Military Glory of Great Britain," attributed to James Lyon and first done at Princeton in 1762. It is good that New York has an orchestra specializing in music of Colonial and Federal times, trying to produce the right sounds with the right forces. The Society's historical wind instruments made a delightful sound when they were played in tune, but often they were played badly out of tune. The conductor, John Baldon, tended to reduce all tempi and all dynamics to a moderato and mezzo-forte, and all rhythms to a plod. Tully Hall was not an apt setting. Lincoln Center is celebrating its twentieth birthday: the present it needs most is a music room suitable in size, sound, and appearance for eighteenth-century music.

WITHOUT the activities of the Opera Orchestra and the Sacred Music Society, New York's operatic life would be poorer. "I Lombardi," "Le Cid," "Gemma di Vergy," "Aroldo," "Mosè," "Il Crociato"—the list of what they have brought us is long. There can be several good reasons for doing an opera in concert form: to present a work unjustly neglected by the opera companies; to revive a work perhaps justly neglected—one historically important, one worth an occasional airing if not the expense of a full production; to introduce to a city fine new singers (Montserrat Caballé made her New York début in a concert "Lucrezia Borgia") or familiar singers in unfamiliar roles; and to present even a familiar masterpiece on a higher musical level, with a more distinguished cast, than those of the regular opera companies. One or more of those reasons justified the concert performances so far considered. The last justified most of the concert performances that Solti and the Chicago Symphony have brought to Carnegie—but not their "Fidelio" last month. Its heroine was Hildegard Behrens, who sang the role at the Met this season. It was good

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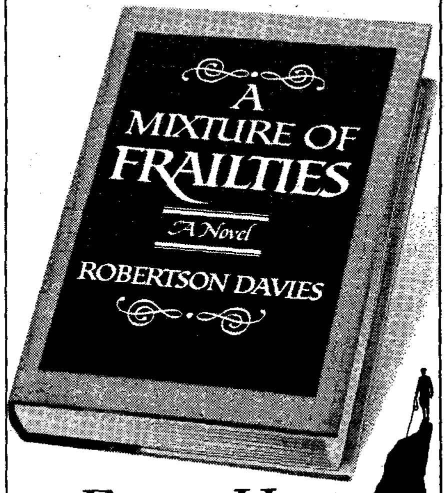

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to hear her again, for she is the most moving, eloquent, and accomplished Leonore of our day, and even on the concert platform the opera came to life in and through her. She has the two high virtues that distinguish a singer from singers who may have an equally fine, or even finer, voice: vivid words, and a way of moving from note to note, and on through a phrase, that excites rapt attention. She was always in tune, and, though she seemed impetuous, spontaneous, she never lost control. Hans Sotin was an admirable Rocco; his sound was beautiful and his characterization firm. But the performance had no other shining merits. Peter Hofmann, the heldentenor who came to prominence at Bayreuth's centennial "Ring," made his New York début, as Florestan, and did not please. His voice was strong but dry, his phrasing untouched by imagination. The others—Theo Adam as Pizarro, Sona Ghazarian and David Kübler as Marzelline and Jaquino, Gwynne Howell as Don Fernando—were ordinary. The work would have sounded more truthful with an orchestra and chorus half the size. On both the human and the transcendental level, Solti failed us. The notes of "Fidelio" were there, but, except when Miss Behrens or Mr. Sotin was singing, not its charm, its heroism, its spiritual grandeur. It was surprising to hear the Chicago strings turn the grace notes of the Act II introduction into smudges, but that was a small detail in a performance that became mechanical, unaffecting, unworthy whenever Leonore was "offstage." From a practical point of view, the presentation was unskillful: the singers were kept back by a row of music stands set up like a police line, and were so stationed in Act II that, depending on where one sat, either Leonore or Florestan was hidden by the convulsive conductor. Solti is horrid to watch, and the blank-visaged Mr. Hofmann wasn't worth watching, but Miss Behrens, Leonore in stance and in every glance, certainly was.

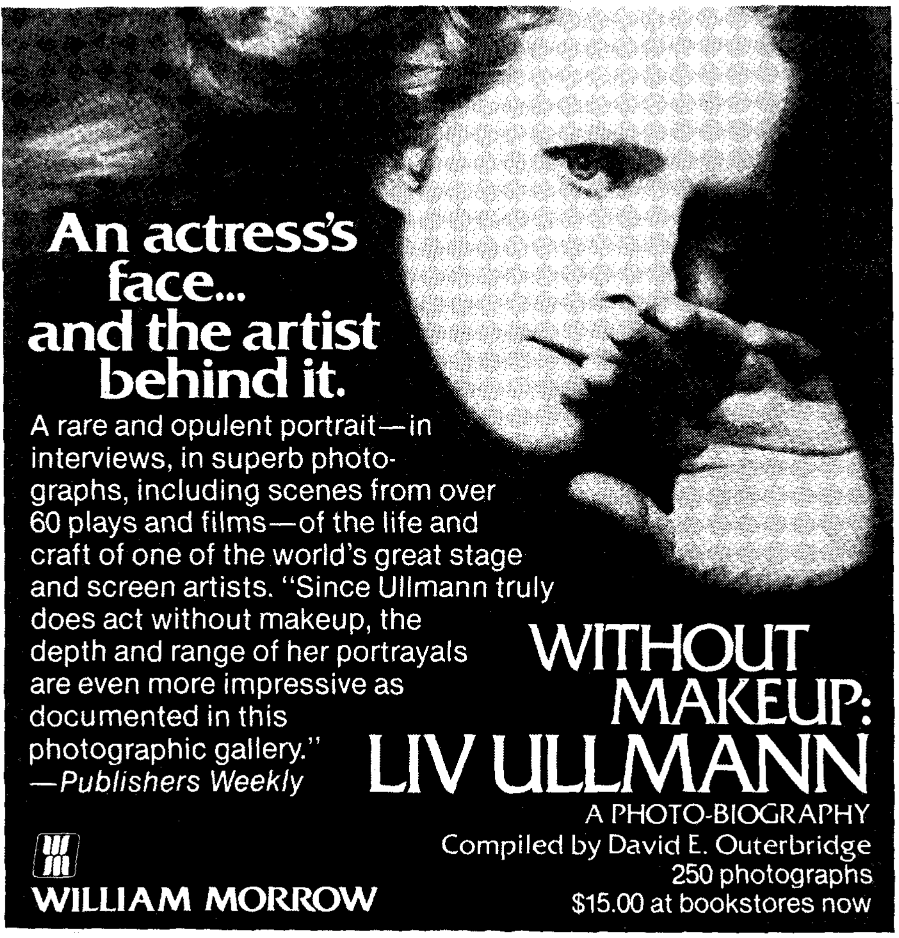
—ANDREW PORTER

•

| | Low | High | Precipitation | Today's Condition |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Shreveport | 68 | 91 | .. | Fair |
| Sioux Falls | 67 | 79 | .. | Pt. cldy. |
| Spokane | 39 | 63 | .. | Cloudy |
| Syracuse | 50 | 89 | .. | Sunny |
| Topeka | 63 | 87 | .. | Pt. cldy. |
| Tucson | 56 | 87 | .. | Sunny |
| Tulsa | 69 | 84 | .. | Pt. cldy. |
| Washington | 65 | 88 | .. | Cloudy |
| Wichita | 65 | 84 | .02 | Tstorms |
| Herb Grabelsky | — | 52 | 5-29 | |

—*The Times.*

Have a nice day, Herb.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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *King John*

NO sooner had I left the theatre after seeing "Winter Kills" than I began trying to make some sense of the plot, which had been so exciting to watch as it unfolded (unfolded? Detonated) that any moment-by-moment analysis was out of the question. Well, the more I sought to recapture the sequence of bold events with which the movie is crammed, the less confidence I had in my recollection of them, with the result that I turned around and went straight back to the theatre and sat through the movie again. The fact is that I enjoyed it even more the second time, but I cannot pretend that I understood it any better. It is like some intricately embroidered misadventure recounted by a superb, somewhat tipsy storyteller late at night in the library of a big country house, with the cold rain of an enemy night lashing against the windows, and a cozy ruin of fire red upon the hearth; one wants the story to go on and on, ever more preposterously, outwitting the hour and the weather and the prospect of all the humdrum domestic tasks that will be awaiting one on the morrow. In "Winter Kills" one is among the great, and greatly wicked, rulers of the earth; they are famous and they are infamous, and in their diabolical company shivers of mingled terror and pleasure race up and down one's spine.

The director of the movie, William Richert, is also the author of the screenplay, which is taken from a novel of the same name, written by Richard Condon. A master of gaudy narrative, Mr. Condon is one of the surprisingly small handful of American novelists who have learned how to marry the comparatively new art of moviemaking to the ancient art of the written word; his books (among them "The Manchurian Candidate") translate readily into movies in part because it is from that medium that much of their technique has been borrowed. The difficulties that Mr. Richert faced in financing and completing his movie have been widely reported in the press, and it may be true that certain crucial links between scenes are missing because money temporarily ran out or because actors became unavailable, but I prefer to think that Mr. Richert is by temperament inclined to take big chances, and that he would rather make a thrilling, incoherent movie than a plausible one. A director once said to me of his latest movie, "It doesn't contain a single mistake," and he was right, but, alas, in the course of purging it of mistakes he had purged it of life as well. Mr. Richert's movie is full of mistakes, and every inch of it is gorgeously alive.

Let me leap from peak to peak of the plot, with the warning that a number of enticing green valleys will have to go unexplored. A very rich old rascal named Pa Kegan had a son, for whom he purchased the Presidency of the United States. That son was assassinated. Nick, a younger son of Pa Kegan, has little interest in politics, and even less in taking charge of his father's far-flung, distinctly shady kingdom; he is not above picking out Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" on the family organ, and he would like nothing better than to persuade the girl he is in love with to marry him and settle down. To Nick's dismay, he is pitched headlong into the continuing mystery of his brother's death; conspiracy is everywhere, and people begin to drop like flies as poor Nick rushes incompetently, tirelessly, toward the mastermind whose kookie cunning rules all. At the end of the movie, among more corpses than even the last act of "Hamlet" can boast of, Nick is *still* in trouble: in the sacred name of Kegan, he must take up the heavy burden of a lifetime of fierce challenges and probable defeats. For that, he has been told, is what "family" is all about.

John Huston plays the dastardly Pa Kegan to perfection; filled with undiminished lust, rage, and cupidity, he is the incarnation of an early-twentieth-century macho brigand of the sort that F.D.R. feinted at slaying and would then sometimes invite around to the White House for drinks. What an immense shadow Huston casts in age! As a screenwriter, a director, and an actor, he is among the most gifted people that the so-called movie "industry" has ever risked allowing inside the plant, and if the Film Society of Lincoln Center is casting about for someone to honor at its annual gala next year, there stands Huston in his accustomed place, head and shoulders above everyone else. The language he utters in the role of Pa Kegan is largely billingsgate, and such is the rich effect of his voice, with its old-fashioned American accent, that the words emerge with the lilt of poetry. Jeff Bridges performs very well in the contrasting role of Nick—a decent, blue-eyed lad, a few paces this side of saintly Billy Budd. In the army of dark souls that march in quickstep across the screen, you will recognize with delight Richard Boone, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, Anthony Perkins, Eli Wallach, Sterling Hayden, and—saying not an audible word—Elizabeth Taylor. Nick's alcoholic mother (a hint here of "Citizen Kane," and why not? The past is who we are) is played by Dorothy Malone, and his girlfriend is played by a newcomer named Belinda Bauer, who has a two-minute love scene of incomparable convincingness and is otherwise not very usefully employed. The music is by Maurice Jarre, and the photography is by Vilmos Zsigmond—high in calories, both of them.

Heartbreak Hotel
There isn't any hot water.
SOAP
They charge $3.00 for one slice of burnt toast.
Thank you!
The bellhop is surly.
R. Chast

"HANOVER STREET," written and directed by Peter Hyams, is a classically sappy movie, which Hanover Street will recover from sooner, perhaps, than it did from the Second World War. The time is 1943, the place is London, and an American Army Air Forces officer and a pretty girl meet cute in Hanover Street, in the midst of an air raid. They have tea together, which at once leads to their falling in love. This is something that they oughtn't to do, because she has a perfectly nice husband and a small daughter who talks like Lady Astor. A fig for nice husbands and aristocratic daughters! Soon the two lovers are cuddling, all creamy shoulders, in a country inn, and soon, too, he is flying a bomber mission somewhere over enemy-occupied France. There are a couple of mysterious strangers aboard, and wouldn't you know that one of them is the nice husband? When the bomber is hit by heavy flak, lover and husband bail out, land in a convenient forest, and—unaware of the bond that joins them—make their way through the enemy lines. A series of nonsensical adventures befalls them, but the two prove indestructible, with the result that the movie is able to last a conventional length of time and come to an end in the corridor of a London hospital, where the lovers tearfully part, with a prolonged intertwining of fingers. Harrison Ford plays the American officer, and Lesley-Anne Down and Christopher Plummer play Mr. and Mrs. Miniver. Alec McCowen is to be glimpsed in the role of a master spy; the only surprise in the entire picture is an overcoat that he wears during a stroll through St. James's Park. The overcoat is several sizes too large for him, and I thought at first that it might be a clue to some dirty Nazi goings on, but no: it was evidently the property department goofing off again. McCowen seemed undisturbed.

PETER SELLERS is the star of a trashy remake of "The Prisoner of Zenda." There are occasions when Mr. Sellers is among the funniest men in the world, but this is not one of them. Failed movies, and especially great big bowwow failed movies, are like the scene of a day-old accident on some heavily travelled turnpike; since it's too late to be of help to anyone, the best thing to do is to look away and pretend that it never happened. —B.G.

•

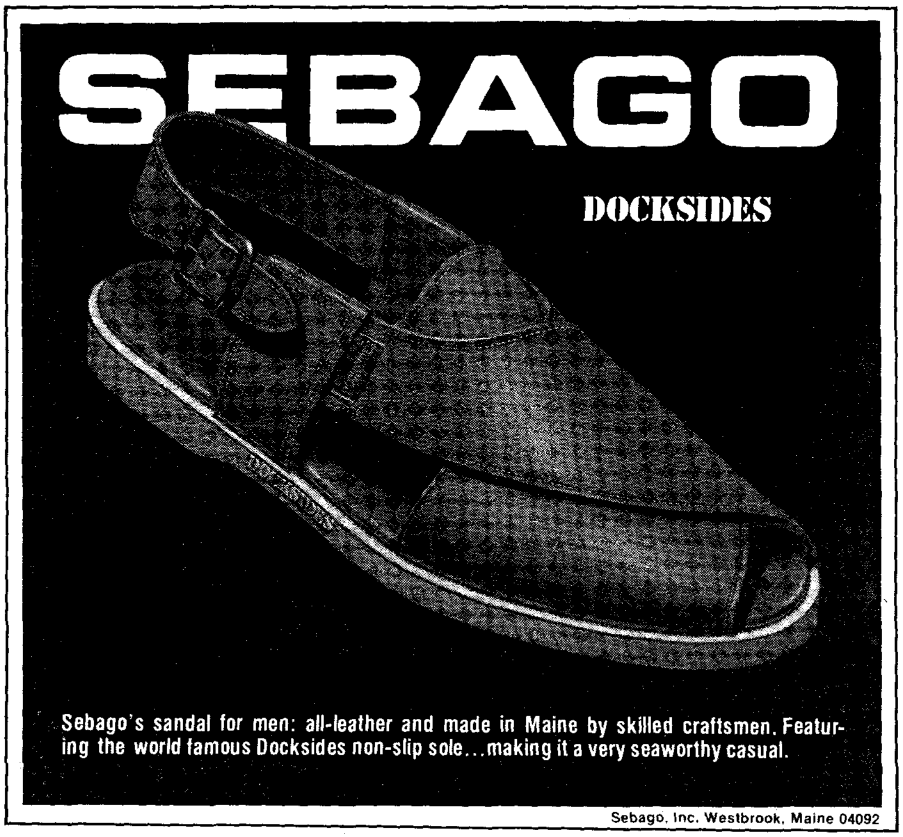
WASHINGTON—Contrary to the expectations of administration officials and the House leadership, the $4 billion foreign aid bill yesterday survived four days of amendments relatively unscathed to gain passage by a 220 to 173 margin.

"We may have a broken arm, but at least we're not in traction," a key State Department lobbyist commented with relief during the final vote.—*Thomas B. Edsall in the Baltimore Sun.*

Though the administration opposed the Peace Corps transfer, the rest of the foreign aid bill came out relatively unscathed in a year when budget-cutting rhetoric had made foreign aid more vulnerable to attack than usual.

"We're in traction," said one administration lobbyist, "but our arm's not broken."—*Mary Russell and Warren Brown in the Washington Post, same day.*

Better get a second opinion, just in case.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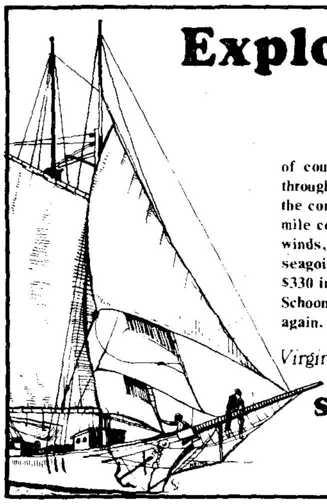
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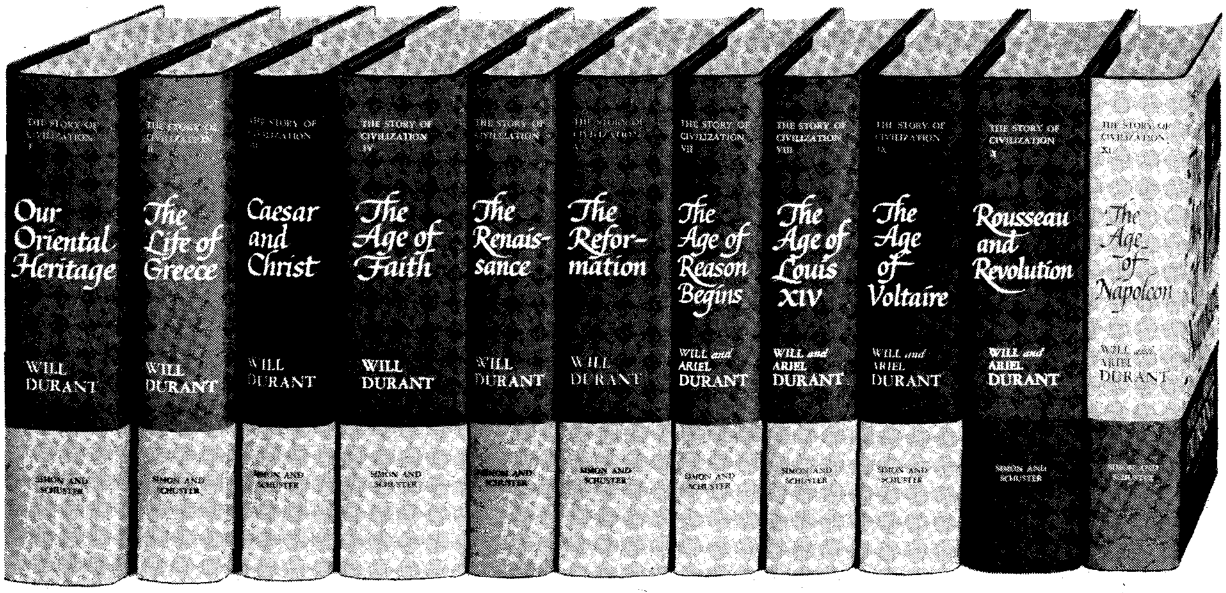

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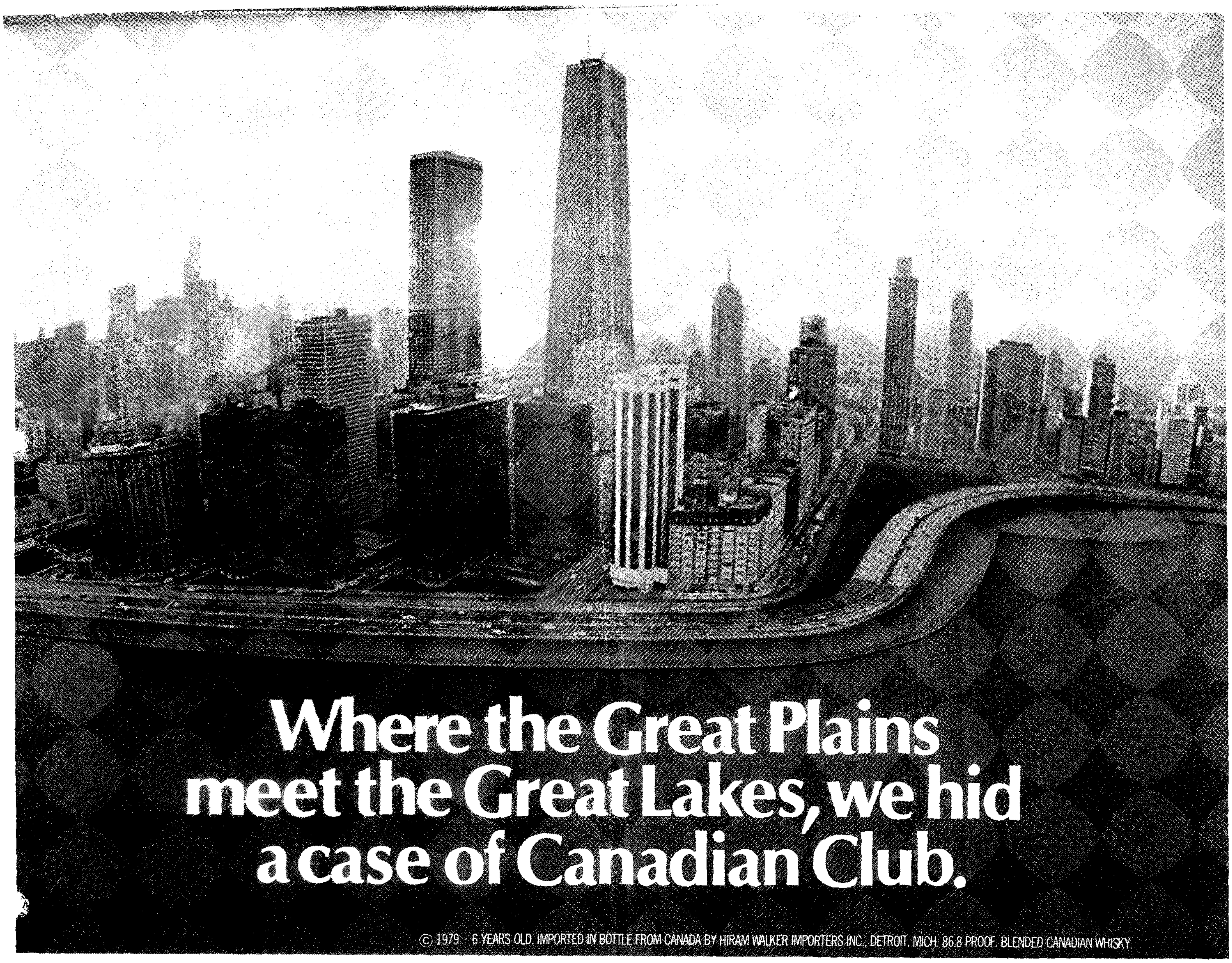
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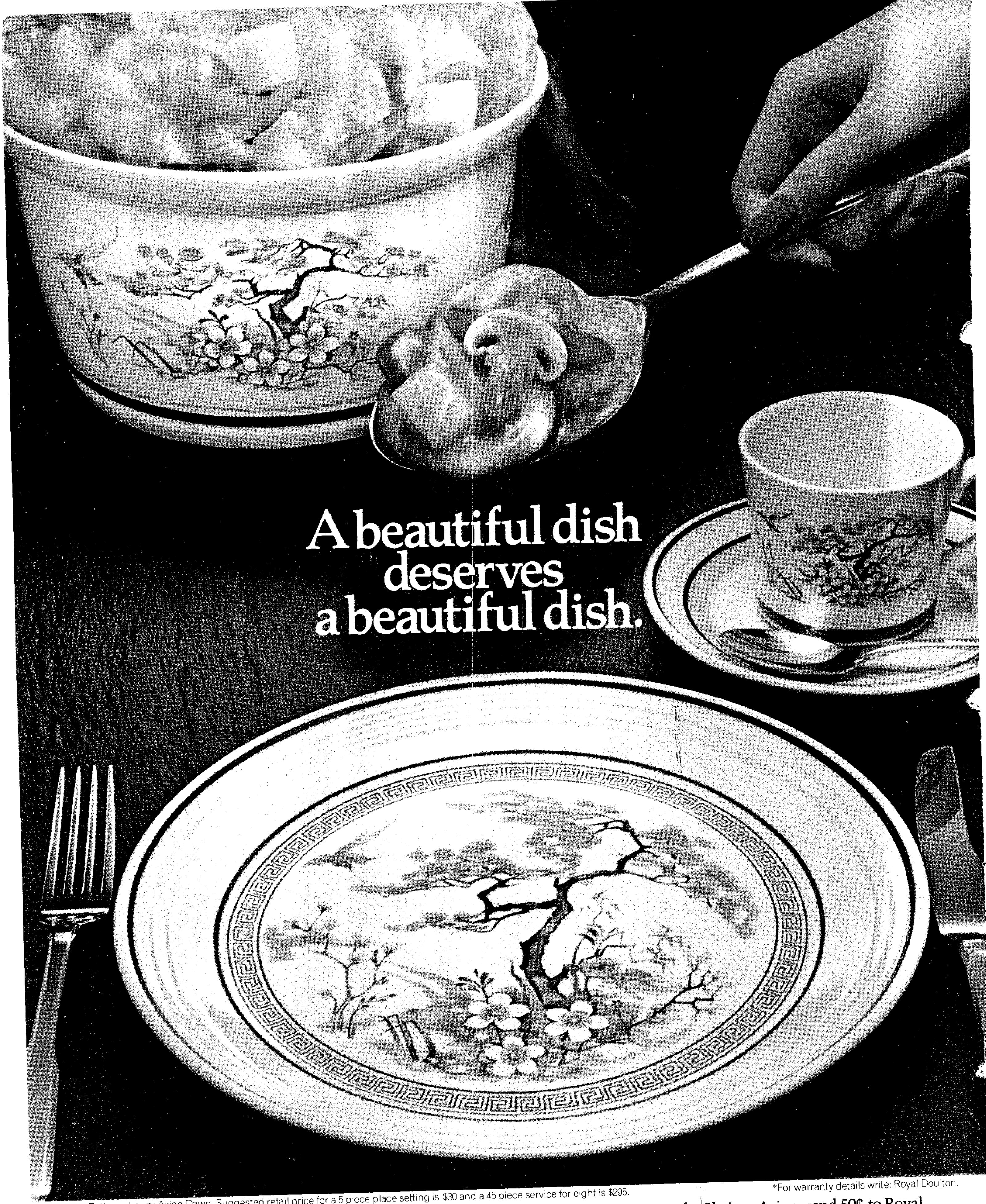

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